

# Stan Rogers, Fisherman's Wharf

It was in the spring this year of grace  
With new life pushing through  
That I looked from the citadel down to the narrows and asked what it's coming to  
I saw percanegan concrete and glass  
right down to the water line  
I have heard an old song down on Fisherman's Wharf  
Can I sing it just one time

With half-closed eyes against the sun  
for the warm wind giving thank  
I imagine the years of the warm laden schooners splashing home from the grand banks  
But a lass lays done in the harbor sun  
With her picture on a dime  
I have heard an old song down on Fisherman's Wharf  
Can i sing it just one time

CHORUS:

And haul away and heave her ho  
These songs are sung no more  
No boats to sing them for  
No sails to sing them for  
Now there lies a steady stream of tourists passing through  
We trade it always for the new  
Always for the new  
Always for the new, for the new

Now you ask "What's this romantic boy,  
Who laments what's done and gone?"  
There was no romance on a cold winter ocean and the gale sang an awful song  
But my father knew of wind and tide, and my blood is merit time  
And I heard an old song down on Fisherman's Wharf  
Can I sing it just one time

CHORUS

(Repeat first verse)