

Chorus

East of Ely in July,
Clear blue water, clear blue sky,
Running rapids every day,
On the South Kawishiway.

Verse 1

Food and gear in three canoes,
A brand new pair of water shoes,
Extra paddles just in case,
And don't forget it's not a race.

Verse 2

Young and old and in between,
The biggest smiles you've ever seen.
Wash away life's strife and stress
With laughter in the wilderness.

Verse 3

North and south and east and west,
We're on the right course more or less.
With each portage, wet or dry,
It's shore lunch on the other side.

Verse 4

Songs to write and knots to learn.
There's bread to bake. There's wood to burn.
When the days turn into nights,
We watch for stars and northern lights.