

Tull Jethro

"Rock Island"

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Savage night on a misty island. Lights wink out on the
canyon walls.
Two old boys in a stolen racer. Black rubber contrails in
the unwashed halls.
And all roads out of here, seem to lead right back to
the
Rock Island.

I've gone back to Paris, London, and even riding on a
jumbo to Bombay.
The long haul back holds faint attraction, but the
people
here know they're O.K.
See the girl following the red balloon: walking all alone
on her Rock Island.

Doesn't everyone have their own Rock Island? Their
own little
patch of sand?
Where the slow waves crawl and your angels fall and
you find
you can hardly stand.
And just as you're drowning, well, the tide goes down.
And you're back on your Rock Island.

Hey there girlie with the torn dress, shaking: who was it
toughed you? Who was it ruined your day?
Whose footprint calling card? And what they want,
stepping
on your beach anyway?
I'll be your life raft out of here, but you'd only drift right
back to your Rock Island.

Hey, boy with the personal stereo: nothing 'tween the
ears
but that hard rock sound.
Playing to your empty room, empty guitar tune, No use
waiting
for that C.B.S. to come around.
'Cos all roads out of here, seem to lead right back to
the

Rock Island

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