

# Rock Island

Jethro Tull

Savage night on a misty island.  
Lights wink out in the canyon walls.  
Two old boys in a stolen racer.  
Black rubber contrails in the unwashed halls.  
And all roads out of here,  
Seem to lead right back to the Rock Island.  
Rock Island.

I've gone back to Paris, London,  
And even riding on a jumbo to Bombay.  
The long haul back holds faint attraction,  
But the people here know they're o.k.  
See the girl following the red balloon:  
Walking all alone on her Rock Island.  
Rock Island.

Doesn't everyone have their own Rock Island?  
Their own little patch of sand?  
Where the slow waves crawl and your angels fall  
And you find you can hardly stand.  
And just as you're drowning, well,  
The tide goes down.  
And you're back on your Rock Island.  
Rock Island.

Hey there girlie with the torn dress, shaking:  
Who was it touched you?  
Who was it ruined your day?  
Whose footprint calling card?  
And what they want, stepping on your beach anyway?  
I'll be your life raft out of here,  
But you'd only drift right back  
To your Rock Island.  
Rock Island.

Hey, boy with the personal stereo:  
Nothing 'tween the ears but that hard rock sound.  
Playing to your empty room, empty guitar tune,  
No use waiting for that C.B.S. to come around.  
'Cause all roads out of here,  
Seem to lead right back to your Rock Island.  
Rock Island.

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