

**Peter J.**

**"Title: Everything Considered"**

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Martinique

Written by: Peter J.

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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)

Island Time

Written by: Peter J.

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Verse:

I gaze out from my bedroom window,  
looking at the streets below.  
People working, children playing,  
traffics jamming, the noise is blaring.

all the while I, sit here dreaming,  
waiting for mind to clear.  
Then I pick up my guitar,  
put my feet on the table,  
and lean back to enjoy the time.

Chorus:

Living on island time.  
Living on island time.  
Just take it on down, a couple of levels,  
you'll be living on island time.

Verse:

Sailing on down the coast,  
running free with the wind.  
The ocean is mighty,  
this sailor is feisty,  
the sunlight's blinding,  
the night sky is falling.  
On the shoreline,  
city lights sparkle,  
mixing with the stars above.  
The gentle rock of the ocean,  
puts this sailor to dreaming,  
peaceful as the morning calm. (Chorus)

Verse:

In the islands you forget your ways,  
all the games you used to play.  
The water the sun,  
the wine and the rum.  
the moon and the stars,  
that Caribbean charm.  
Then you start to drift away,  
as you sail on another day.  
Another island of fun and  
more wine and some rum,  
living like a pirates son.

Living on island time.  
Living on Island Time.  
Just take it on down a couple of levels,  
you'll be living on island time.  
Just bring it on down a couple of levels,  
you'll be living on Island time.

Piña Colada

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Verse:

Piña Colada.....Cruzan Rum.....Banana Daiquiris.....  
would you like to try some!  
(we're) singing ,.....  
Piña Colada.....Cruzan Rum.....Banana Daiquiris.....  
would you like to try some!

Here we are just sailing along,  
out and about just having some fun.  
Watching for girls out getting some sun,  
and here we go, just singing our song, singing.  
(Chorus)

Verse:  
Here we are just hanging around,  
out on the beach just having some fun.  
Watching for girls out lying in the sun,  
coconut oil, baking till their done, singing. (Chorus)

Middle:  
Here we are.....suns going down.....behind the  
clouds.....  
out on the sea.....

Here we are.....suns going down.....behind the  
clouds.....  
out on the sea.....

And here we are just hanging around,  
out and about just having some fun,  
watching for girls all golden and brown, and here they  
come,  
their singing our song, singing.....(Chorus)

Ice Cold Beer  
Written by: Peter J.  
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Verse:  
Sit-in' on the front porch havin' a beer,  
play a little guitar, while the sun goes down.  
Burgers and dogs, hot on the grill,  
a little summer breeze,  
waiting on paradise

Chorus:  
It was a hot one today,  
an ice cold beer brings a chill.  
It was a hot one today,  
an ice cold beer brings a chill.

Verse:

Sit-in' on the front porch nights roll-in' in,  
like a long lost friend,  
well look what the tides dragged in.  
Watch-in' fire flies, painting the night,  
Stars fill the sky, what a summers delight! .....(  
Chorus)

Verse:

Sit-in' on the front porch havin' a beer,  
Sing a little song, come on and jump right in.  
Don't be shy come on and give it try,  
if your a little out of key...  
hey, you'll fit right in. (Chorus)

Verse:

Sit-in' on the front porch havin' a beer,  
sing a little ditty,  
You know it don't mean a thing.  
Tell-in' tall tales into the night,  
good company and friends,  
we'll have a good time.....(Chorus)

Verse:

Sit-in' on the front porch, have another beer,  
if your singing along,  
you know you can't help but grin.  
Kick off your shoes, stay for a while,  
get a little laid back,  
put tomorrow on hold.....(Chorus) End.

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Verse:

Joe he was a friend of mine, I've known him for a long  
long time.....Ever since I was a boy..... and he'd moved  
in next door.....Well, he didn't do much talkin',..... but  
when he'd tell a tale,.... well you could listen for hours  
and hang on every word.

He would tell us stories... of long ago.....The times he  
had spent,.... with the girl next door,.....and he would  
tell us tales,.... of when he was a lad,..... and all the  
dickens that he'd gotten into,.....and all the fun that he  
had.

He would tell us stories,....about the war,.....brave men  
he had fought with,....who never did come home.... and

he'd say out loud their names,.....each and everyone,.....as if he could still see them standing there,.....and then he'd settle down.,.....and he'd say, son...

Chorus:

Everything considered,..... I lived a pretty good life.... I never got rich,..... nor, did I take a wife.....but what I saw of this old world,.....I'll take to my grave,.....you see son,.....all the world's a memory,..... of stone and ageless names.

Verse:

Now one day I saw old Joe,.....sittin' out on his porch.....So I wondered over,.....just to say hello....and we sat there for hours,....and never spoke a word,.....and then he turned and he smiled at me,....and I wondered on back home.

Now about a month went by,.....when Joe and I say down again,.....and he took out some pictures,.....of him and his men,.....and in a box he held so tight,.... was a Bronze Star, ....the medal of Valor,.....and a Purple Heart.

It was then that I realized,.....what a man I had met,.....an honest to God Hero,..... a man above the rest..... a man who fought for freedom,.....who put it on the line,.....so, others wouldn't have to,.....at least for a time.....

(Instrumental)

(Spoken during instrumental): Now , just the other day..... the mail man came,.....and he had a special delivery,..... and I knew right away.....

Verse:

Now, I've since long moved away,.....I got a wife and two kids,.....and I tell them the stories,.....as Joe once did,.....and I watch their faces,....as they hang on every word,.....and then I take out the box and show them the medal's.....

Today I came home,... to see old Joe,.....pay my last respects,.....to a man I had known,.....I had learned so much,.....from this gentle man,.....and as I touched the stone,.....his words hit home,.....and I could hear him say, Pete.....

Everything considered,.....I lived a pretty good

life,.....I never got rich,.....nor, did I take a wife,....but  
what I saw of this old world,.....I'll take to my  
grave,.....you see son,.....

all the world's a memory,.....of stone and ageless  
names,.....and he'd say son,.....

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