

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