

## Sunny Island

Dan McCafferty

A brown-skin girl wipes the suit from her window  
Just to watch the sun rise over big city skies  
Her father awakes "cuffs", lights his first cigarette  
You know he's got to go when that factory whistle blows  
So he walks out into the streets  
And all of his friends that he meets  
Wonder why did they ever leave their sunny island

The wind blows cold with it brings the snows  
You live in hand to mouth next winter you move south  
If your number falls or if you work those extra hours  
But you only live in a dream  
That carries you back on its wings  
And all your friends just sit around the bar  
And sing about your sunny island

And there ain't no surf  
It's the sidewalks on 42nd street  
And the natives down there  
They ain't so friendly  
In fact they would stick you  
For the shoes on your feet  
Just make you want to retreat  
To your sunny island

The traffic eats the streets you're running from the heat  
That keeps coming down pushing you into the ground  
You're learning far too late your children learn to hate  
The way you live but you got no more to give  
And in dockland they still arrive  
With promised land in their eyes  
And you just wish you could live out your life  
On your sunny island

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