

# 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

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>