

Rock Island

Jethro Tull

Savage night on a misty island
Lights wink out in the canyon walls
Two old boys in a stolen racer
Black rubber contrails in the unwashed halls
And all roads out of here
Seem to lead right back to the Rock Island
(Rock Island)

I've come from here to Paris, London
And from riding on a Jumbo to Bombay
The long haul back holds faint attraction
But the people here know they're okay
See the girl following the red balloon
Walking all alone on the Rock Island
(Rock Island)

Doesn't everyone have their own Rock Island?
Their own little patch of sand
Where the slow waves crawl and your angels fall
And you find you can hardly stand
And just as you're drowning well, the tide goes down
You're back on your Rock Island, Rock Island
Hey there girlie with the torn dress, shaking
Who was it touched you? Who was it ruined your day?
(Rock Island)

Whose footprint calling card? And what they want
Stepping on your beach anyway?
I'll be your life raft out of here
But you'd only drift right back to your Rock Island
(Rock Island)

Hey boy with the personal stereo
Nothing 'tween the ears but that hard rock sound
Playing to your empty room, empty guitar tune
No use waiting for that C.B.S. to come around
'Cos all roads out of here
Seem to lead right back to your Rock Island
(Rock Island)

Doesn't everyone have their own Rock Island?
Their own little patch of sand
Where the slow waves crawl and your angels fall
And you find you can hardly stand

And just as you're drowning well, the tide goes down
You're back on your Rock Island, Rock Island
Rock Island
Rock Island
Rock Island
Rock, Rock, Rock
Rock Island

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