

Last Salmon Man

Primus

The river water diverts to other places
To nurture central valley seeds
The northern water that sloshes desert fairways
Fulfil So-Cal Golfers' needs
The mighty chinook that used to run the rivers
To the grounds where they would spawn
Thin in numbers as the tributaries wane
Pretty soon they'll all be gone
Jimmy Mac runs the trawler of his father
Who got it passed down from his pa
Three closed seasons and the bank note on his shoulder
Now Jimmy's hiding from the law
Jimmy watched as the bulk of the fleet
Sold their boats and moved away
But after the stroke he promised to his father
He'd do his best to stay ... in Bodega Bay
He remembered the days when his father used to show him
How to set and tend all the gear
With his hand on his shoulder he looked out at the waters
And said, "Son it is my fear"
That you'll be the last salmon man
You're the last salmon man
You're the last salmon man
You're the last salmon man of the MacDonagal clan
"2010, they reopened NorCal waters
To the salmon chasing slew
Four straight days Jimmy trolled the jagged coastline
But the fish were far and few
Jimmy watched as the bulk of the fleet
Packed their boats and moved away
But on his deathbed he promised to his father
He'd do his best to stay ... in Bodega Bay
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