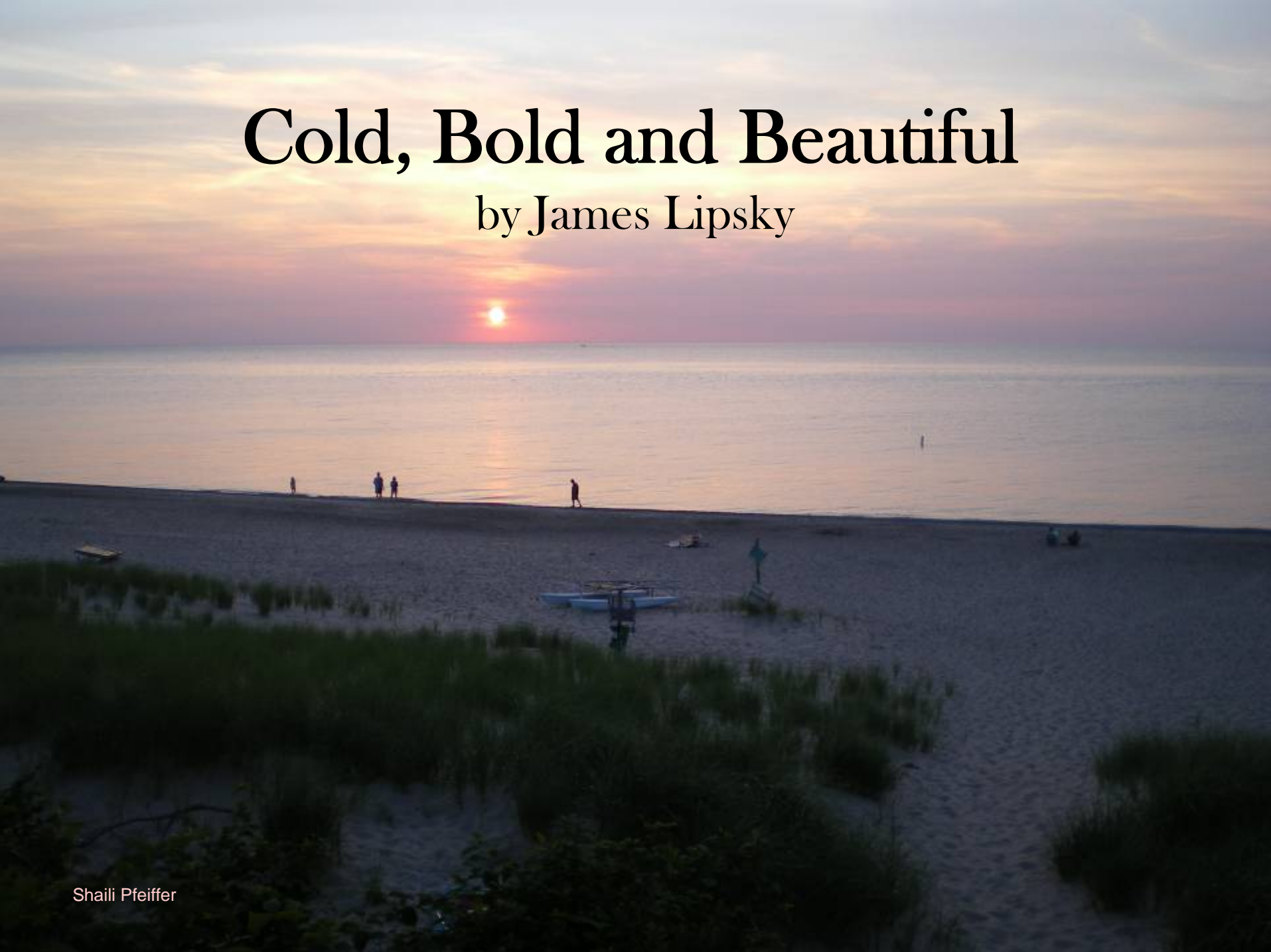


Cold, Bold and Beautiful

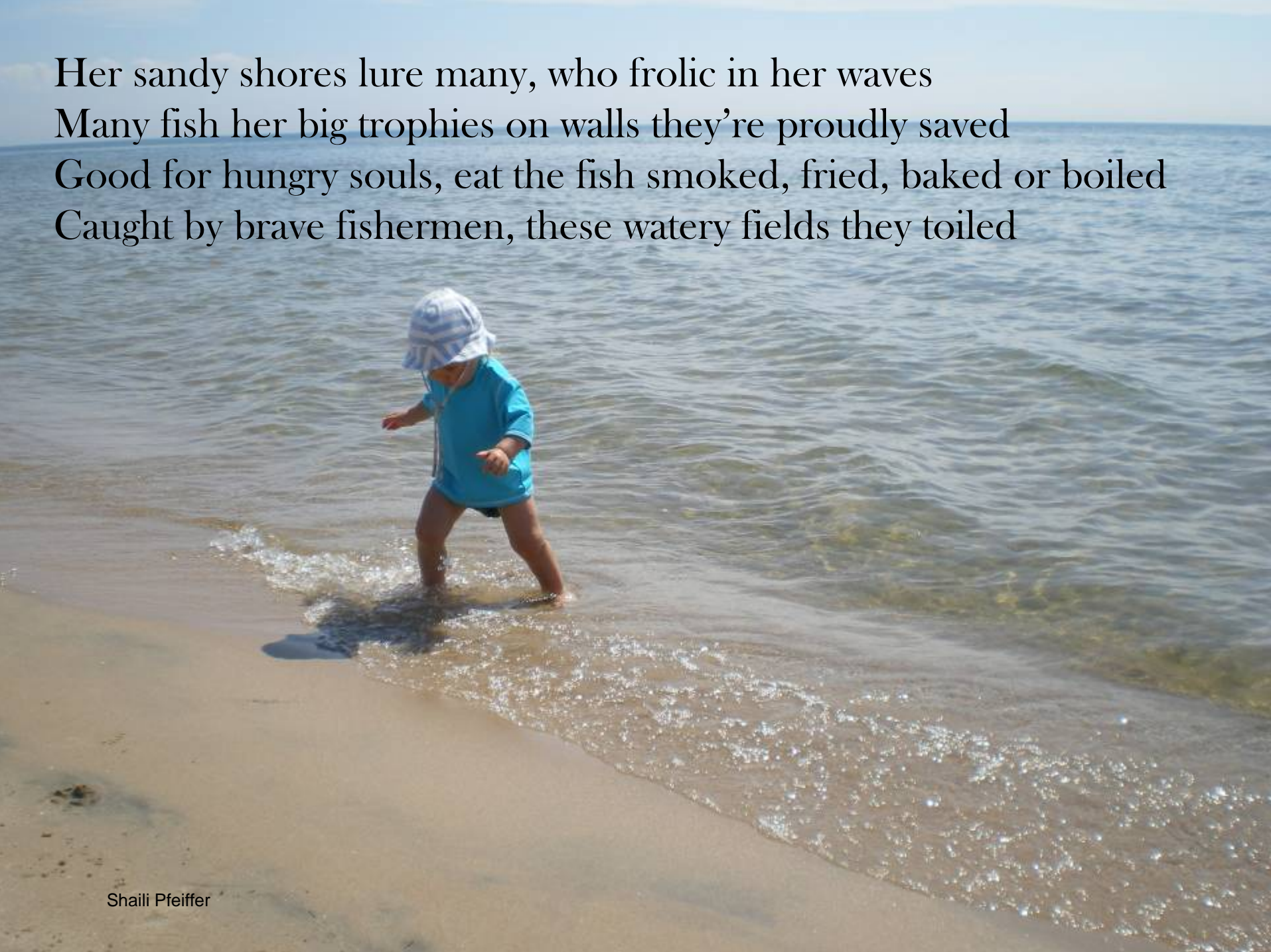
by James Lipsky



Artists love to paint her, so much beauty to behold
But beneath her surface, hide sad stories untold
Shipwrecks, life and death, found their way to her depths
She holds them all in her arms, in her arms, their final rest



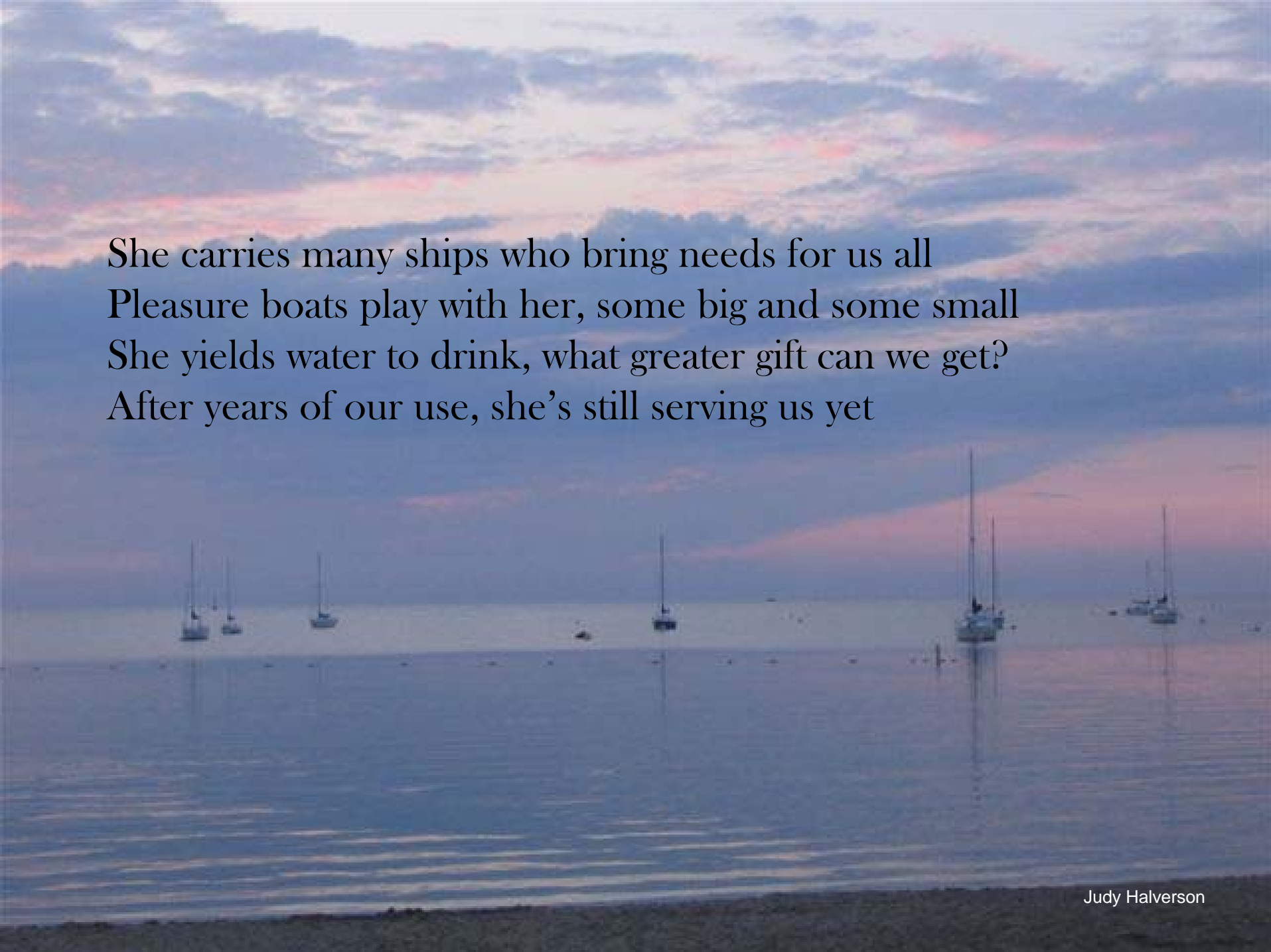
Her sandy shores lure many, who frolic in her waves
Many fish her big trophies on walls they're proudly saved
Good for hungry souls, eat the fish smoked, fried, baked or boiled
Caught by brave fishermen, these watery fields they toiled





CHORUS

She's cold, bold and beautiful, and she's always in command
When you're in her presence, her orders always stand
On warm, sunny days, she's still cold to the touch
She's cold, bold and beautiful, and we love her very much



She carries many ships who bring needs for us all
Pleasure boats play with her, some big and some small
She yields water to drink, what greater gift can we get?
After years of our use, she's still serving us yet

A sunset over the ocean with a bright sun low on the horizon, casting a golden glow across the sky and water. In the foreground, several dark rocks are scattered in the shallow water, with many seagulls perched on them and some flying in the air. The overall scene is peaceful and serene.

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