

ROCKY COAST

by steven e.f. beckwith Copyright 1/6/98

Don't really know what day it was,
just wishing you could be there.
Walking along the rocky coast,
with the wind blowing through your hair.
Dreaming about what might have come,
as the waves crash in from the sea.
Walking along the coast of Maine,
the sky begins to cloud in.

The sea was rough as it began to rain,
and the fire burned down below.
Walking along the rocky coast,
the birds all flew away.
It wasn't the rain or the wind,
as I watched the seasons come in.
Walking along the coast of Maine,
the sun soon begins to shine.

3rd verse

Walking along the coast of Maine,
Can bring us many things.
The ships that sail upon the sea,
With their sails high in the sky.
As long as we have our rocky coast,
We'll always have songs to sing.
Walking along the coast of Maine,
in the land... the land of the free.