

# Carlisle's Haul

James McMurtry

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Old Carlisle needs some money  
He's running a seine out off the point  
We'll all go help him though  
Commercial season's closed  
We might all wind up in the joint  
There's bright lights out on the sandbar  
Hear the donkey motor whine  
The donkey man minds his business  
And I know to be minding mine  
I learned from the best  
Hear them crabbers cuss the weather  
'N' they cuss the government too  
Cause nowadays crabbing and fishing  
Hanging on to a pot to piss in  
Is just about the best a man can do  
It's hard not to cry and cuss  
This old world is just bigger than us  
And all we got is pride and trust in our kind  
Old Carlisle and Uncle Freddy  
Don'tcha know they've seen some times  
They remember gaslights  
Oyster war machine gun fights  
Wish I'd known them in their prime  
Now they stare out past the lights  
To the darkness on the water  
I don't think they're liking what they see  
Long before that seine can make a circle  
They'll know what the outcome's gonna be  
They learned from the best  
They learned from the best  
So haul that seine up in the longboat  
We get to keep whatever's gilled  
Take a bag of bunkers home  
For crab bait and bluefish chum  
String of croaker for the Sunday meal  
String of croaker makes a meal  
It's hard not to cry and cuss  
This old world is just bigger than us  
And all we got is pride and trust in our kind  
Staring down that long steep slope  
We gather round and we hold out hope

'Cause at the end of the rope there's a little more rope  
Most times Uncle Freddy said we did a good job  
He's sending us home with a nine pound blue  
But I don't see a truckload for the market  
What's old Carlisle gonna do?' Cept haul them lights in off the sandbar  
Shut the donkey motor down  
Tow them longboats up the river  
Let's all get on back to town  
Let's all get on back to town before the warden comes He knows better than to get here before dawn  
He's got that green uniform and the kids think he's a jerk  
But you know it's somebody's cousin and we can't have a hometown boy out of work It's hard not to cry and  
cuss  
This old world is just bigger than us  
And all we got is pride and trust in our kind Staring down that long steep slope  
We gather round and we hold out hope  
'Cause at the end of the rope there's a little more rope  
Most times

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