

Living In An Island

The Boomtown Rats

Night fell fast, like it did in the past when the phone rang
Twice and a voice said 'I think I'm alone'
I gave my advice and the voice said 'Nice, but suicide
leaves such a bad
aftertaste on the soul.'

Oh ain't you glad that we live on an island,
You can choose your own way of being killed,
You can jump off a cliff and get drowned in the sea,
Or be dashed 'gainst the rocks and get split,
And it could happen to you (no it won't happen to me)
It could happen to you...
....And if it do then you're a true blue sui-

Side by side they waled into the tide,
till it rose to their nose and then
They kissed with their eyes 'goodbye.'
They were seen to smile just before they dived, dead lovers don
't have much
Except a certain desperate sense of style...
But ain't you glad

There were a lot of crazy problems that they couldn't resolve
A lot of tricky questions which they just couldn't solve
The main problem was of course he couldn't say 'no'
On your marks, get ready, steady here we go.

In a fifth floor lift a man slit his wrist, his head ticked over
and then it Suddenly slipped away
And the girl in the mac at the back of the shack,
lay her head on the track
And said 'I think it's better this way.'
Oh she was glad that she lived on an island