

The Fisherman Song

The fisherman
Are pitching pennies
In the sand
Beside the sea
The sunrise hits
Their oilskin boots
And their painted boats
And me
They seem
To know the ocean
Like a man
Knows a woman
She makes him
Wait around
For half the morning
For the tide to turn

Pull on the ropes,
Seine haul fisherman
Never catches more
Than he knows
He can sell in a day
Pull on the ropes,
Seine haul fisherman
Day's for work
Night's the time
To go dancing

They're drinking beer
And laughing
And squinting at the sun
Waiting for the gulls
To tell them
When the fish will come
Their faces brown
And weathered
From all the nets
They've run
They've learned to wait
They always know
That the tide will turn

Pull on the ropes,
Seine haul fisherman
Never catches more
Than he knows
He can sell in a day;
Pull on the ropes,
Seine haul fisherman
Day's for work.
Night's the time
To go dancing

Way out on the ocean
The big ships
Hunt for whales
The Japanese
Have caught so many
That now
They hunt for snails
My fisherman's not greedy
He seems content to live
With the sun and the sand
And a net full of fish
When the tide turns

Pull on the ropes
Seine haul fisherman
Never catches
More than he knows
He can sell in a day
Pull on the ropes
Seine haul fisherman
Day's for work
Night's the time
To go dancing

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