Ways of Man Are Passing Strange

Ways of Man Are Passing Strange
(Gordon Bok)

The ways of man are passing strange
He buys his freedom and he counts his change
Then he lets the wind his days arrange
And he calls the tide his master

Oh the days, oh the days
Oh the fine long summer days
The fish come rolling in the bays
And he swore he'd never leave me

But the days grow short and the year gets old
And the fish won't stay where the water's cold
And if they're going to fill the hold
They've got to go offshore to find them

So they go outside on the raving deep
And they pray the Lord their soul to keep
But the waves will roll them all to sleep
And the tide will be their keeper

Oh the tide, oh the tide
Oh you dark and you bitter tide
If I can't have him by my side
I guess I have to leave him

I gave you one, I gave you two
The best that rotten old boat could do
You wouldn't be happy till I gave you three
But I'll be damned if you'll get me

Oh the tide, oh the tide,
Oh you dark and you bitter tide
If I can't have him by my side
The water's welcome to him

Oh Lord I know that the day will come
When one less boat comes slogging home
I don't mind knowing that he'll be the one
But I can't spend my whole life praying

I gave you one, I gave you two
The best that poor old boat could do
You'd have it all before you're through
Well I've got no more to give you

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sung by Bok, Trickett, and Muir on a Folk Legacy record of the same name.
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