

## **Buffy Sainte-Marie "Los Pescadores"**

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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

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