

## Stuck On An Island

¡Mayday!

Stuck on an island  
(And I'm)  
Stuck on an island  
(And there's)  
No way to find me  
(No)  
No one to try me  
(Though)  
And if I die alone  
Then you can tell 'em that I never S.O.S.ed  
And I ain't never had a fear

Stuck on an island  
(And I'm)  
Stuck on an island  
(And I'm)  
Feeling so violent  
(From)  
Trying survive in 'em  
I never tried to run  
And you can tell 'em that I never S.O.S.ed  
Cause I be staying right here  
Staying right here  
Staying right

Who would of known  
This place would be my home?  
No where to fucking go  
No way to save my soul  
I crash landed all over the band stand  
And now all these leaders  
Got these spears  
Pointed at my cannons  
Looking for they gold  
Some how they seem to know  
But that ain't stopping me  
Got more to lose if I just go  
Had to put on a show  
Make it storm, shock and awe  
Make 'em believe Messiah  
Til they had no other precious stones  
Watch them crowd around a cause  
When in fact they bein led down the volcanoes jaws  
These mutualistic types can tend to get so involved  
That they easily deceive 'em then confuse things with God  
Oh Lord  
Soon this island will be mine  
From every shore-line to every mountain-side  
Let them run, let them hide  
Let them travel in disguise  
Cause when its finally the time  
They wish they never defied  
For now I'm

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I'm walking down the shore, bonfire in the sand  
Besides this little rock I can see no other land  
I've been talking with the shade who's a slave to the sun  
Trapped in his cage by the time the days begun  
I've been climbing up trees, green leaves yes please  
Give me earth, give me dirt, moon-shine, give me weed  
This little island's all I need  
To resurrect a head, bang-boogie, make 'em bleed  
I've been Lord of the Flies  
Since the shore minimized  
And the water would rise  
From us, warming the tide  
It's been doomsday and I've been Dr. Moreau  
Twenty-twelve and the first stops hell, here we go  
I used to love the city life, carnivore core  
Kicking carbon monoxide, kids car doors  
But this ain't no sock hop  
And so when the bombs drop  
Call me John Locke  
I kick it non-stop

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