

## Straight And True

Stan Rogers

At Lincoln Center, a freak o' weather brought a taste of sea,  
And I was back in Nova Scotia and all my friends were there with me  
And they were drinkin' Diamond, singin' Carter and passin' them  
from mouth to mouth  
It sounded like "goodbye" and I knew that I was headed South, to  
the bitter South.

In my uncle's kitchen the songs are bitchin', or some Hank Williams' blues  
And I can hear my cousin's voices singing, the very best that they can do,  
And it doesn't matter what we're drinking, the ocean brings the  
flavor through,  
And if none of this is fancy, the love is always straight and true.

Straight and true!  
There's something about it, I can't live without the Coast,  
The rhythmic ocean, the clean wholesome motion of most of my friends there,  
Swaying by the trees, singing of the sea, now.  
City streets, they can't hold me when I'm most alone  
I'm going on home.

I think I'm ready, my hands are steady, 'though that's something I've not always known,  
And even if the West rejects me, there's some place I hold for my own,  
And I soon will be there; do I love it? Yes, I guess that you could say I do,  
Cause I'll be picking with my people where the music's always straight and true, straight and true.

Straight and true!  
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