

Based on a poem Cicely Fox Smith
As sung by Mike Kennedy, 10-23-12

High Noon in the Tropics

D-----G-----Em-----C-----G
It's rum, how things come back to you Down by the Docks
D-----Em-----C-----G
Oh, I stopped in a junk store, with old ropes and broken clocks,
-----D-----Em
And there by the door in a corner there lay
---C-----G-----D
A badly stuffed flying-fish, dingy and grey,
-----Em-----C
That had glittered like a rainbow as it flittered through the spray.
-----G-----Em-----C
And, Lord! It came back to me! As clear as it could be,
D-----Em-----C
High noon in the Tropics.....The ship running free,
D-----Em-----C
And the blue old Pacific, just as far as you could see.

-----D-----Em-----C
The sway of the masts.....The slow dip and lift of the rail:
D-----Em-----C
The mate with his eye cocked aloft, at the set of sail.
D-----Em-----C
Barefoot helmsman at the wheel, in his trousers and his vest,
D-----Em-----C
A glint of light from his ear-ring, and a sea snake tattooed on his chest.

D-----Em-----C
High Noon in the Tropics....The white, the green, the blue,
D-----Em-----C
The glittering of the flying-fish, as they flew,
D-----Em-----C
And the songs we sang and the tales we told, and the shipmates that we knew.
---D-----Em-----C

It passed as a dream; I was back in port a-gain
D-----Em-----C
With my collar turned up to my ears, in the cold and rain,
-----D-----Em-----C
And as I walked beside the pier, I heard the North Wind say,
D-----Em-----G
"Oh, to be in the Tropics! Ten thousand miles away."