

The Ballad of the Headless Tuna

Dm-----C

A man in the forest once asked of me,

-----F-----C-----Dm----C--Dm

“How many straw-ber-ries grow in the sea?”

-----C

I answered this fella, as I thought good,

-----F-----C-----Dm----C--Dm

“As many as red herr-ings grow in the wood.”

Good friends gather round, and listen to me,

And I'll tell you a tale of a fish from the sea;

She was a great tuna, Charlia her name,

Her untidy demise brought her some fame;

Dm---C-----F-----C---Dm

After All Hallows Eve, or so good folks say,

-----C-----F----C---Dm

She was hauled back to Gloucester early next day;

-----C

But the season had closed, what was Chummy to do?

-----F-----C-----Dm---C---Dm

Char-lia dis-covered would raise a great hue.

His decision was swift, though somewhat bizarre,

He hitched up Charlia to his girlfriend's new car;

And on down Revere to a friend's house he sped,

Dragging that tuna, first removing her head;

Chummy's friend took one look, exclaimed, “No way!”

What could he do then but throw Charlia away?

So he dragged her to a woods and buried her there,

And, as Cod is my Co-Pilot, he then said a prayer.

But that's not the end to Chummy's grave sin,

For a fella had spied him, and then turned him in;

He called up the “Greenies” and told them to check,

The Pigeon Cove webcam down on the deck;

And so they nailed Chummy, locked him in jail,

Not even his girlfriend would put up his bail;

And Charlia's grave was found after a while;

She's now stored in a locker awaiting the trial.

Come all you bold fishermen, remember this song,

Abide by the season, you'll never go wrong;

Abide by the season and you'll never dread,

A night visit by Charlia without her head!