

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Keep on Fishin'

Keep on Fishin'
(J. Campbell (c))

Ya know, sometimes you can't win for tryin'.
Couldn't catch a fish if fish were flyin'.
The nets and cables all get knotted,
And the engine runs like the diesel's clotted.

And nothin' goes like ya think it oughtta.
Ya get bag on bag on bag of water.
You'd think you mighta died and gone to heaven
If you could just get a job at a 7-11.

Well it was ice and rain and freezin' up hard.
We had three sea robins and a 7-inch cod.
Takin' on water, losing the rudder,
And the goddamn prop made the whole boat shudder.

We were halfway done haulin' back
When the cable let go with a helluva crack.
Took out the cook as he stood at the rail,
Scrambled his eggs, dead as a nail.

Well we all stood around, thumbin' our butts.
We hadta do somethin' but we didn't know what.
And though he kinda looked under the weather,
Most of us thought he'd never looked much better.

Cho: But we had fuel and ice to pay,
And we'd just steamed out yesterday.
He was a real good hand and we sure will miss him,
But we iced him down and we kept on fishin'.

Well, if you said we were cold, I'd have to agree,
But no colder than him, nearer by "cod" to thee.
'Sides it's quiet and peaceful under the deck an'
He couldn't say jacksh*t about it, I reckon.

So while he was lying and chillin' down there,
We took a vote: "Yeah, he'll make a whole share."
And most of us thought that was a damn good deal,
Seein' as how we'd had to cook our own meals. (Chorus)

Well, it took us awhile to finish that trip.

Down at the dock they gave us some lip.
An' the Coast Guard come down to see what was about,
But the bastards wouldn't help us lumping him out.

They said we "Had no respect for the dead"
But they were lucky we just didn't gut 'im and head 'im.
And when it came time to go fishin' again, don't you know
We couldn't find a single dude in Point Judith willing to go. (Chorus)

(Final chorus:) When you got fuel and ice to pay,
And you just steamed out yesterday,
You might feel bad and you might miss him,
(Spoken:) But when you're into a big ol' mess-o'-fish you just gotta (Sung:) keep
p on fishin'!

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