

# 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  
Bodega Bay  
Bodega Bay  
Bodega Bay  
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

Last Salmon Man  
He's the Last Salmon Man

He's the Last Salmon Man

He's the Last Salmon Man of the MacGonagle Clan