

## **Saltwater Joys** **by Buddy Wasiname And The Other Fellers**

Just to wake up in the morning, to the quiet of the cove  
And to hear Aunt Bessie talking to herself.  
And to hear poor Uncle John, mumbling wishes to old Nell  
It made me feel that everything was fine.

I was born down by the water, it's here I'm gonna stay  
I've searched for all the reasons why I should go away  
But I haven't got the thirst for all those modern day toys  
So I'll just take my chances with those saltwater joys.

Following the little brook as it trickles to the shore  
In the autumn when the trees are flaming red  
Kicking leaves that fall around me  
Watching sunsets paint the hills  
That's all I'll ever need to feel at home.

This island that we cling to has been handed down with pride  
By folks that fought to live here, taking hardships all in stride  
So I'll compliment her beauty, hold on to my goodbyes  
And I'll stay and take my chances with those saltwater joys.

How can I leave those mornings with the sunrise on the cove  
And the gulls like flies surrounding Clayton's wharf  
Platter's Island wrapped in rainbow in the evening after fog  
The ocean smells are perfume to my soul.

Some go to where the buildings reach to meet the clouds  
Where warm and gentle people turn to swarmin', faceless crowds  
So I'll do without their riches, glamour and the noise  
And I'll stay and take my chances with those saltwater joys.

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