

ZAK MORGAN'S

"GOING TO SEA ISLAND"

FROM "THE CANDY MACHINE"



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CHORUS

Goin' to Sea Island, Goin' to Sea Island,
I'm gone to see my good friends on Sea Island, Georgia!

Don't forget your swimsuit, don't forget your gym shoes,
Bring your fishing pole, too, there's room for one more load.
Bring along your golf clubs, a cooler full of fresh subs,
Buckle up your belt, Bub! It's time to hit the road.

CHORUS

Chicken fingers, french fries, apple and key lime pies,
Sundaes make my eyes wide, milk and cookies, too.
Seining on a sand bed, you could net a hammerhead,
Not like Daddy's tool shed, this hammerhead can chew!

CHORUS

Down the road we're cruising, Daddy's driving, mommy's snoozing.
There's no time for losing, so we sneak a soda pop.
And stealth can come in handy when you're pilfering some candy.
Things look fine and dandy 'til our Daddy hollers, "STOP!"

Horses in the fast lane, riding on the jeep train,
Shuffleboard and hot rain, lots of fish for catching.
Going on a bike ride, finding shells at low tide,
While turtle walking, I spied some baby turtles hatching!

And when vacation closes, wipe your eyes and blow your noses.
It'll come up roses soon so say, "So long!"
And when you're feeling weary while your hometown weather's dreary,
You will be more cheery if you sing Sea Island's song!

CHORUS