

The Downeaster 'Alexa'

Billy Joel

Well I'm on the Downeaster Alexa
And I'm cruisin' through Block Island Sound
I have charted a course to the vineyard
But tonight I am Nantucket bound We took on diesel back in Mantauk yesterday
And left this morning from the bell in Gardiner's Bay
Like all the locals here I've had to sell my home
Too proud to leave I work my fingers to the bone So I could own my Downeaster Alexa
And I go where the ocean is deep
There are giants out there in the canyons
And a good captain can't fall asleep
I got bills to pay and children who need clothes
I know there's fish out there but where, God only knows
They say these waters aren't what they used to be
But I've got people back on land who count on me So if you see my Downeaster Alexa
And if you work with the rod and the reel
Tell my wife I am trolling Atlantis
And I still have my hands on the wheel Now I drive my Downeaster Alexa
More and more miles from shore every year
Since they told me I can't sell no stripers
And there's no luck in swordfishing here I was a Bayman like my father was before
Can't make a living as a Bayman anymore
There ain't much future for a man who works the sea
But there ain't no island left for Islanders like me
Ya-ya-ya-oh
Ya-ya-ya-oh
Ya-ya-ya-oh
Ya-ya-ya-oh

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