

## The Summerfolk Song

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I came rollin' up Highway 10  
I was lookin' for a weekend away  
When Highway 10 hit number 6  
I ran into Georgian Bay  
And I drove on through to the other side  
Of a little harbor town  
I saw all the people and the tents on the beach  
I heard a joyful sound

Chorus:

And the fiddle tunes, they filled the air  
And the people all danced in the rain or the shine  
Just lose their cares  
And the singers sang all their favourite songs  
And the people on the sand and the rock on the shore  
They all sang along

And the very next day I went on back  
There was music everywhere  
Lots of different folks to see and hear  
Laughing children on the dead tear  
There were songs, and stories, and jigs, and reels  
You could hear while looking over the bay  
Beautiful things that the people made  
What could you do but stay?

Then all too soon it was Sunday night  
Time to head back home  
Thoughts about the friends I'd made  
With travel with me when I roam  
And no matter what as I drove on  
I could still hear music in my ears  
So I guess I'll see you all up there  
At Summerfolk next year