

One in a Million

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I keep looking for you
And sometimes you're there
Like the smell of cargo
In the island air
Like some picture postcard
In the 5 & 10
Like something remembered
Then gone again
You're one in a million, baby

There's a half moon hanging
From Orion's ear
If I had the money
I'd be out of here
But I spend my nights
In these local places
Looking for something
Searching the faces
My chances are one in a million

If this goes on too long
I will lose my mind
I will take what I can carry
And leave the rest behind
I will sell my jewelry
For a ticket home
On the day that I admit
What I guess I've always known

I keep looking for you
I can almost see you there
With that smile of yours
And that sunlight on your hair

Like some perfect postcard
Of a perfect day
I take one look
And you've gone away
You're one in a million...

I may never find you...

You're one in a million

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