

# Salt From Our Veins

Seth Lakeman

Well, the ropes are all tangled and tied  
The throb of red diesel it whines  
Past the still snoring town  
We elbow around  
For many's the nights we will claim  
To drain all the salt from our veins

The captain, a round-headed man  
With drunken tattoos he commands  
In the wheelhouse he sits  
With both eyes transfixed  
For many's the night he will claim  
To drain all the salt from our veins

Crunching blocks and grinding old gears  
As the winch draws, our signal is cleared  
Nets open wide, this purse is our prize  
A hundredweight falls from the chains  
As we drain all the salt from our veins

Four trawls a day we are set  
And only half of all caught now are kept  
Slick, slime and tails  
All bloodshot and pale  
For many's the night we will pray  
We won't drain all the salt from our veins