

# Renaissance, Island

There is an island  
Where it should never be  
Surrounded by suburban sea  
And through the tired and hopeless waves  
To where it's free

I want to be there  
For the rest of my time

There on the island  
The sun is always bright  
The moon sends the darkness away in the night  
I know that it's waiting  
I know there's a place ready for me

I want to be there  
For the rest of my time

Warm sounds of windsongs  
Come down through the trees  
But far away tears are borne on the breeze  
I'll follow the raindrops  
Cause sunshine and smiles are waiting for me

I want to be there  
For the rest of my time