

The Island

JJ Grey & Mofro

So many things you've seen
So many stories long forgotten
So many deeds between
Shouting out across the bottom Beneath a ghostly twilight
Her bosom filled with shining stars
Her secrets sing down through the ages
As bright as lightning bugs in jars
All beneath the canopy
of ageless oaks whose secrets keep
Forever in her beauty
This island is my home
Her rolling hills by hands were built
by natives who were never found
The only hints left of their passing
are ancient shells that ghost the ground
Bone white they tell a story
of all the slaves who graced her shores
of cotton fields so long plowed under
a jungle now upon her shores
All beneath the canopy
of ageless oaks whose secrets keep
Forever in her beauty
This island is my home
All beneath the canopy
of ageless oaks whose secrets keep
Forever in her beauty, ah in her beauty
This island is my home

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