

Mighty Mighty Bosstones

"The Island"

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When this horrid sea started boring me
That's when I knew these days would get longer.
When my own inventions became common place
I realized I had become a bit ordinary.
When out of breaking clouds, came a brighter sky
I realized I should probably look up more often
When my instincts order me, I always give in.
Cause no matter how much I dress myself up, I'm still
an animal.

And I inch myself towards let go
I inch myself like a wrecking ball into shadows.

When missing you became normal state
That's when I knew these days would get much longer.
When you come to stay and then you go away
I usually only remember the goodbye.
But I've got years to waste and I'm plenty wasteful.
I've got a bomb for every structure that I've crafted.
And I'm thankful, I'm plenty cynical
With a giant question mark placed after my every
statement.

So on this island
I hold close to me
A few things that I won't let go.
Clutching them so they won't wash away.

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