

Dolly Parton

"Fisherman's Song"

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The fisherman are pitching pennies in the sand beside
the sea
And the sunrise hits their oilskin boots, their painted
boats and me
And they seem to know the ocean like a man knows a
woman
She makes him wait around for half the morning 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, night's the time to go dancing

They're drinking beer and laughing and squinting at
the sun
Waiting 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

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, night's the time to go dancing

Now way out on the ocean the big ships hunt for whales
And the Japanese have caught so many now they hunt
for snails
But my fisherman's not greedy he seems content to
live
With the sun and the sand and a net full of fishes when
the tide turns

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, night's the time to go dancing

Oh, yes pull on the ropes, seine haul fisherman

Never catches more than he knows he can sell in a day
Oh, and pull in the nets, seine haul fisherman
Day's for work, night's the time to go dancing

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