

Stan Rogers, Fisherman's Wharf

It was in the spring this year of grace
With new life pushing through
That I looked from the citadel down to the narrows and asked what it's coming to
I saw percanegan concrete and glass
right down to the water line
I have heard an old song down on Fisherman's Wharf
Can I sing it just one time

With half-closed eyes against the sun
for the warm wind giving thank
I imagine the years of the warm laden schooners splashing home from the grand banks
But a lass lays done in the harbor sun
With her picture on a dime
I have heard an old song down on Fisherman's Wharf
Can i sing it just one time

CHORUS:

And haul away and heave her ho
These songs are sung no more
No boats to sing them for
No sails to sing them for
Now there lies a steady stream of tourists passing through
We trade it always for the new
Always for the new
Always for the new, for the new

Now you ask "What's this romantic boy,
Who laments what's done and gone?"
There was no romance on a cold winter ocean and the gale sang an awful song
But my father knew of wind and tide, and my blood is merit time
And I heard an old song down on Fisherman's Wharf
Can I sing it just one time

CHORUS

(Repeat first verse)