

# Jethro Tull

## "Rock Island"

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Savage night on a misty island  
Lights wink out in 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  
(Rock Island)

I've come from here to Paris, London  
And from riding on a Jumbo to Bombay  
The long haul back holds faint attraction  
But the people here know they're okay

See the girl following the red balloon  
Walking all alone on the Rock Island  
(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  
You're back on your Rock Island, Rock Island

Hey there girlie with the torn dress, shaking  
Who was it touched you? Who was it ruined your day?  
(Rock Island)  
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  
(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 your Rock Island

(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  
You're back on your Rock Island, Rock Island

Rock Island  
Rock Island  
Rock Island  
Rock, Rock, Rock  
Rock Island

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