



PADDLE GEORGIA! *(Tune of "Oh! Susanna," Key of E)*

It's June and here we are again with boats and tents galore,
Paddin' 'bout a hundred miles while "true love" minds the store.
Prayed for rain the day we left – the river it was dry,
Sun so hot I "Cooked" myself, but Joe now don't you cry!

REFRAIN: Paddle Georgia! That's the life for me,
When I'm out here on the river I'm as happy as can be.

I had a dream the other night when everything was still,
Thought I saw some runoff a-flowin' down the hill,
Storm clouds rose up mightily with lightnin' in the sky,
The river's still a trickle, but April don't you cry! *(Refrain)*

I eddied out and saw upstream the Sewells in their boat,
Beth & Stan and Rachel – and Peanut, all afloat.
They reached the rocks and then I saw a tear in Peanut's eye,
As they swam on down the river, but Dana don't you cry! *(Refrain)*

We kicked it off upon the Hooch – t'was summer of Oh-Five,
Then ran the raging Etowah to keep the thing alive.
The Ocmulgee and the Flint were tough, with rain in short supply,
Our duct-taped boats can tell it all, but Jesslyn don't you cry! *(Refrain)*

In Oh-Nine the Coosawattee took us quick to Carters Lake.
We cruised its wide deep waters for our flatland paddlers' sake,
Then hit the Oostanaula as we bid the "Coose" goodbye,
And all too soon took out in Rome, but Paddlers don't you cry! *(Refrain)*

On Carters Lake two brave pathfinding paddlers led the way,
How little did their followers know that they'd been led astray.
The two high-fived each other gazing back upon the throng,
Said, "With all those boats in hot pursuit, no way could we be wrong! *(Refrain)*

While paddlin' Paddle Georgia, a honeybee we got to know
Collided with a pine tree – got all "sapped up" head to toe,
Then his boat fell in an ashcan, and now we all agree:
Our little paddlin' pal, he is a "Sappy Ashcan Bee!" *(Refrain)*

Let's toast the man who shoots us – thank God, not with a gun,
He lugs his big camcorder while we have all the fun,
He used to spoil us rotten – a buck per movie star,
Let's raise a glass to good ole Bob in every dockside bar! *(Refrain)*

And here's to our great "Trash Queen," so dear to paddlers' hearts,
She collects the rivers' refuse and turns it into art,
On every Paddle Georgia we pile our boats with glass,
Let's "mussel" it to Bonnie before we bust our butts! *(Refrain)*

–With apologies to Stephen Foster... Charlie Cottingham & Dee Stone, June '09