

Tracy Huang "Ticket To The Tropics"

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Here I'm sitting and it's getting cold
The morning rain's against my window pane
While the world it look so cold and gray
In my mind I drift away

Then I'm on my way to tropic island
You had always said I was a dreamer, you were right

Gotta find me a ticket to the tropics
Forget our love and leave this place behind me
Gotta find me a ticket to the tropics
And thrill myself that I can live without your love

Here I'm sitting in the mid and blaze
Sun is shining on my face again
Think about the way it had to and
Now I'm sitting here along

And it's not the way we were together
I want you to know I'm gonna miss you, miss you bad

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