

Los Pescadores

Buffy Sainte-Marie

My feet, they are naked, my hands on my hips
My eyes to the ocean, and open my lips
Ee-ah, oh, los pescadores

They come with a crash on the crest of a roar
And they're out of their boats and they're on to the shore
Ee-ah oh, los pescadores

And they wrench with the wave, and they strain with the rope
They dig in the sand and they bend to the smoke
Ee-ah, oh, los pescadores

And the weight of the men and the sound of the sea
The hardness of them and the softness of me
Ee-ah, oh, los pescadores

And I'll stand with the fishermen, silent and gay
I'll eat off the sun and I'll drink off the spray
Ee-ah, oh, los pescadores
Ee-ah, oh, los pescadores