

Peter J. "Martinique"

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Chorus:

Hoist up the sails,
And pull up the anchor,
Belay the halyards' and trim the jib and main sails.

Hoist up the colors,
And batten the hatches,
We're gonna sail on down to Martinique.

Verse:

I hate to leave this old coast of Mexico,
The good times here like always have been good to
me.
The women here just know how to treat their men just
right,
Oh, how I hate to leave... So... (Chorus)

Verse:

I found a little place a little hide away.
One that the tourist have not yet found.
A bottle of tequila, a lady and a sun that's hot,
Is all you need, and all you've got... So... (Chorus)

Verse:

Looking back across the waves I begin to smile.
As the coastline settles in the sea.
I look ahead as the sun climbs high above.
Good by Mehico, hello Martinique!... So... (Chorus)

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