

Islands

Young the Giant

Five days
Underwater
Near your island
Off the coast
I know
Five ways
You were my lover
Incantation
Off the tide
In rhyme

Oh, what if the whole world finds you waiting
Oh, as it can so long now have
Oh, I thought you knew that I'd be coming
The way you move, a foreign groove, at night

I could never
I could never hold you

Watch it rise and where you hide your pearl
Feel the tide low where you cast those stones you wear
When no one's home, do they feel cold on your bones
All the years I miss your warmth
Have you missed my warmth?
On your island