

V (island Song)

These New Puritans

On the island
there are no places or people.
But I'll go walking
and on the way I'll find you.
On the way I'll find
the magic trick inverts.

And the way to get there
is going round in circles.

And the way to get there
la-da-da-da-da-da-da.

I am the searchlight,
not the seeker, not the found.
I am the midwife,
not the newborn, not the bearer.

Shut your eyes and listen.
And the way to get there
la-da-da-da-da-da-da.

I am the wood fire,
not the broken, not the crowned.
I am the midwife,
gave birth to the child and came back again.

I am the murder,
not the suspect, not the victim.
I am the reasons,
not the questions, not the answers (the air!)

i am the mourner
not the suspect, not the victim.
i am the reasons,
what's the question, not the answer (the air!)
La-da-da-da, where ever you will find them.