

You have got to have the cash to go to the pub,

Where the beer and the fish are the drink and grub;

The catch of the day is whether you have the money,

Or spent it on other days when the weather is funny.

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Well if you go out to sea you can get the cash from the catch,

Or be caught out of line by the night shift and watch;

The net might break with a full haul of fish,

And then you can buy anything and all that you wish.

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Everything has a price and we know that is a fact,

Or the truth of the story is that I'll eat my hat;

But when there is fish on the table the beer might be flat,

Because it is better to be full on food than all that.

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Fisherman all name the game by the most fish they catch,

So the catch of the day is really hard to watch;

When the night time comes they are all out of work,

On the sea or the ocean where the time is the word.

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Now it's really good to eat nearly anything you like,

But with God it's the world where prayer is real life;

So the catch of the day is if you can retain all you eat,

And remember the table and with everything at your feet.

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So next time you see fisherman coming into the shore,

To sell all their fish and then turn and go out for more;

Remember the trouble and torment or torture and toil,

That all the hard work was really a good royal spoil.

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Signed,

Into the Net.