

The Island Where I Come From

Laurie Anderson

Let me tell you a story about Kokovoko
The island where I come from
The beaches are littered with rotten coconuts
And there are pieces of old skulls lying all around

Jewels and sand and rising water
Visions I've seen and cries I've heard
I can't put these things into words
Might as well put some beans
In a hollow gourd and shake it, shake it

I've floated on an icecap with a white polar bear
I've floated up and down the golden stairs
I've seen whales and caught in sails all twiskeetwee
But me? I don't say much

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There are lots of people who talk just to hear the sound
The sound, the sound of their own voices
But take an empty shell and put it up to your ear
You can hear the ocean rumbling around in there

Ooo the greasy wheel it goes round
The humming of the breeze it makes a whishing
and whirring sound
The sudden silence when the burning sun goes down

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