

Lost Island

Crowded House

Vampires wait to dance on my grave
Lawyers that gather around a disaster
Step on the gas, our glorious past
Is catching up with us
And on the horizon

You can almost make out
The shape of a mouth
In billowing clouds
Where the lost island is found

Child on my lap, taking a nap
Knowing that nothing can ever be stolen
If you paint the jug, paint it with love
As if you were one girl that needed reminding

You can almost make out
The shape of a mouth
Where the rocks begin
That's where the lost island ends

I wonder why some wait for the signs
You will always be my girl
Sun diving off
Like birds from the rocks
You'll always be my girl

You can almost make out
The shape of a mouth
And the contours of Earth
I Promise you, one day I'll return