

# Strait of Georgia

Words and music by Peter Brunette

1.

**Bm**            **G**        **D**            **Bm**            **G**            **Bm**  
Came from California. Started out to roam.  
**F#m**                            **Em**            **A7**  
Didn't want to go to Vietnam.  
**Bm**            **G**                    **D**            **Bm**            **G**            **Bm**  
Stole across the border, looking for a home.  
**F#m**                            **Em**                            **A7**  
Now I know just who and where I am.

CHORUS:

**D**    **D7**  
It's summertime on Vancouver Island—  
**G**                                    **D**                                    **A7**  
Ain't no other place I'd rather be—  
**D**    **D7**    **G**  
Summertime on the Strait of Georgia,  
**Em**                                    **A7**                                    **D**    **G**    **D**  
Where the snowcapped mountains meet the sea.

2.

**Bm**            **G**        **D**            **Bm**            **G**            **Bm**  
First place that I landed was Vancouver town.  
**F#m**                            **Em**                            **A7**  
Stopped there for a while just to bide my time.  
**Bm**            **G**                    **D**            **Bm**            **G**            **Bm**  
Met a girl I fancied. Swore I'd settle down.  
**F#m**                            **Em**                            **A7**  
Promised her the world if she'd be mine.

CHORUS:

**D**    **D7**  
It's summertime on Vancouver Island—  
**G**                                    **D**                                    **A7**  
Ain't no other place I'd rather be—  
**D**    **D7**    **G**  
Summertime on the Strait of Georgia,  
**Em**                                    **A7**                                    **D**    **G**    **D**  
Where the snowcapped mountains meet the sea.

3.

Bm G D Bm G Bm  
Raised up four strong children, working at a trade.  
F#m Em A7  
Never dreamed I'd be a carpenter.  
Bm G D Bm G Bm  
My fair lady told me, "We've got mouths to feed.  
F#m Em A7  
Kids can't live on poetry and verse."

### CHORUS:

D D7  
It's summertime on Vancouver Island—  
G D A7  
Ain't no other place I'd rather be—  
D D7 G  
Summertime on the Strait of Georgia,  
Em A7 D G D  
Where the snowcapped mountains meet the sea.

4.

Bm G D Bm G Bm  
Tides kept on a-turning. Empires rose and fell.  
F#m Em A7  
Now our kids have children of their own.  
Bm G D Bm G Bm  
Moved across the water. Seems to suit us well.  
F#m Em A7  
Grandkids come to see our island home.

### FINAL CHORUS AND ENDING:

D D7  
It's summertime on Vancouver Island—  
G D A7  
Ain't no other place I'd rather be—  
D D7 G  
Summertime on the Strait of Georgia,  
Em A7 D G D  
Where the snowcapped mountains meet the sea,  
Em A7 D G D  
Where the snowcapped mountains meet the sea,  
Em A7 D G D  
Where the snowcapped mountains meet the sea.