

Anna Coddington**"Little Islands"**

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I'm frustrated
I'm not losing my mind
I'll give my money away
Trade it for an escape
And leave my boredom behind

I contemplated
Giving my guitar away
Moving out of my house
Throwing all my stuff out
But what difference would it make

[Chorus]
I know there must be more
Than my bedroom and the video store
From these little islands
All I see are stars

I wasn't looking
Wasn't looking for a fight
If anybody asks
I'm out the back on the grass
Looking up at the sky

I see you up there
Hanging out in the clouds
Shaking aeroplanes
Listening to radio waves
Can you hear me now

[Chorus]
I know there must be more
Than my bedroom and the video store
From these little islands
All I see are stars

It's complicated
It's really hard to explain
I love the blue and the green
But somewhere in between
My fucking hair's turning grey

[Chorus]

Maybe I don't need any more
Than my bedroom and the video store
From these little islands
I can see all those stars

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