

Freezin' Our Butts Off

by Janie Meneely

CHORUS:

November, December all winter we go
Droppin' our dredge in the waters below
Hauling out oysters the old-fashioned way
And freezin' our butts off on Chesapeake Bay

Gonna pull on my boots, gonna button my coat
Gonna head for the harbor and untie my boat
The stars are still out and the sky is still gray,
It's oystering time on the Chesapeake Bay

CHORUS

Sometimes it's so cold my fingertips freeze
My teeth start to chatter, I shiver and sneeze
My feet turn to ice cubes while working all day
Dredging up oysters on Chesapeake Bay

CHORUS

Sometimes there's a storm blowing over our heads
We wish we were snug in our own little beds
But our husbands and wives would nag us all day
If we weren't dredging oysters on Chesapeake Bay

CHORUS

When we haul up our dredges they're so full of muck
If we find any oysters at all we're in luck
If we sold all the garbage that folks threw away
We'd get rich dredgin' oysters on Bay

CHORUS

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