

Tom T. Hall, St. George Isle

I saw an eagle catch a fish crossed my fingers made a wish
He flew away to clear blue skies the way an eagle flies
I saw the sun rise o'er the sea through the clouds he winked at me
Brightened up and seemed to say here is another day

Out of St George Isle people make you smile
Won't you bide a while out on St George Isle
(sax)
I found a penny on the beach in the sand beneath my feet
Fortune someone had one day and let it slip away
Oyster boats in disarray scattered all around the bay
Makes me think of one complaint I wish that I could paint

Out of St George Isle...
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