**The Ode to Strachan Cove**

He wakes up in the morning

He’s up again before the break of day

Through many eyes, his day seems kind of boring

But he wouldn’t have it any other way

He’s headed back down to the cove

To see what kind of catches he’ll bring in

The ice it sure looks good today

But it wouldn’t matter anyway

He grew up in this quiet town

Spent many days upon the shore

He had to leave when there wasn’t much work around

But he’s far too old for working anymore

He spent his life down in the mines

Working for his family back home

For many years he toiled ‘til he saw the signs

Now it isn’t far he roams

From the banks just beyond the road

To the water he will go

As if it was a way to bring the years back

He fishes in Strachan Cove

It’s the life he’s always wanted, he can finally be free

In his home by the sea

His son became a lawyer

He can’t find the time to settle down

He dreams that one day he’ll be like his father

And have the chance to go back to that town

When he grows old, be sure he will retire

To the place that he was raised in as a boy

He’ll go down to the cove in warm attire

And be sure it brings him joy

From the banks just beyond the road

To the water he will go

As if it was a way to bring the years back

He fishes in Strachan Cove

It’s the life he’s always wanted, he can finally be free

In his home by the sea