

**THE GOOD LIFE**

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The Fisherman stands still beyond the pier  
He casts his line out far but it falls near  
Salt sprays back on his brow  
He pats his son's head and he knows now that

**This is it - This is the good life**

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A woman stands alone among ten more  
At the beckon of a hand their voices soar  
In the clutch of harmony  
A rainbow breaks the grey with glee and she knows

**CHORUS**

A child breaks his sleep to run and see  
The shiny pot – the keeper of the seed  
A baby shoot has grown  
He made it on his own and he feels

**CHORUS**

Throw a line – he says  
Spend the time – she says  
Look what's mine

**CHORUS**