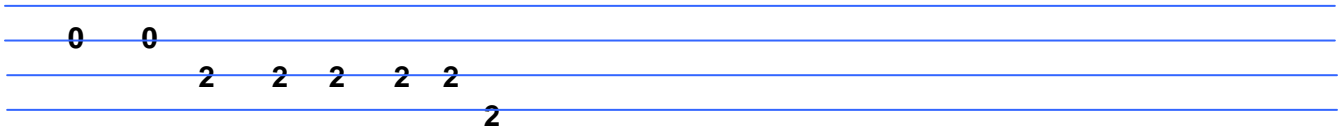
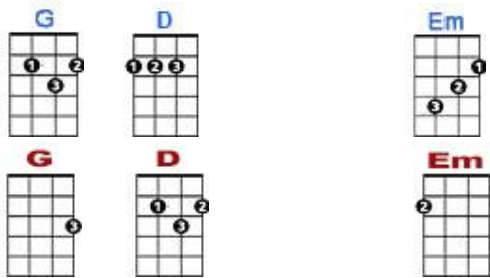
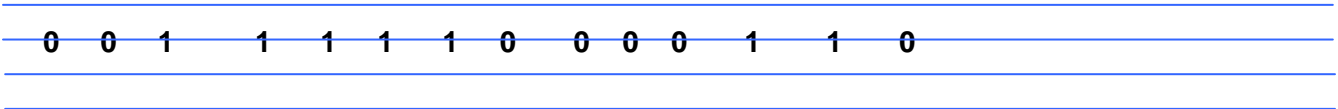
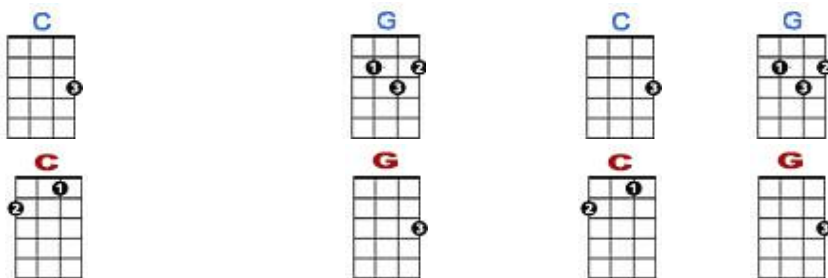


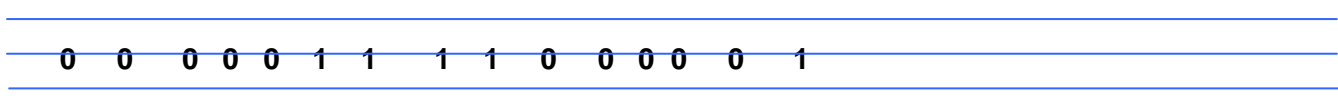
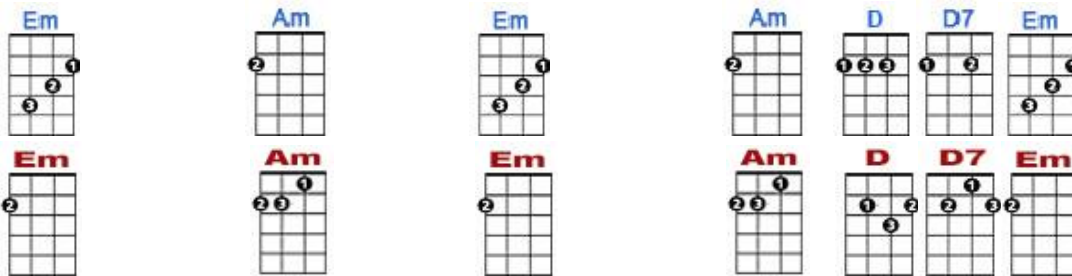
The Waves Roll Out by Bob Gibson & Shel Silverstein



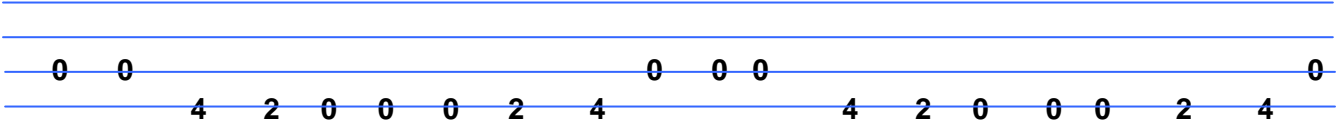
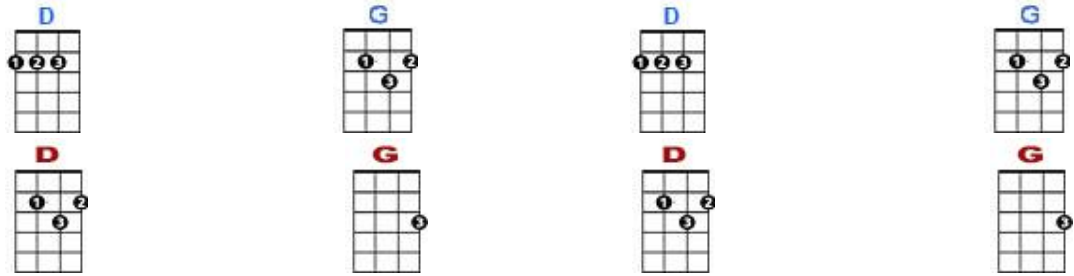
Come on boys, I'll sing you a song;



Of the days when the fish were thick and I was young and strong.



We set sail in the morning, in the teeth of a howling wind;



And the waves roll out, and the waves roll in. And the waves roll out, and the waves roll in.

Then late that night, there rose a gale
 And it snapped the mast like a stick of wood and it ripped the sail
 You should've seen the compass whirl as the ship began to spin.
 And the waves roll out, and the waves roll in. And the waves roll out, and the waves roll in.

Then the sea turned red and the sky went white
 And I heard a weird and wailing cry tear through the night
 And the sea opened up like a gaping mouth and pulled us screaming in.
 And the waves roll out, and the waves roll in. And the waves roll out, and the waves roll in.

And there I saw on the ocean floor
 The sailors drowned and dead for thirty years or more
 Their boney skinless toothless jaws on a ghostly ghastrly grin
 And the waves roll out, and the waves roll in. And the waves roll out, and the waves roll in.

And every eye turned toward the shore
 And every leg was chained there to the ocean floor
 And each cried out for the ones on land they'd never see again
 And the waves roll out, and the waves roll in. And the waves roll out, and the waves roll in.

Their ghostly eyes burned through the sea
 And each one screamed and reached a bony hand for me.
 Crying, "This is the grave of the sailors damned to pay for a life of sin."
 And the waves roll out, and the waves roll in. And the waves roll out, and the waves roll in.

The morning found me by the shore
 And none believed I was the man who sailed the day before
 My hair was white, my eyes were old and I was bent and thin
 And the waves roll out, and the waves roll in. And the waves roll out, and the waves roll in.

So bully boys, you've heard my song
 About the days when the fish were thick and I was young and strong
 I've told of a curse that waits for you if you hold to your life of sin
 And the waves roll out, and the waves roll in. And the waves roll out, and the waves roll in.