

# James Taylor

## "Sugar Trade"

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Now back when this earth was a silver blue jewel  
And back when your grandfather's father was young  
Men of these shores made and gave up their lives  
Pulling up fish from the sea

While down in the african slavery trade  
Stealing young men to cut sugar cane  
Rum to new bedford and codfish from maine  
They were building a wall that will always remain

Oh, the crown and the cross the musket and chain  
The white man's religion, the family name  
Two hundred years later and who is to blame?  
The captain or the cargo or the juice of the sugar cane

The doryman he knows when the riptides will run

He sets out his nets and he sits in the sun  
He thinks of his family and drinks of his rum  
And he waits for the codfish to come

It's the same god-damned ocean that keeps them alive  
It will swallow you up, it will let you survive  
It will heal you and steal you and take you away  
Like a note in a bottle with nothing to say

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