

Christian Island

I'm sailin' down the summer wind,
I got whiskers on my chin,
and I like the mood I'm in,
as I while away the time of day,
in the lee of Christian Island.

Tall and strong, she dips and reels,
I call her Silver Heels,
and she tells me how she feels.
She's a good old boat and she'll stay afloat,
through the toughest gail and keep smilin',
but for one more day she would like to stay,
in the lee of Christian Island.

I'm sailin' down the summer day,
where fish and seagulls play,
I put my troubles all away.
And when the gail comes up I'll fill me cup,
with the whiskey of the highlands.
She's a good old ship and she'll make the trip,
from the lee of Christian Island.

Tall and strong she slips along,
I sing for her a song,
and she leans into the wind.
She's a good old boat and she'll stay afloat,
through the toughest gail and keep smilin',
and when the summer ends we will rest again,
in the lee of Christian Island.

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in the lee of Christian Island.