

Island

The Whitest Boy Alive

When I got back along my road
All the trees had come out the screen
Nobody called for many days
I was left in my little world

Lived through the smell of painted floors
Echoing the sound
Of running water through the pipes
And posters falling down

When I woke up the second day
All the noises have disappeared

Down the street I chose a path
And walked to the end of it

Of all the words you sent to me
There was one that I couldn't bear
One that for me meant everything
I think you got mixed up with care
Taking care, taking care

Live on the island, live on the island
Live on the island, live on the island