

The Catch

S. Price

The November morning light reflected six ships in the waters of Dutch Harbor town
They lay quiet and still but soon hope to be filled with Alaskan Gold that they have found
The men come on board and they know their lives will be risked with each passing day
But enough money to live for a year might be gived
For they're on the *Deadliest Catch*
This is called the *Deadliest Catch*

And so off to the north in the cold Bearing Sea where the caps push further on south
The captain says when each pot will go in how long to soak and when to come out
Seven hundred pounds at a time, they throw over the side as forty footers crash over the bow
They all hope when pulled in they are filled to the brim
Cause they're on the *Deadliest Catch*
This is called the *Deadliest Catch*

The hours are long and sleep it is short and that wears on each mans nerves
But three hours at a time each man he will find the rest he rightly deserves
Each day is the same as the last one before bait, toss, hook, land, empty, sort
But the rhythm is fine, it distracts the men's minds
Cause they're on the *Deadliest Catch*
This is called the *Deadliest Catch*

The days and weeks pass by and turn into months as the holds continue to fill
Time begins to run out as the ice reaches south the quota has got to be filled
Temps of forty below and the hanging ice mist piles ten inches thick all around
The crew clears it away but its back the next day
For they're on the *Deadliest Catch*
This is called the *Deadliest Catch*

The winter morning light reflected six ships in the waters of Dutch Harbor Town
All six made it home but they weren't all alone the others are now homeward bound
For all of the men who go out each year expect many to not make it back
They'll stay fishing ghost pots for the sea is their plot
For they stayed on the *Deadliest Catch*
They've stayed on the *Deadliest Catch*