

Evil Island Home

Kevin Coyne

See the sand and the white birds swooping low
I see the sea and the dead fish floating by
I see the grass as it's growing up my door
And hear my dog as he's crying for his bone
This is my home, my evil island home
This is my home, my evil island home
See the stoat and the sharp-billed razorbill
You know they're pecking away
At my crumbling window sills
And the ice on the mountain range below
Is starting to melt
And we'll soon be washed with snow
This is my home, my evil island home
Oh, this is my home, my evil island home
I want to fly but they've taken my wings away
I want to run but I know I have to stay
I may coax the beast that wanders on the shore
To lend me his back, so I can ride away once more
This is my home, my evil island home
Oh, this is my home, my evil island home

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