

WEST COAST DAY © Rae Reynolds

*Am*  
*It's a West Coast day there's rain on the way*

*F E7*  
*And the wind whips the waves to foam*

*Am*  
*Gulls rise and fall, on the Tasman squalls*

*F E7*  
*That batter Buller Bay ay ay ay*

----- *Am*  
*It's a West Coast day*

*G Am*  
The fishing boats in the basin float, ropes taut against the tide

*G Am*  
The cement boat's at the silo's, the dredge tied up beside

*G*  
And the train's on time down the Ngakawau line,

*Am*  
It's wagons dusted black

*G Am*  
As it speeds on down to the wharf in town, down that age worn track

----- *Am*  
It's a West Coast day

*Chorus G Am*

And the children and the miners, the cooks the engineers

*G Am*  
The workers down at Talleys, the brewer brewing beer

*G Am*  
The teacher and the builder, the roady on 'The Bluff'

*G Am*  
The artist and the cleaner, the bushman in the rough

----- *Am*  
It's a West Coast day

*Chorus*

*G Am*  
Whitebaiters on the tiphead wall, posies marked in stone

*G Am*  
Backs and legs braced again the swells, spotters blurred with rain

*G Am*  
It's man against the weather, man against the tide

*G Am*  
It's trawling for those running shoals, until the fall of night

----- *Am*  
It's a West Coast day

*Chorus*

*G Am*  
It's the Dr in his surgery, the widow at the grave

*G Am*  
The baby the nursery, the tourist in a cave

*G Am*  
It's the greenie in the tree tops, the miller at his saw

*G Am*  
The drinker at the leaner, the collector at your door

*G Am*  
It's the man at the rest home, the young man in his car

*G Am*  
It's the tiny ballerina (count one, two), It's Old Boy's versus Stars

----- *Am*  
It's a West Coast day

*Chorus*