

The Shoes of the Fisherman

Pete Blanding

My father once told me when I was a young man
Think hard what you'll be, son, when you are grown
I've had a good life out on the ocean
With many a catch and many a memory to carry me home

Those were the good times, with my father beside me
We sailed early mornings; we hauled up the sun
I fished with my father; I remember his laughter
And the tales that he told are my silver and gold
Long after he's gone

Chorus

Put your boat in the water and quiet your soul
Push off from the shoreline and let yourself go
Like your brothers before you, trust your heart to the sea
The shoes of the fisherman were made for thee

Now the times are a-changing, now there's work in the cities
Not many a young man will a fisherman be
But don't be afraid, son, to follow the old ways
To learn all you can about Nature and Man, go down to the sea

Chorus

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