

Primus, John The Fisherman

One...two...

One, two, three, four.

When he was young
You'd not find him doing well in school.
His mind would turn unto the waters.
Always the focus of adolescent ridicule,
He has no time for farmer's daughters.
Alienated from the clique society,
A lonely boy finds peace in fishing.
His mother says,
"John, this is not the way life's supposed to be."
"Don't you see the life that you miss?"

And he says...

When I grow up I want to be,
One of the harvesters of the sea.
I think before my days are done,
I want to be a fisherman.

Now years gone by we find the man who rules the sea.
He sets out on a dark May morning.
To bring his catch back to this small community.
He doesn't see the danger dawning.
Four hours up, oh the ocean swelled and swelled,
The fog rolled in it started raining.
"The starboard bow! Oh my God we're going down!"
They do not hear his frantic mayday.

And he says...

When I grow up I want to be,
One of the harvesters of the sea.
I think before my days are done,
I want to be a fisherman.
"I'll live and die a fisherman."
Calling John the Fisherman...