

Islands Rising From the Ocean

Two lengthy days chasing darkness
Forty-eight hours chasing the sun
Hurling through space in a Tower of Babel
A voluntary captive with no place to run

Finally, on the other side of the world
Under a lop-sided moon and a blazing sun
English, English everywhere
The world is old; the world is young

And, islands are rising from the ocean
Lush, fertile orchids of destiny
Hot and humid, rampant with emotion
Islands are rising from the sea

I can hear the throbbing, pounding drumbeat
The lions are dancing; dancing in the street
A celebration; a New Year just begun
If you have a bullet, then you've got a gun

Cameras, fish heads, minis and burkkas
BMW's and Singapore slings
Silk and flowers, traditions turning modern
The exploding youth are changing things

And, islands are rising from the ocean
Lush, fertile orchids of destiny
Sometimes, sometimes a great notion
Islands are rising from the sea

Cryptic symbols, lost in translation
Fraught with meaning, but it's all Greek to me
A melting pot of Eastern cultures
Mixed with Starbuck's and KFC

And, islands are rising from the ocean
Delicate orchids of destiny
Sometimes, sometimes a great notion
Islands are rising from the sea