

Last Salmon Man (Fisherman's Chronicles, Part IV)

Primus

The river water diverts to other places
To nurture central valley seeds
The northern waters that sloshes desert fairways
Fulfill So-Cal golfers needs
The Mighty Chook, it used to run the rivers
To the grounds where they spawn
Thin numbers, as the tributaries waned
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 a banknote on his shoulder
That Jimmy's hidin' from the law
Jimmy watched, as the bulk of the fleet
Sold their boats or moved away
But after the stroke, he promised to his father
He'd do his best to stay
He'd remember the days when his father used to show him
How to set the temp on the gear
His hand upon his shoulder, he looked out at the water
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, from the MacGovernor clan
2010 they re-opened North Cal 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 death bed, he promised to his father
He'd do his best to stay
He'd remember the days when his father used to show him
How to set the temp on the gear
His hand upon his shoulder, he looked out at the water
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, from the MacGovernor clan
The Last Salmon Man
He's the Last Salmon Man
He's the Last Salmon Man, from the MacGovernor clan

Songwriters

LES CLAYPOOL Published by

Lyrics © Warner/Chappell Music, Inc. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>