

## Desert Island

XTC

Cast away on a desert island  
Me and poor Crusoe are sharing the same fate  
Cast away on a desert island  
With Great Britain written on its name plate

With my umbrella I go walking  
Through all the sands on a building site  
Across the shopping malls and motorways  
Birds from Heathrow fill the  
Night with people flying to escape  
Friday comforts me and says it's pay day

Cast away on a desert island...

The game and coconuts is plentiful  
You pick 'em right off of a supermarket shelf  
And all the man-eaters are parked away  
Down in garages  
While their selfish owners drinking to escape  
Lord of flies with cocktails in his conch shell

Don't rescue me, no  
This is my home sweet home dear  
Don't rescue me, no  
I am far from alone here

Cast away on a desert island  
Me and one nation are sharing the same fate  
Cast away on a desert island  
With Great Britain written on its name plate  
Cast away on a desert island