

**Tie Her Up**  
**Gordon Bok**

[Intro]

**Dm7 G**

[Verse]

**C F C G**  
Tie her up and let her rot, for it soon will be forgot  
**C Am G**  
That we ever built a boat to match the men  
**C Dm F G**  
Puget Island born and bred to the grey skies overhead  
**F G C G**  
And we ll never see the likes of her again

[Verse]

**C F C G**  
Tie her up and let her rot, for the last fish that I caught  
**C Am G**  
Never made enough to buy the gas that day  
**C Dm F G**  
When you re going after salmon, it is feast or it is famine  
**F G C Dm7 G**  
And it looks like Mister Famine s here to stay

[Verse]

**C F C G**  
Tie her up and let her rot, for the sons that I begot  
**C Am G**  
Have made their fame and fortune on the land  
**C Dm F G**  
And they laugh when they explain, they don t miss the wind and rain  
**F G C Dm7 G**  
But it s just not in my blood to understand

[Verse]

**C F C G**  
Tie her up and let her rot, for I think it matters not  
**C Am G**  
Where my father s father s father fished before  
**C Dm F G**  
From the river to the sea, now it ends right here with me  
**F G C Dm7 G**  
There will be no Larsons fish here anymore

[Verse]

**C F C G**  
Tie her up and let her rot, for we found a pretty spot  
**C Am G**

And we can t afford to lose another dime  
C Dm F G  
And if the floods wash her away, well, who am I to say  
F G C  
She will run this mighty river one last time

C Dm F G  
And if the floods wash her away, well, who am I to say  
F G C  
Let her run this mighty river one last time