

Slime Line [1930-Astoria, Oregon. My family history told by father, grandpa, uncles]

When the fish came up the river, you could see it from the town,
Gave a slight sheen of silver to that murky greenish brown.
When the fleet moved out, there would be no doubt,
When the fleet came in, we'd be working again.

Working on the line, working all the time,
Working overtime on the slime line
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I need a bowl of rice, hot tea to drink,
But we've got to keep feeding that Iron Chink.
Work a double shift with my boots still on,
Fall asleep on my bunk with my boot still on.

My cousin runs the crew, my daddy works the pier.
This is what we do, this is why we're here.
But the salmon moved on, and the canneries shut down,
And the family clans all left this town.