

Salad, Shepherds' Isle

Don't take me there tonight
To the Sheperd's Isle
They say there's people walking in towelling dressing gowns
Awaiting trial

I don't want to go
I don't need to know
I don't want to go, a-ha...

The hounds hunt in fives
Gnashing teeth will eat you alive
So board this boat with me
Why so shaky, can't you see?

Chorus

Come all ye faithful
Tractor salesmen from hell
And when we're walking walking
We know we don't walk too well
I feel like crumbling buildings
With dust on the windowsills
It's such a mindless island
I feel like paying boredom bills
This boredom really kills