

# 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