

## **Rankin Family, The**

### **"Fisherman Song"**

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I'm a fisherman's son got fisherman's ways  
I fished with my father in my young days  
I learned the fine craft of the fishermans trade  
Just to pass to my son so he'll do the same

The sea is my lifeline the shore is my home  
I've been to your cities I didn't stay long  
I stared at the bright lights the dark city ways  
I'll tell you that's not for me, no I couldn't stay

Singin'  
la la la la la la  
la la la la la la

Some days are rough so we roll with the waves  
This living is tough and slack is the pay  
But we leave with the sunrise we wake at the dawn  
Singin' the fisherman's song

Singin'  
la la la la la la  
la la la la la la

I'm a fisherman's son got fisherman's blood  
Just hauling the lobster and jigging the cod  
And if you don't like me then leave me alone  
And I'll go on singing my fisherman's song

Singin'  
la la la la la la  
la la la la la la

I'm a fisherman's son got fisherman's ways  
I fished with my father in my young days  
I learned the fine craft of the fishermans trade  
Just to pass to my son so he'll do the same

Singin'  
la la la la la la  
la la la la la la

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