

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