

Never Go Solo

Islands

This, this is not a band
You, you are not a fan
No one can tell a man
How to use his hands

Dig, dig this little song (dust it off, put it on)
No one can tell you how (to return to a burnin' town)
Why's the view so wrong
if everyone was already gone?

Now that I'm old, where do my hands go?
I have been told, If you're not careful
You'll never find a way home
You're gonna spin out of control

Hear, hear the way the players change (me when I reach the end
of my range)
When I sing I think of my limitations (in my dreams I still got
the
hesitation)
Lately I was wrong
Maybe this is just a song

The same coin when you feel that you can really love
That's the main point can you feel it can you really love
My head is stuck in sand
There is no ocean
There is no band

I am stranded

Now that I'm old, where do my hands go?
I have been told, if you're not careful
You'll never find a way home
You're gonna spin out of control

I remember hovering
(stop that dancing, you start shoveling)
I remember floating
(stop pining, stop gloating)

So
Hold me just a little bit longer
No
That sinking feeling is getting stronger