

Aboard the Spray

When I was a boy, up in Nova Scotia
Drawing all the clipper ships just to learn their names
I wanted for a toy nothing but a sailboat
Nothing else would do, nor could ever be the same

All aboard the Spray, all alone I say
All those lovely days, my flags unfurled
I did set sail, I did prevail
I did regale myself around this world
All around this world

When I was a youth, working in the boot shop
Listening to fisherman lying up a shame
Or telling me the truth, regaling me with tall tales
I couldn't tell the difference, it was all the same

When I was a captain, wrecked in Paragagua
Shipping jungle lumber all in the trading game
I build myself a boat, sailed us back to Boston
Though my wife and boys, they would never be the same

Back in Massachusetts, given an old oyster boat
Rebuilt her plank for plank, the oceans for to tame
Reborned with that sloop, pretty as a white swan
Once I stepped aboard the Spray, I would never be the same

Now I am an old man, settled on the Vineyard
Living on a farm and fading with my fame
I dream of Venezuela's Orinoco River
I'll sail unto its source, or I'll never be the same

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