

Sea Man

Don McLean

I walk down to the sea
and I saw this crazy man
He was looking at me
and he said "I have a plan"
Yes, he said "I have a plan"

He was black from the sun
and his eyes were in tears
and his hand was so thick
from the work of the years
Yes, his hand was so thick
from the work of the years

He said "Please come with me
to my home by the sea
We can smoke, drink and eat
and you'll sit at my feet
and I'll tell what I know
while the sea breezes blow
for I've tried to be free
but I'll soon have to go."

And his house was his art
and, nature, his wish
it was sculpted from clay
in the shape of a fish
it was sculpted from clay
in the shape for a fish

And the caves in the back
had been arched into stone
and the creatures he kept
made him far from alone
Yes, the creatures he kept
made him far from alone

"I have only one son
in Chicago for life
He is separate from me
and so is my wife
and I live in the sun
and I hate what they've done
to my beautiful sea
and what they'll do to me"

And we walked from the house
for miles by the shore
and we picked up the trash
that they'd left by his door.
Yes, we picked up the trash
that they'd left by his door.

And the oil and the sludge
got stuck to my feet
and the fish that were dead
were too poisoned to eat.
Yes, the fish that were dead

were too poisoned to eat.

And the blade cut his hand
and it's stiff from the scar
and the butchers, called doctors,
leave you worse than you are
and we're all like the butchers
we cut into life
and we like to see blood
on the end of our knife.

And someday they will come
and bulldoze him down
for he has not a permit
from the kings of the town
No, he has not a permit
from the kings of the town

And the doctors will come
and say he's afraid
and they'll ruin this man
and destroy what he made

And the pictures he kept
will be torn from his hand
with the beautiful house
that he built on the sand