

Michael Franks, Island Life

Keep believing you soon will earn your turn to flash in the pan
It's deceiving 'cause nothing kills like this metropolis can
Everywhere there's blind ambition
Dog eat dog and screw you
You do unto others and they do unto you

Everyday you fight taxicabs and traffic, permanent frowns
Lay awake at night wondering if you hear burglary sounds
Think it's time to make my exit
Kiss all this goodbye and
Catch the next flight south connecting to my island life

Look at me I'm a refugee from the island life
I belong where the shade is palm and the mango's ripe
I'll do all my swinging in some hammock by a turquoise sea
For free

Guess it must be clear I do not belong in this cityscape
I am not from here and I do intend to make my escape
Take me back to waterfalls in volcanic canyons
Where coconuts and orchids are my sole companions

Look at me I'm a refugee from the island life
I belong where the shade is palm and the mango's ripe
How inviting it would make always killing time if you
Came too

Can't you see we're just refugees from the island life
We belong where the shade is palm and the mango's ripe
We'll do all our swinging in some hammock by a turquoise sea
For free