

## **Men They Couldn't Hang "Island In The Rain"**

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I'll take a journey through the town to dock gate one  
And there I'll take a ferry boat  
That ferry sails across the Solent waters deep  
To an island like a castle with a moat  
I'll leave the empty shores of Hythe and Netley Bay  
The smoke of Fawley soon will fade  
And I'll be bound where something undecided waits  
A memory or a useless masquerade  
Back to the island in the rain  
Before the season or the weather's change  
I'm searching for the ghosts that haunt this island view  
One looks like me one has the face of you  
I'll go to bars we used to go to every day  
To Tennyson's statue carved in stone  
It's stayed the same throughout the passing of the  
years  
But we were made of faithless flesh and bone  
This time of year it rains on every empty beach  
This time of year the summer souvenirs are gone  
No slot machines, candy floss or novelties  
Like love affairs picked up and lost along the prom  
There's only lovers walking in the rain  
The way we did before another sea-son came  
Ghosts, shadows, spirits of a dream  
Or just players in a scene?

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