

Trent Willmon "Island"

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She's like the ocean that takes my breath away;
Endless an' open and in a moment she can change,
Like water flowin' and fillin' up my soul.
No way of knowing how deep she really goes.
An' sometimes I can predict her like the tides.
An' some days her storm'll take me by surprise.

But I'm her rock up on the shoreline:
I'm her piece of solid ground.
An' I'm the one that she can lean on,
When her waves come crashin' down.
An' she's afraid that with the rain,
I'll drift away an' I'll disappear.
But she's my ocean, an' I'm her island:
I ain't goin' anywhere.

What she don't know is:
Before she came along,
I was goin' nowhere.
So close to being gone:
Just another drifter lost at sea,
Until the day her love surrounded me.
Now I'm her rock up on the shoreline:
I'm her piece of solid ground.
An' I'm the one that she can lean on,
When her waves come crashin' down.
An' she's afraid that with the rain,
I'll drift away an' I'll disappear.
But she's my ocean, an' I'm her island:
I ain't goin' anywhere.

An' she's afraid that with the rain,
I'll drift away an' I'll disappear,
But I'm stayin' right here:
'Cause she's my ocean, an' I'm her island:
I ain't goin' anywhere.

Yeah, I'm her island.

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