

Xspace

"Desert Island"

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Cast away on a desert island
Me and poor Crusoe are sharing the same fate
Cast away on a desert island
With Great Britain written on it's name plate

With my umbrella I go walking
Through all the sands on a building site
Across the shopping malls and motorways
Birds from Heathrow fill the
Night with people flying to escape
Friday comforts me and says it's pay day

Cast away on a desert island . . .

The game and coconuts is plentiful
You pick 'em right off of a supermarket shelf
And all the man-eaters are parked away
Down in garages
While their selfish owners drinking to escape
Lord of flies with cocktails in his conch shell

Don't rescue me, no
This is my home sweet home dear
Don't rescue me, no
I am far from alone here

Cast away on a desert island
Me and one nation are sharing the same fate
Cast away on a desert island
With Great Britain written on it's name plate
Cast away on a desert island

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