

Richard Shindell

"The Island"

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Island life does have its charms
The constant sun, the steady breeze
Nothing ever happens here
Few are those who do not fall beneath the spell

It's language is an orphan branch
But one that I can understand
Its cadence is familiar
It shares the old declension from the continent

I came here with a package deal
Everything all prearranged
Three nights at the Grand Hotel
Where all the rooms have ocean views

By latitude and longitude
Mariners will not arrive
Its coordinates are plotted
By its relative position to the rising sea
The lucky few who call it home
Are prosperous and confident
And they manifest a certainty
That, come what may, things will not be otherwise

(Chorus)

But time is on the ocean's side
The beaches shift, the cliffs erode
Though the engineers do what they can
Everyday another house just slides away

(Chorus)

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