

# Isle Of Jura

## Slavek Hanzlik

All around me strangers scurry -  
In a crowd but all alone.

Got to hurry - pack my worries,  
Feel the arms that I call home.

I am lonely - I am lost,  
inside my private holocaust.

Chorus:

O' steel angel please carry me -  
Fly me to my love,

From cold Earth far beneath me -  
To the Heavens high above.

All aboard but flying so-low,  
(Chocks away) the engines start.

Crossing oceans of emotion that circumnavigate my heart.

Have you ever talked with someone,  
Not recalled a single word?

The gentle rhythm of the humdrum,  
It was the only sound I heard.

Why was I not so astute as to stow  
my dreams a parachute?

Chorus:

O' steel angel please carry me -  
Fly me to my love,

From cold Earth far beneath me -  
To the Heavens high above.

It seems they never sensed how time was passing,

Deep in the silence and the cold.

Sat living, breathing, drinking, laughing -  
While Death lay sleeping in the hold.

Then my eyes beheld a vision,  
A beauty brighter than the stars.

One single spark - and the ignition,  
Bathe my flesh and heal the scars.

The hand that dared to touch god's knife,  
But 'Isle of Jura' - I love life.

Chorus:

O' steel angel please carry me -  
Fly me to my love,

From cold Earth far beneath me -

To the Heavens high above.

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