

Haulin the Nets

Haulin the nets all through the night
Haulin the nets my honey
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Haulin the nets my honey

When the time has come
And the tide has turned
Its time to say tarra now
Always leaving you behind
A different field to plough now

I've been knee deep in herring boys
Seen seas both fair and angry
Known nowt but boats near all my life
And my crew they're almost family

I've been out to the dogger bank
And once I joined the navy
Saw things I know I must forget
And never tell my baby's

I saw the world in the merchant too
I've seen sunsets in fine places
But I feel most at home in Middleton
Know all the folks and faces

Come down the headland by the light
You'll find me in my cabin
I clean and store my tackle there
And play the old melodeon

Word & Music by Richard Grainger 2005

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