

By Charlie Ipcar, 11/5/17, © 2017

Inspired by a story in the Boston Magazine by Hayley Glatter, November 2, 2017.

## 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!