

Fisherman Song

Judy Collins

The fisherman are pitchin' 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 mornin' 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 in the nets, Seine haul fisherman
Day's for work and night's the time to go dancing

They're drinkin' beer and laughin'
And squintin' at the sun
Waitin' 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

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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
They seem content to live
With the sun and the sand
And a net full of fishes when the tide turns

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