

# One in a Million

## One in a Million

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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