

Salt Water Joys

C G Am F

Just to wake up in the morn - ing, to the qui - et of the cove, and to
 Fol - low - ing the lit - tle brook as it tric - kles to the shore, in the
 How can I leave those morn - ings with the sun - rise on the cove, and the

6 C G7 C

hear Aunt Bes - sie talk - ing to her - self. And to hear poor Un - cle
 au - tumn when the trees are flam - ing red Kick - ing leaves that fall a -
 gulls like flies sur - round - ing Clay - ton's wharf Plat - ter's Is - land wrapped in

10 G Am F C

John, mum - bling wish - es to old Nell; it made me feel that
 round me, watch - ing sun - sets paint the hills; that's all I'll e - ver
 rain - bow in the eve - ning after fog; the o - cean smells are

14 G7 C G Am

ev - ery - thing was fine. I was born down by the wa - ter, it's
 need to feel at home. This is - land that we cling to has been
 per - fume to my soul. Some go to where the build - ings reach

18 F C G Am

here I'm gon - na stay. I've searched for all the rea - sons why
 hand - ed down with pride, by folks that fought to live here, taking
 to meet the clouds, where warm and gen - tle peo - ple turn to

22 F C G

I should go a - way. But I have - n't got the thirst for all those
 hard - ships all in stride. So I'll com - pli - ment her beau - ty, hold on
 swarm - in', face - less crowds. So I'll do with - out their ri - ches, gla -

26 Am F C G7 C

mo - dern day toys so I'll just take my chan - ces with those salt wa - ter joys.
 to my good - byes, and I'll stay and take my chan - ces with those salt wa - ter joys.
 mour and the noise, and I'll stay and take my chan - ces with those salt wa - ter joys.