

Montserrat

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Fires on the mountain, and the dogs bark.
Crash of the ocean swelling: crickets in the dark.
The temperature is rising. The village gets no sleep.
It's hardly surprising, given the hot company they keep.

Somebody's home in the ash-fall margins;
Somebody's life in the lost and found.
Breaking news from the hotel Vue Pointe.
Sinking feeling, sink another beer down.

Hey, Jimmy. What you doing here?
Looking up at the high cloud cover, so far and yet so near.
Flying in with the chopper. Lieutenant of the crown.
Tell the boys from that CNN, the good cops have come to town.

Angry island, no-
one's listening. Shamrock villa, green to grey.
Down in the swamp, iguanas glistening.
Toast tomorrow, if not, today.

Hey, Jimmy. What you doing here?
You a scientist? You a newsman? Or simply come to feel the fear
?
The temperature is rising. And we're in too deep.
There really is no point in disguising the hot company we keep.