Out on an Island

Cock Sparrer

Everybody's got a number tattooed on their soul
And the time's gonna come boy, when your number's called
Everybody gets a uniform and a hut to live in
They give you your rank, you tell 'em your next of kinAnd there's no escape for the likes of you, my friend[Chorus]
But I'm gonna be out on an island
In the middle of the bright blue sea
Out on an island
Where nobody's gonna bother looking for meEverybody gets the training, in the wind and the rain
Ten miles cross country, driving you insane
Everybody gets to jump the hoop and march in time
You just gotta remember you gotta toe the line
So dont go looking over your shoulder for me[Chorus]
Every number's a hero and every hero's a son
But every son's just a number when the battles begunSo dont go waiting on the corner for me[Chorus x2]

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