

Bikini Atoll

Grace Slick

Though the spiky shade
Of the leaves of a palm tree
Comes the storm light
Of the island sand
He turns his head
Just for a moment
She's chasing the waves
He watches her run
Sunset colors
Cover the sky
A torch in the sand
A golden light in his eyes

In the cover of isle
What a beautiful site
Discover of isle
On the tropical isle

She knows he's waiting
She doesn't know his name
She knows the island
She tells him
It will rain
She disappears
Before the showers
He holds the flowers
That fell from her hair

In the cover of isle
What a beautiful site
Discover of isle
On a tropical isle

No words no lies
Not on this warm night
They just close their eyes
And smile
The dancers move
The night is young
Nobody is full
With the sound of the drum