THE FISHER

Some men play at another man’s work

That’s a strange concept to me.

I’ve toiled all my life getting up before dawn.

Eking a life from the sea.

There are things that I know you won’t read in a book

You can’t google the feel of the waves

Or what I can tell from a scent on the wind

Or how the tide swells and behaves.

I see these fine boats tied up on the dock

There’s little room left for my breed.

But a woman or man who works with their hands

Will always be someone you need.

So come all you oystermen, crabbers and such,

Those who trawl for a living like me.

And we’ll toast to ourselves and those like-minded salts

Who feed all the world from the sea.

Some are captains of industry, poets and kings,

But a simple life’s fine, you’d agree.

And Christ was a fisher, a fisher of men,

So I guess fishing’s just fine for me.