

THE LONE PALMETTO SINGS     *Lyrics and music © Jack Williams*

A shrimp boat out of Charleston - Miss Joanna was its name.  
Owned by Darrell Williams of no fortune and no fame.  
His gentle disposition pleased all who shook his hand,  
But no one really knew him. He was a quiet man.  
A very quiet man.

His accent was not Charleston, and neither was his stride.  
He never spoke of family or where they might abide.  
His sandy hair and freckles might call to mind a child.  
One might say that destiny lay hidden in his smile.  
Destiny - hidden in his smile.

CHORUS

The bay reflects the heartbeat In wide concentric rings.  
The islands rise like tombstones And fly on dolphins' wings.  
Through indigo plantation halls The lone palmetto sings.  
The lone palmetto sings.

He was a football hero in a piedmont college town,  
But the pros never called him and his dreams went underground.  
A shrimper from McClellanville was selling all he owned.  
So he bought the rig that would become his living and his home.  
A shrimp boat was his home.

He was an able seaman and generous to his crew,  
Accustomed to the distance of the man they never knew.  
Somehow he found the time to spare to fashion with his hands  
Trinkets from the teeth of sharks found among the sands.  
The teeth of sharks - found among the sands.

CHORUS

The seasons rolled like breakers, and for each he had a name.  
Joanna was the autumn, of whom no trace remained.  
He never spoke of love, of failure or regret,  
But these all hung around him like a slow descending net.  
Hung around him like a net.

Strippers from Savannah, and tourists from Santee,  
All are decorated with jewelry from the sea.  
An empty johnboat circling near Daufuskie in the sound  
Barely left a ripple in the gossip of the town...  
Not a ripple - on the surface of the sound.

CHORUS