

## Island

Island, oh island, oh island

Just the place to make an escape to.  
Leaving tomorrow on a holiday.  
Got no plans for coming back soon.  
Get me a drink of that ocean spray.

With it's palm trees swaying  
Gentle, ocean breezes.  
Mind drifting with the undertow.  
Just give me those sun-bleached beaches  
Where there's sand for the ostrich  
And the sundials are slow.

Just the place to make an escape to.  
Leaving tomorrow on a holiday.  
Got no plans for coming back soon.  
Surround me with water.  
Let me float away.

Send me to the South Seas.  
Any isle that you please,  
I'll ride the flood tide into the shore.

Out on the coral reef  
Even the seagulls see  
That the key is no people atoll.

The billowing waves.  
The rumbling roar.  
The pounding of the waves on the ocean floor.  
High tide; low tide.  
Any tide will do,  
When you've been shelled by the sandman and his solitude.

Just the place to make an escape to.  
Leaving tomorrow on a holiday.  
Got no plans for coming back soon.  
Surround me with water.  
Let me float away.

Island, oh island, oh island