

Men They Could't Hang, The "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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