

# Crowded House, Lost Island

Vampires wait to dance on my grave  
Lawyers that gather around a disaster  
Step on the gas, our glorious past  
Is catching up with us  
And on the horizon

You can almost make out  
The shape of a mouth  
In billowing clouds  
Where the lost island is found

Child on my lap, taking a nap  
Knowing that nothing can ever be stolen  
If you paint the jug, paint it with love  
As if you were one girl that needed reminding

You can almost make out  
The shape of a mouth  
Where the rocks begin  
That's where the lost island ends

I wonder why some wait for the signs  
You will always be my girl  
Sun diving off  
Like birds from the rocks  
You'll always be my girl

You can almost make out  
The shape of a mouth  
And the contours of Earth  
I Promise you, one day I'll return