

Tom T. Hall

"St. George Isle"

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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

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 people make you smile
Won't you bide a while out on St George Isle
Out of St George Isle people make you smile
Won't you bide a while out on St George Isle

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