

# The Island Where I Come From

Laurie Anderson

Let me tell you a story about Kokovoko  
The island where I come from  
The beaches are littered with rotten coconuts  
And there are pieces of old skulls lying all around

Jewels and sand and rising water  
Visions I've seen and cries I've heard  
I can't put these things into words  
Might as well put some beans  
In a hollow gourd and shake it, shake it

I've floated on an icecap with a white polar bear  
I've floated up and down the golden stairs  
I've seen whales and caught in sails all twiskeetwee  
But me? I don't say much

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There are lots of people who talk just to hear the sound  
The sound, the sound of their own voices  
But take an empty shell and put it up to your ear  
You can hear the ocean rumbling around in there

Ooo the greasy wheel it goes round  
The humming of the breeze it makes a whishing  
and whirring sound  
The sudden silence when the burning sun goes down

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