

Leaving The Lagoon Lyrics by Glen Foster, Parent Publishing SOCAN

Like Being Home Again

**Welcome to Wildwood, home of the Shinglemill Pub
Historic Townsite and Healing Lodge at the hub
Right down Switchback Road, left on Powell Lane
At the Sea Dream B & B, Like Being Home Again**

**Now the Little River Ferry is sailing across the Georgia Strait
The Queen of Rum Row and Woodwitch Wildcrafts wait
The Hulks anchored for breakwater near Little Wing Farm
Sliammon Village ways with a Westview charm**

**Well a bloodhound follows his nose, his tail tells the tale
When it's wagging at both ends he's hot on the trail**

**Well a weekend in Wildwood we're sitting in the Shinglemill Pub
It's Backberry Festival, gonna gobble down some good grub
Relax and recharge at the Old Courthouse Inn
At a Spring Salmon Bar-B-Q it's summertime again**

**Welcome to Wildwood, home of the Shinglemill Pub
The Jail House Café and Desolation Kayak Club
The Patricia Theatre is the oldest in the land
When I'm back in Wildwood it's Like Being Home Again**

Say That's So

**Out of the clear blue sky it hit me like a lightning bolt
To realize there's only so much time and man it gave me quite a jolt
So I plot my course, trim my sails, shoved off from the shore
Don't want to worry about details, not keeping score anymore**

**Out on the deep blue sea I'm reeling on the rolling waves
You'd hardly recognize it's me with all the other cryptic knaves
Speiling sermons and spouting prose, proclaiming their point of view
Voracious voices being heard but never saying anything new**

Oh, Say That's So

**Out of a waking dream it hit me like a ton of lead
Those illusions aren't what they seem, they simply got inside my head
When I woke up and rubbed my eyes, balanced on a narrow ledge
Restless, reckless and flying blind, it's lonely living on the edge**

**Out of a cold dark night I stumbled into your town
I wandered until daylight but didn't hear a friendly sound
Critics and crazies crawling by, protesters on parade
Rogues and rascals flying high, all party to the grand charade**

**Now if we never ever use more than half, there'll always be something left
If forever we consume more than we have, we're doomed to ravaging the rest**

**Out of an endless haze the committed are coming clean
Confessing their worldly ways, convicted of what they mean
I'm still standing on my own learning what I need to know
The consequences are mine alone
The consensus will Say That's So**

Kings and Queens

Olive groves, lemon trees, orange orchards, tangerines

In a hi-speed coach, down the Castile coast, to a Catalonian host on the Mediterranean Sea
Church bells chime, a clock tells time, friends feeling fine, consuming Spanish wine

There's things I've seen that Kings and Queens have never see
Places I've been where Royalty has never been
And I'm proud to stand where an honest man
Can live his life and work his plan
Where things are seen that Kings and Queens have never seen

In the urban forest, by choice or chance, the workers chorus, is a protest chant
Police on horses, keep the peace, while the crowd enforces, their freedom of speech
From the Crystal Palace, at el Retiro Lake, the stolen silver chalice, was a big mistake

At the river bend, a twisting trail, jogs through the glen, down in the dale
A yellow jacket, attracts abuse, while the beggars' banquet, is a feast of fools
Some handsome charmer in tarnished armour, he's a peasant farmer, and he won't get far

Now I trace the footsteps, of the great explorer, around the rondo are matadors
In the Plaza Mayor, at the alcazar, of the grand Alhambra, I hear a sad guitar
The soulful singer, intones great depth, flamenco dancers, respond in step

Leaving The Lagoon

It's a challenge when you paddle against a tidal flow you battle
When the current runs contrary you just haul with all your might
I've been wrong so long it's become my song
But I feel so strongly it all belongs
Now the timing's right, there's no fear in flight, I won't stay another night

I'm Leaving The Lagoon, setting sail real soon
Breaking camp before high noon I sing my tune
I'm Leaving The Lagoon, with the rising of the moon
Like a laughing loon I'm Leaving The Lagoon

There's a treasure trove of riches beneath a shallow cove with fishes
Where a world of wealth is invested in a sand dollar bank
Like a village on the ocean floor with dancing diamonds on the shore
The pristine sea is thriving and surviving here with thanks

Manson's Landing calls to me, Cortes Island wild and free
Living out a life of destiny, Whaletown Bay awaiting me
Squirrel Cove still taunting me, giving what I have for all to see

Winter Rose

She's a fragrant flower, fairest one of all
On a thorny tower, sturdy, straight and tall
Crowned with staying power, blooming in the fall, who could it be?
Winter Rose adorns a splendid sailing ship, Emblazoned on the bow
A moniker that fits, sheltered in the harbour, moored in a slip, who could foresee?

My Winter Rose, true beauty shows, fair trade winds blow, My Winter Rose

Once a dream was nothing but a fantasy
Just a gleam within the eye of destiny
Then the scheme became a clear reality, who could have known?

**Now a mighty schooner, fit as she can be
Trimmed and weighing anchor, sails expectantly
On a grand adventure o'er the restless sea for ports unknown**

My Winter Rose, a steady course she holds, deep currents flow, My Winter Rose

**Captain's concealing something, a treasure map he keeps
Smuggled by a scuttled pirate, salvage from the deep
Fearing sabotage and mutiny he sleeps - suspicion grows
There's a trade embargo, the skipper wasn't told
And a precious cargo is hidden in the hold
Could be contraband or artifacts they've stowed - nobody knows**

My Winter Rose, boldly she goes, no fear she knows, My Winter Rose

Another Day

**The Falcon stands upon his perch too unaffirmed to fly
Sees the dealers wheeling by, they try to steal the sky
From LA to Los Alvarez from Mexico to Spain
Drifting By down a different highway, it's Another Day
In dreams sometimes it seems like I'm the Pixelated man
So fragmented it's a War of Words, I'm in a Cryptomnesia band
I walk like a Big Man in Town but shudder at the Storms of Life
So lost in This That These & Those, they rarely see the light**

**When I wake up it's Another Day, the whole world waits out there
The first day of the rest of my life, there's so much more to share
It could all be gone so fast, over in a flash
Well I'm wide awake, it's Another Day**

**An Aperture opens up on a window inside my mind
An Aural Vista is shimmering in an Introture of lines
Songwriters Circle, and (It'll All Work Out) Someday
I'm Easy Rolling and Reckoning we can find a way**

When I wake up it's Another Day, now I'm on my way, Another Day

**Water pours down all around from the sky and from our eyes
Sometimes we all just stand around sometimes we run and hide
Crashing cymbals, loud guitars, my ears feel like they fry
Booming Bass and soaring sounds, they almost make you cry**

When I wake up it's Another Day, while I'm worlds away, Another Day

The Old Cherry Tree

**When we were kids we would play outside and swim in the lake at the beach
I'd love to visit my grandmother's house and in her orchard eat a big juicy peach
I'll never forget how the apple blossoms smelled, but that's another story I could tell
The fondest memory that comes back to me, is climbing in The Old Cherry Tree**

**When the summer was hot we'd wear T-shirts and shorts and run thru the grass in the yard
Playing Hide `n Seek, the other kids and me, we'd chase around the cat and the dog
Riding bikes down the lane, swinging in the barn, building forts in the hay, jumping in the straw
When the cherries were ripe there was one place to be, that was up in The Old Cherry Tree**

**The Old Cherry Tree brings sweet memories to me and I hope that I'll never forget
Climbing to the top where the world could see, It was me in The Old Cherry Tree**

**Nothing tasted as good as a Black Cherry could, and for a feast I thought I'd almost die
Queen Anne's were sweet and the Bing's were a treat and my Mom would bake the juiciest pies
But wintertime would come, snow would cover the ground, I can't recall a more silent sound
We'd climb those snow banks as happy as could be, and swing up in The Old Cherry Tree**

**Then one day I left the farm and went off to school leaving my family and my friends behind
No more fishing in the pond, racing down the road, in the city there were new friends to find
Buy I think back to the times when we'd sing nursery rhymes, playing games my sisters and me
Now when I need to be free there's only one place to be that's in the arms of The Old Cherry Tree**

Looks Like I'm Leaving

**Well it takes a restless spirit
Just to burn those bridges yearning for the road
And the closer you get near it
The more a man will learn there is to know
And I don't know what I'm looking for
Don't know if I'll ever be back no more
Looks Like I'm Leaving**

**So I sold my stock in Steeltown
Turned a lock and key, drove to Nashville Tennessee
Took my family and my guitar
Took a look around just to see what I could see
And I don't think that I stayed too long
I don't think it's too soon to be moving on**

**And I'm bound for glory, bound for truth
And I guess I'm bound to learn a thing or two
When I've found my freedom, paid my dues
I might even find my dream before I'm through
Looks Like I'm Leaving**

**Now I'm a long, long way from nowhere
And anywhere I go I'm never far from home
So I'll say goodbye and ride away
And leave behind the best of all I've known**