

Island's Gone Bad

Shapes and Sizes

It's been nine long years
On an island as we scavenge for food
We're never weak and hungryLittle hearts and little hands
We were nine years old and nine was really plentyAnd that's what she said
That's what she saidI like eating fruit off of trees when I'm with you
Fruit always tastes much sweeter and the air always tastes much cleaner
When I'm with you
I like eating fruit off of trees when I'm with youIsland's going bad, island's going bad
Call your mom, call your dad
Island's going bad, island's going badFruit always tastes much sweeter and the air always tastes much cleaner
When I'm with youKids have gone bad, kids have gone bad
Run your mom, run your dad
Kids have gone bad, kids have gone badI like eating fruit off of trees when I'm with youChildren going mad,
children going bad
It's so sad
Eating moms, eating dads
Children going badFruit always tastes much sweeter and the air always tastes much cleaner
When I'm with-Island's going bad, island's going bad
Call your mom, call your dad
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