

# Sting, Island Of Souls

Billy was born within sight of the shipyard  
First son of a riveter's son  
And Billy was raised as the ship grew a shadow  
Her great hull would blot out the light of the sun

And six days a week he would watch his poor father  
A working man live like a slave  
He'd drink every night and he'd dream of a future,  
Of money he never would save  
And Billy would cry when he thought of the future

Soon came a day when the bottle was broken  
They launched the great ship out to sea  
He felt he'd been left on a desolate shore  
To a future he desperately wanted to flee  
What else was there for a shipbuilder's son  
A new ship to be built, new work to be done

One day he dreamed of the ship in the world  
It would carry his father and he  
To a place they would never be found  
To a place far away from this town.

Trapped in the cage of the skeleton ship  
All the workmen suspended like flies  
Caught in the flare of acetylene light  
A working man works till the industry dies  
And Billy would cry when he thought if the future

Then what they call an industrial accident  
Crushed those it couldn't forgive  
They brought Billy's father back home in an ambulance  
A brass watch, a cheque, maybe three weeks to live,  
And what else was there for a riveter's son  
A new ship to be built, new work to be done

That night, he dreamed of the ship in the world  
It would carry his father and he  
To a place they could never be found  
To a place far away from this town,  
A Newcastle ship without coals  
They would sail to the island of souls.