

# Fantasy Island

The Shins

Long in tooth, olives and vermouth  
I dine like an aging pilot  
Where are they now, the money and the crowd?  
Must I really come back down?

It's like I never was a kid, the big math just wasted youth on me  
Making impressions like I did, your friends never thought that much of me  
And now I want to fall into something else  
An origami plane to a distant island  
And I don't want to show you my feelings  
I don't want to force you to deal  
I just want to crash through the ceiling  
Before it gets too real

All my life, compromise on wings of resignation  
Big grey eyes staring from the sky  
Am I humble enough now?  
I've always had something to hide  
My skinny arms, my evil intentions  
And back at school, hitting the fire alarms  
Desperately wanting attention

Well I was just a boy  
Out there on my own  
Wishing I could fly  
Fantasy Island  
And I don't want to show you my feelings  
I don't want to bore you to death  
I just want to crash through the ceiling  
Get it off my chest

It's like I never was a kid, the big math, it wasted youth on me  
Making impressions like I did, your friends never thought that much of me  
Well I was just a boy  
Out there on my own  
Wishing I could fly  
Fantasy Island  
And I don't want to show you my feelings  
I don't want to force you to deal  
I just want to crash through the ceiling  
Before it gets too real  
Before it gets too real  
Before it gets too real  
Real, oh, oh, oh  
Real