# Saltwater Joys

Wayne Chaulk (as recorded by Buddy Wasisname and the Other Fellers 1990)

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**INSTRUMENTAL INTRO: / 1 2 / 1 2 /**

**[G] / [G] / [G] / [G]**

So I'll **[G]** do without their **[D]** riches **[Em]** glamour and the **[C]** noise

And I'll **[G]** stay, and take my **[G]** chances with those **[D7]** saltwater **[G]** joys **[G]**

Just to **[G]** wake up in the **[D]** morning, to the **[Em]** quiet of the **[C]** cove

And to **[G]** hear Aunt Bessie **[D7]** talking to her-**[G]**self **[G]**

And to **[G]** hear poor Uncle **[D]** John, mumbling **[Em]** wishes to old **[C]** Nell

It **[G]** made me feel like **[D7]** everything was **[G]** fine **[G]**

I was **[D]** born down by the **[Em]** water, it's **[C]** here I'm gonna **[G]** stay

I've **[D]** searched for all the **[Em]** reasons, why **[C]** I should go a-**[G]**way

But I **[G]** haven't got the **[D]** thirst, for all those **[Em]** modern-day **[C]** toys

So **[G]** I'll just take my chances with those **[D7]** saltwater **[G]** joys

**[G] / [G] / [G] / [G] /**

**[G]** Following the little **[D]** brook, as it **[Em]** trickles to the **[C]** shore

In the **[G]** autumn when the **[D7]** trees are flaming **[G]** red **[G]**

Kicking **[G]** leaves that fall a-**[D]**round me, watching **[Em]** sunset paint the **[C]** hills

It's **[G]** all I'll ever **[D7]** need to feel at **[G]** home **[G]**

This **[D]** island that we **[Em]** cling to, has been **[C]** handed down with **[G]** pride

By **[D]** folks who fought to **[Em]** live here, taking **[C]** hardships all in **[G]** stride

So I'll **[G]** compliment her **[D]** beauty, hold **[Em]** on to my good-**[C]**byes

And I’ll **[G]** stay, and take my chances with those **[D7]** saltwater **[G]** joys

**[G] / [G] / [G] / [G]**

How **[G]** can I leave those **[D]** mornings, with the **[Em]** sunrise on the **[C]** cove

And the **[G]** gulls like flies sur-**[D7]**rounding Clayton's **[G]** wharf **[G]**

Platter's **[G]** Island wrapped in **[D]** rainbow, in the **[Em]** evening after **[C]** fog

The **[G]** ocean smells are **[D7]** perfume to my **[G]** soul **[G]**

Some **[D]** go to where the **[Em]** buildings **[C]** reach to meet the **[G]** clouds

Where **[D]** warm and gentle **[Em]** people turn to **[C]** swarmin’ faceless **[G]** crowds

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**INSTRUMENTAL:**

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