

Last Salmon Man

Primus

The river waters diverts to other places
to nurture central valley seeds
The Northern water that sloshes desert fairways
Fulfills So-Cal golfers needs

The mighty chinook that used to bend the rivers
Into the ground within it pond
Fade numbers as the tributaries wane
Soon they'll all be gone

Jimmy Mac runs the troller of his father
Who got it passed down from his Pa
Three crow seasons and a backnote on his shoulder
Jimmy's hiding from the law

Jimmy watched as the bulk of the fleet
Sold their boats or moved away
But after the stroke
He promised to his father
He'd do his best to stay
Bodega Bay

He remembered the days when his father used to show him
How to set and tend all of the gear
With his hand on his shoulder he looked out at the water
And said son "It is my fear, that you'll be the Last Salmon Man"
You're the Last Salmon Man
You're the Last Salmon Man
You're the Last Salmon Man of the MacGonagle Clan

2010 they re-opened Nor-Cal waters
To the Salmon chasing slew
Four straight days Jimmy trolled the jagged coast line
But the fish were far and few

Jimmy watched as the bulk of the fleet
Packed their boats and moved away
But on his deathbed
He promised to his father
He'd do his best to stay
In Bodega Bay
Bodega Bay
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