

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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