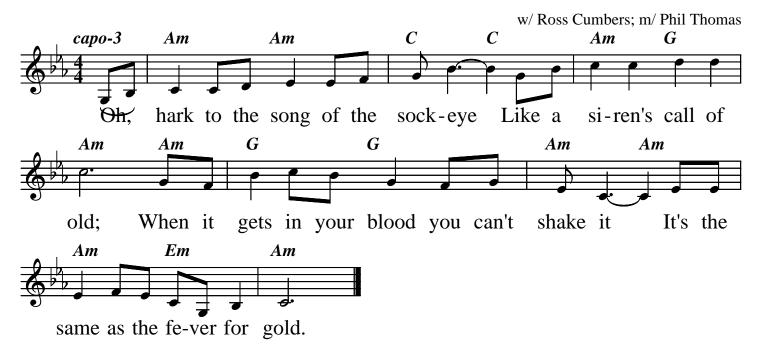
Song Of The Sockeye



There's a hole in the BC coastline River's Inlet's the place I mean And it's there you will find the old-timer And also the fellow who's green

Oh, the boats head for there like the sockeye And some are a joy to the eye While others are simply abortions And ought to be left high and dry

Now, they go to the different canneries And before they can make one haul It's three hundred bucks for net, grub and gas Which they hope to pay off before fall

Then it's off to the head of the inlet At six o'clock, Sunday night But when morning comes and you've got about three The prospects don't look very bright

Of course, there is always an alibi To account for a very poor run The weather is wrong, the moon's not full Or the big tides will help the fish come Along about dusk, when you're starting to doze And think you've got a good night's set An engine will roar as you look out the door And some farmer toes into your net.

Now some of us think of the future While others have things to forget But most of us sit here and think of a school Of sockeye hitting the net

And when the season is over And you figure out what you have made You were better off working for wages No matter how low you were paid

For the comforts of home are worth something, So take it from me, my friend, Frying pan grub and no headroom Will ruin your health in the end.

So hark to the song of the sockeye Like a siren's song of old When it gets in your blood you can't shake it It's the same as the fever for gold