I guess that I was born
With that nomad gene
There's very little of this planet
That I have not seen
Everybody's on a soapbox
Influencers and phones
TikTok Tommy Rock 'round the clock
But I'm still thinkin' Rolling Stones

So, where'm I gonna go
When the volcanos blow?
Everybody's askin'
All the time
Contemplatin' Malpeque Bay
Or a beach bar near Sagres
I'm sure I'll find a way
Till then, I'll be in the conga line

A pub in Portugal or PEI
Layin' low or stayin' high
I've got my good friends close
And trouble far away
Music on a beach
Called "Singin' Sand"
No big deal, no master plan
We'll be all right, come Monday

I'll hopscotch 'cross the ocean On friendly archipelago Where women sing to Gaia And the marijuana grows

I'm thinkin' Garden of the Gulf Where the Portuguese fished long ago Speak a little Mi'kmaq when I can And in Cavendish Do the do-si-do

Where'm I gonna go
When the volcanos blow?
Everybody's askin'
All the time
Contemplatin' Malpeque Bay
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Everybody's on a soapbox

And there's way too many phones
Everybody's playin' TikTok Tommy Rock
And I still love the Rolling Stones
Life is always better
When you add a little island
A lot of oysters, love and wine
Maybe a pub on PEI
With somebody singin' in Portuguese
On the sandbar, feel the ocean breeze
Right now, that sounds real good to me
I really like those possibilities

Till then, I'll be in the conga line Where'm I gonna go?
Till then, I'll be in the conga line Where'm I gonna go?
Till then, I'll be in the conga line Where'm I gonna go?
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