

## **Hugh Blumenfeld "Talking Island"**

Visit "[Talking Island](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com)

She is the sugar of the islands  
She is the coffee in the hills  
She is the harvest of the vineyard  
She is the river where it spills  
Into the canyon  
She is the ocean where it swells  
She is the flashing on the water  
She is the roaring in the shells  
That says I know you  
Though I am ancient deaf and blind  
I am a simple act of kindness  
In a world that is unkind

And unforgiving  
Like the storm that grinds the stones  
And at night among the shadows  
Conducts the bleaching of the bones  
And sucks the morrow  
And leaves them staring from the ground  
And the feeling the feeling that you're hollow  
Is just the trumpet before it sounds  
O you Islands....  
Copyright 1995, Hugh Blumenfeld / Hydrogen Jukebox  
Music

Visit [Hugh Blumenfeld](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com), to get more lyrics and videos.