

## THE ATLS THEME SONG

Just sit right back  
And you'll hear a tale  
A tale of a fateful trip,  
That started from this tropic port,  
Aboard this tiny ship.  
The mate was a mighty sailin' man,  
The Skipper brave and sure,  
Five passengers set sail that day,  
For a three hour tour,  
A three hour tour.

The weather started getting rough,  
The tiny ship was tossed.  
If not for the courage of the  
fearless crew  
The Minnow would be lost.  
The Minnow would be lost.

The ship set ground on the shore  
Of this uncharted desert isle  
With Gilligan,  
The Skipper too.  
The millionaire  
And his wife,  
The movie star,  
The professor and Mary Ann,  
Here on Gilligan's Isle.

(Ending verse)

So this is the tale of our castaways,  
They're here for a long long time.  
They'll have to make the best of things,  
It's an uphill climb.

The first mate and his Skipper too  
Will do their very best,  
To make the others comfortable  
In their tropic island nest.

No phone, no lights, no motor car,  
Not a single luxury  
Like Robinson Crusoe  
It's primitive as can be.

So join us here each week my friends,  
You're sure to get a smile,  
From seven stranded castaways  
Here on Gilligan's Isle!

Just sit right back  
And you'll hear a tale  
The Across The Lake Swim trip  
That started from the ferry wharf  
Aboard three tiny ships  
JC was a mighty sailin' man  
Bob Teather brave and sure  
500 wetsuited passengers  
For a beach to beach swim tour  
A beach to beach swim tour

The waves are sometimes very rough  
The swimmers sometimes tossed  
If not for the say of the safety crew

The race day could be lost  
The race day would be lost

These boats got set to dump their load  
The swimmers had to jump  
The first timers  
The old goats too  
The little kids  
And their dads  
The racing stars  
The pool rats and the ferry man  
Doin' the Okanagan Mile!

The gun goes off, they are underway  
They'll swim for a long, long time  
It's cool and dark and deep out there  
It seems an uphill climb

The lifeguards and the directors too  
Will do their very best  
To keep these swimmers comfortable  
In their swimming crossing quest

No fins, no buoys, no iPod touch  
Not a single luxury  
It's primitive survival  
Like spawning kokanee.

So join us here each year my friends,  
You'll likely be all smiles  
When you swim this great lake of ours  
Doin the Okanagan Mile!