

## Something Special

Des'ree

Sitting here, my mind an empty page,  
But I'll try, yes I will to exist.  
A funky guitar, liberates me from my cage.  
Well you asked so I say, that's how songs are made.

Where do I go when I need some inspiration.  
Love affair, jump a cliff, light a spliff.  
Simply vibe, with some wicked orchestration.  
Well you asked so I say, that's how songs are made.

Oh, searching in the back of my mind,  
Try to sleep, see if I dream,  
see if something comes from nowhere.  
Oh oh. Search again there's something I can find.  
Try to sleep, see if I dream.  
If I let it go, it comes back to me.  
u res your head to lay.  
If you love it so. It comes back to you.  
Back to you. Back to you.

What do I do, for a little motivation,  
On a beach, out of reach, ooh life's a peach.  
Sometimes I need just a little isolation.  
On my own, answerphone, toblerone, ummmmm.

A little dedication, a little isolation, yeah.  
A little motivation, give me some information. Yeah.  
In the middle of the day. When you res your head to lay