

Buffy Sainte-Marie, Los Pescadores

My feet, they are naked, my hands on my hips
My eyes to the ocean and open my lips
Eeeee-aaaaa ooooh los pescadores

They come with a crash on the crest of a roar
And they're out of their boats and they're on to the shore
Eeeee-aaaaa ooooh los pescadores

And they wrench with the rain and they strain with the rope
They dig I the sand and they bend to the smoke
Eeeee-aaaaa ooooh los pescadores

And the weight of the men and the sound of the sea
The hardness of them and the softness of me
Eeeee-aaaaa ooooh los pescadores

And I'll stand with the fishermen, silent and gay
I'll eat of the sun and I'll drink of the spray
Eeeee-aaaaa ooooh los pescadores
Eeeee-aaaaa ooooh los pescadores