

Peter J.
"Island Time"

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Verse:

I gaze out from my bedroom window,
Looking at the streets below.
People working, children playing,
Traffics jamming, the noise is blaring.
All the while I, sit here dreaming,
Waiting for mind to clear.
Then I pick up my guitar,
Put my feet on the table,
And lean back to enjoy the time.

Chorus:

Living on island time.
Living on island time.
Just take it on down, a couple of levels,
You'll be living on island time.

Verse:

Sailing on down the coast,
Running free with the wind.
The ocean is mighty,
This sailor is feisty,
The sunlight's blinding,
The night sky is falling.
On the shoreline,
City lights sparkle,
Mixing with the stars above.
The gentle rock of the ocean,
Puts this sailor to dreaming,
Peaceful as the morning calm. (Chorus)

Verse:

In the islands you forget your ways,
All the games you used to play.
The water the sun,
The wine and the rum.
The moon and the stars,
That Caribbean charm.
Then you start to drift away,
As you sail on another day.
Another island of fun and

More wine and some rum,
Living like a pirates son.

Living on island time.
Living on Island Time.
Just take it on down a couple of levels,
You'll be living on island time.
Just bring it on down a couple of levels,
You'll be living on Island time.

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