

Oh Bring Back the Egg Unbroken

Rasputina

Spoken:

Just one island in an ugly string
Of prehistoric penal colonies
This island is a most remote inhabited spot on earth
Each family possesses a registered trademark
Which is chipped into the trunk of a tree

Sung:

Oh bring back the egg unbroken
The egg of the sooty nesting tern
And you will be made king of this island now

The women have gone on up the cliffside
They're gathering eggs of their own
We'll have them at the celebration when the king is chosen now

Jump off the cliff into the ocean
You grab an egg, you swim back,
Holding it aloft
You hold it high above the roughest
of the shark-infested water now, oh my love
You bring the egg unbroken back, you are the king
You are the King

Oh bring the egg unbroken back, you are the king
Oh, we'll be thinking of the ocean when the king brings back un
broken
The egg of the sooty nesting tern

Some well-known, lost, but ancient wisdom
the point and purpose which was mysterious, or even vague
It says the truth is worse than you could possibly imagine
And we islanders, we'll be thinking of escape

We'll be thinking, we'll be thinking
We'll be thinking of escape
We'll be thinking, we'll be thinking
We'll be thinking of escape