

THE PRICE OF FISH

Some ladies were complaining up in London Town,
The price of food keeps going up,
It never does come down.
In Fortnums and in Harrods,
their voices sounded clear,
'I think the working classes
are overpaid my dear.'

A lady standing with her son, sadness in her eyes,
Overheard their comments
about the latest rise,
'I agree with most of what you say,
I'm from Padstow, he's my lad,
The price of fish went up today,
And he paid with his dad.'

Eric Stokes

taken from Port Isaac - Harbour of Love, published 1994