

Los Pescadores

Buffy Sainte-Marie

My feet, they are naked, my hands on my hips
My eyes to the ocean, and open my lips
Ee-ah, oh, los pescadoresThey come with a crash on the crest of a roar
And theyre out of their boats and theyre on to the shore
Ee-ah oh, los pescadoresAnd 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 pescadoresAnd 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

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