

# **Strait of Georgia**

## **A ballad by Peter Brunette**

1. Came from California. Started out to roam.  
    Didn't want to go to Vietnam.  
    Stole across the border, looking for a home.  
    Now I know just who and where I am.

CHORUS: It's summertime on Vancouver Island—  
    Ain't no other place I'd rather be—  
    Summertime on the Strait of Georgia,  
    Where the snowcapped mountains meet the sea.

2. First place that I landed was Vancouver town.  
    Stopped there for a while just to bide my time.  
    Met a girl I fancied. Swore I'd settle down.  
    Promised her the world if she'd be mine.

CHORUS

3. Raised up four strong children, working at a trade.  
    Never dreamed I'd be a carpenter.  
    My fair lady told me, "We've got mouths to feed.  
    Kids can't live on poetry and verse."

CHORUS

4. Tides kept on a-turning. Empires rose and fell.  
    Now our kids have children of their own.  
    Moved across the water. Seems to suit us well.  
    Grandkids come to see our island home.

FINAL CHORUS AND ENDING:

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    Ain't no other place I'd rather be—  
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