

TOASTED

By Lorenzo Caricchio

Here's to the seas on which we sail
Here's to the boats that we sail in
Here's to the crew that doesn't fail
We toast to 'em all with Rum, Bourbon and Gin

Here's to the ocean, sea or lake where life is real and nothing's fake
The wind is free to sail anywhere; we'll ride the waves without a care
To city lights or shores suburban
And anyplace the bars serve Bourbon

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Here's to the boats that we sail in
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Here's to a ship that's tried and true sailing upon the ocean blue
Her hull is fast and her sails are full, out to sea she feels the pull
And back to shore she'll never come
Unless the crew is out of rum

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Here's to the crew that trims the sail, grinds the winch and sits on the rail
They race the boat in the sun and rain, work real hard and never complain
They'll bust their ass and try to win
They do it all for some tonic and gin

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Here's to friends that sail together on the sea in all kinds of weather
We'll reach and beat and jibe and tack and never talk of coming back
Our hearts are brave, there's nothing to fear
As long as the cooler is full of beer

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