

# Tales Of The Islander

Caroline Herring

Tales of the islander  
Tales of you and me  
Floating on our raft  
Down the Mother Mississippi  
Caught myself a fever  
Took a hospital stay  
Tied some sheets together  
Crawled down and was on my way  
I was on my way

Let's take to the water  
Let our bodies roam free  
No more taste or smell  
No hear nor see  
Then greet the morning star  
As we dance along the beach  
Embrace this mighty sunrise  
As the cranes fly to meet it  
Cranes rise to meet it

Birds call to me  
They call  
They call to me  
They call so deep  
Got to feel it all  
No time for sleep  
No time at all  
When they call  
They call to me  
They call so deep  
Got to feel it all  
No time for sleep  
No time at all

We found a paradise  
And it's own garden gate  
Adam in a hat on a rowboat  
Phosphorescence in the wake  
The squall has passed  
And we're tied to the decay  
One day may the hurricanes come  
And carry us away  
Carry us away

Waves call to me  
They call  
They call to me  
They call so deep  
Got to feel it all  
No time for sleep  
No time at all  
When they call  
They call to me  
They call so deep  
Got to feel it all  
No time for sleep  
No time at all

Give me a sunset  
Of lilac, gold and green gray skies  
I'll give you spirals and zig zag lines  
It's the magic hour of a halcyon day  
And all of mankind stands there  
Barely awake

A full moon rising  
On all of nature's powers  
Stars just observers  
Of zinnias and moonflowers  
We could bathe in the nullah of a gulf stream  
Prowl like cats in the night  
Then transform like moths  
In a chrysalis of light  
Chrysalis of light

Moths call to me  
They call  
They call to me  
They call so deep  
Got to feel it all  
No time for sleep  
No time at all  
When they call  
They call to me  
They call so deep  
Got to feel it all  
No time for sleep  
No time at all  
When they call  
When they call