

The Whitest Boy Alive "Island"

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When I got back along my road,
All the trees had come out the screen.
Nobody called for many days.
I was left in my little world.
Lived through the smell of painted floors,
Echoing the sound.
Off running water through the pipes,
And posters falling down.

When I woke up the second day,
All the noises have disappeared.
Down the street I chose a path,
And walked to the end of it.
Of all the words you sent to me,
There was one that I couldn't bear.
One that for me meant everything,
I think you got mixed up with care,
Taking care, taking care.
Live on the island.
Live on the island.
Live on the island.
Live on the island.

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