

Gordon Goodwin's Big Phat Band

"Seven Island Suite"

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Seven islands to the high side of the bay, 'cross the bay
To the sunset through the blue light of a fiery autumn haze
We went walking on the high side of the bay on a chilly morn
And we saw how leaves had fallen on the beds where trees were born
Any man in his right mind could not fail to be made aware
Any woman with a gift of wisdom would not seek her answers there
Seven islands to the high side of the bay if you're looking west
To the sunset you can see it, all in fiery autumn dress
Anytime would be the right time to come up to your bed of boughs
Anybody with a wish to wander could not fail but to be aroused

Living high in the city, guess you think it's a pretty good way
You get to learn but when you get burned you got nothing to say
You seem to think because you got chicken to go you're in luck
Fortune will not find you in your mansion or your truck
Brothers will desert you when you're down and shit out of luck

Look around at the morning, guess you're doing the best you can
Surely you know that when you go nobody gives you a hand
Think of the air you're breathing in, think of the time you waste
Think of the right and wrong and consider the frown on your face

It's time you tried living on the high side of the bay, you need a rest

Any woman or a man with a wish to fade away could be
so blessed
Fortune will not find you in your mansion turned to gold
Brothers will desert you when your nights turn long and
cold

If you feel it you better believe it, you're gonna see it,
so you really know
It is rising like a feather, dipping and dancing from
below
There's a new wave that is breaking in the wake of a
passing ship
Every nation's gonna be shaken, put it together, don't
let it slip

It's time you tried living on the high side of the bay, you
need a rest
Any man or a woman with a wish to fade away could be
so blessed

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