

A Fishing Day

Roch Voisine

It's four a.m.
And the wind's kind of hard today
But they'll go out anyway
Against the deck the waves are hitting
Strong, the wives will have to pay
The daring ones will sail out to sea
Risking their lives
Brave and free
And through the storm
Their faith will keep them strong
And bring them back where they belong
Home free
The channel rumbles and groans
To the frail boats
That dare to leave the coast
So many died down the road
Down the road of time
Leaving nothing but tears behind
The daring ones will sail out to sea
Risking their lives
Brave and free
And through the storm
Their faith will keep them strong
And bring them back where they belong
Home free
Far on the site
The men will work and pray
For the catch of the day
Piling the traps, pulling the ropes
A flock of seagulls
Break the peace of the newborn day
Hours later the cages^{1/4}
Are packed on the deck
There goes the working day
Packing the trucks
Back on the road
Back to Point-Sapin
There goes the fishing day
The daring ones will sail out to sea
Risking their lives
Brave and free
And through the storm
Their faith will keep them strong
And bring them back where they belong
Home free
Home free