

# The Island

**Richard Shindell**

Island life does have its charms  
The constant sun, the steady breeze  
Nothing ever happens here  
Few are those who do not fall beneath the spell  
Its language is an orphan branch  
But one that I can understand  
Its cadence is familiar  
It shares the old declension from the continent  
I came here with a package deal  
Everything all prearranged  
Three nights at the Grand Hotel  
Where all the rooms have ocean views  
By latitude and longitude  
Mariners will not arrive  
Its coordinates are plotted  
By its relative position to the rising sea  
The lucky few who call it home  
Are prosperous and confident  
And they manifest a certainty  
That, come what may, things will not be otherwise  
(Chorus) But time is on the oceans side  
The beaches shift, the cliffs erode  
Though the engineers do what they can  
Everyday another house just slides away  
(Chorus)

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