


Cordova

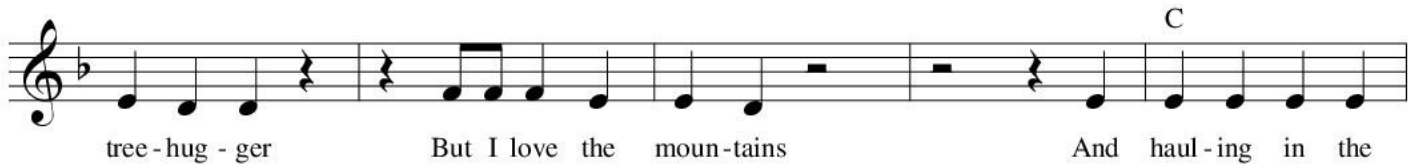
David Rovics



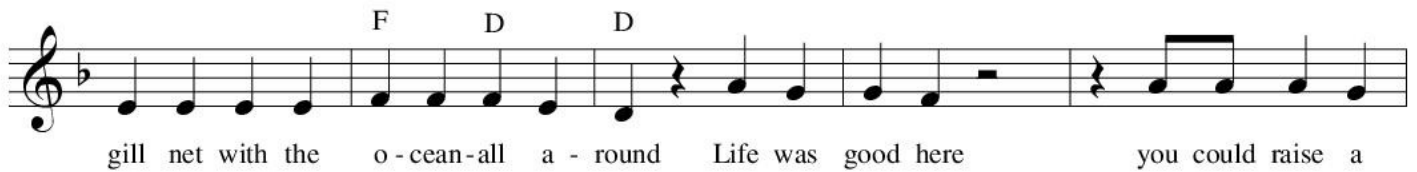
I am a fish - er - man so were my par - ents



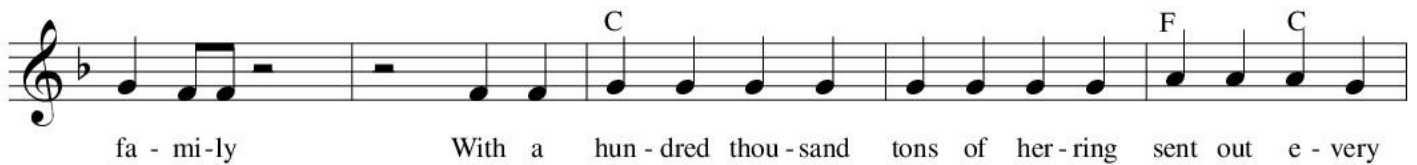
Here in Cor - do - va by Prince Wil-li-am Sound I'm not a



tree - hug - ger But I love the moun - tains And haul - ing in the



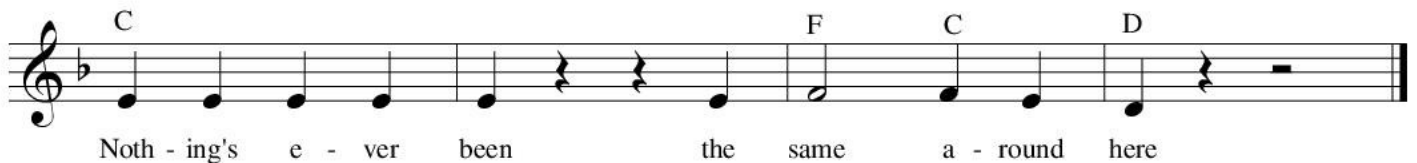
gill net with the o - cean - all a - round Life was good here you could raise a



fa - mi - ly With a hun - dred thou - sand tons of her - ring sent out e - very



year Nine - teen - eight - y - nine The tank - er ground - ed



Noth - ing's e - ver been the same a - round here

Senator Stephens said not one drop
Of oil would spill on Alaska's shores
And if it happened it would be cleaned up
But our beaches were still covered, as was the ocean floor
Four years passed, each run collapsed
It was then we knew for sure the Herring weren't coming back
Exxon's promises of compensation
Were about as empty as a used up paper sack

It was August 20th, 1993
When we fishermen decided something must be done
We packed some groceries, we made some banners
We headed out to Valdez Narrows beneath the midnight sun
One hundred vessels took to the water
Pushed through a storm and to the Valdez sea
We lined up our boats, formed a blockade
And waited for whatever might be

A tanker was approaching
It was a sight to see there in the twilight of the day
We saw it turning and we all cheered and cried
As tanker after tanker after tanker turned away
A Coast Guard gunship from Seattle
Would take three days to get up to the sound
We held the line til then, then we went back
Home to Cordova, to this hallowed, oiled ground

I am a fisherman, so were my parents
Here in Cordova on Prince William Sound