

## Canning Salmon

Canning Salmon

(Linda Chobotuck)

1. The guys on the dock laze around, race the fork-lift,  
And sass the floor lady till it's time for their tea,  
Then they sit at the table by the window that opens  
And they get paid a buck more an hour than me.

cho: High is the smell, low is the pay

Long are the hours - why do we stay?

Somewhere outside a whole summer slips away

While we're stuck in here canning salmon.

2. The machinery's so loud that we say we've gone 'can-deaf',  
Our shift is long over before we can hear  
But they keep the noise level just under the limit  
So they won't have to buy us the right safety gear.

3. First we can springs, so heavy our arms ache,  
Then we do sockeye, which we pack with ease  
Then we do pinks that are mashed up and rotten  
So they're packed up in pound cans and sent overseas.

4. Last night we were waiting for a boat on the Fraser  
So they kept us on line, just standing around,  
But we didn't know that outside on the river  
The boat had flipped over, and two men had drowned.

Last chorus

High is the cost...

copyright 1985 Linda Chobotuck, New Westminster, BC

JB

apr96