

Cayman Islands

Kings of Convenience

Through the alleyways
To cool off in the shadows
Then into the street
Following the water There's a bearded man
Paddling in his canoe
Looks as if he has
Come all the way from the Cayman Islands These canals, it seems
They all go in circles
Places look the same
And we're the only difference The wind is in your hair
It's covering my view
I'm holding on to you
On a bike we've hired until tomorrow If only they could see
If only they had been here
They would understand
How someone could have chosen To go the length I've gone
To spend just one day riding
Holding on to you
I never thought it would be this clear

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