

## 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