

Sugar Trade

James Taylor

Now back when this earth was a silver blue jewel
And back when your grandfather's father was young
Men of these shores made and gave up their lives
Pulling up fish from the sea

While down in the african slavery trade
Stealing young men to cut sugar cane
Rum to new bedford and codfish from maine
They were building a wall that will always remain

Oh, the crown and the cross the musket and chain
The white man's religion, the family name
Two hundred years later and who is to blame?
The captain or the cargo or the juice of the sugar cane

The doryman he knows when the riptides will run
He sets out his nets and he sits in the sun
He thinks of his family and drinks of his rum
And he waits for the codfish to come

It's the same god-damned ocean that keeps them alive
It will swallow you up, it will let you survive
It will heal you and steal you and take you away
Like a note in a bottle with nothing to say

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