Troller



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Chorus: And it's rain, rain, rain, Blowin' 'cross the dock, Rain, rain, rain, When's it goin' to stop?

Winter I was busy
Fixin' up the boat for the spring,
Urethaned and fiberglassed the hold,
The whole damn thing.
Check the engine, check the wheel,
Gurdies, Loran, and the lines,
There's a bullshit-grinder on the chandler's counter
To pass away the time
While you're stuck for a part's
S'posed t'a been in the freight last time.

Now it's March and the herring boats
Are working their nets in the bay,
But the salmon trollers
Have still got a long wait for pay.
They say another sod-buster
Fresh from the Prairies has gone up on the rocks,
He come out in a chartered boat from Steveston
To fish the fast bucks.
He's learnin' how to fish,
And dyin' in the school of hard knocks.
In less than a month

In less than a month
We'll be out on the bank for the spring.
Dollar-ten a pound,
They're sayin' that's all it will bring.
Well, if you know the water well,
And your gear: the plugs, the spoons and them all,
And you stay out all the time
You can make a pretty good haul.
But if the stocks keep goin' down
We'll all have our backs to the wall.

(Chorus twice)

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