

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 hungry Little hearts and little hands
We were nine years old and nine was really plenty And that's what she said
That's what she said I 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 you Island's going bad, island's going bad
Call your mom, call your dad
Island's going bad, island's going bad Fruit always tastes much sweeter and the air always tastes much cleaner
When I'm with you Kids have gone bad, kids have gone bad
Run your mom, run your dad
Kids have gone bad, kids have gone bad I like eating fruit off of trees when I'm with you Children going mad,
children going bad
It's so sad
Eating moms, eating dads
Children going bad Fruit 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
Island's going bad, island's going bad I like eating fruit off of trees when I'm with you Kids have gone bad, kids
have gone bad
Run your mom, run your dad
Kids have gone bad, kids have gone bad Fruit always tastes much sweeter and the air always tastes much cleaner
When I'm with you Children going mad, children going bad
It's so sad
Eating moms, eating dads
Children going bad

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