

The Tale of Lobster Barbie

There are strange things true, I'm a-telling you, in the waves off Mount Desert Isle,
Where the ocean's roar meets the rock-bound shore, and the weather's somethin' vile;
Where them lobsters grow in the depths below, and men cast their lot to the sea,
But there's no tale told by them shores so bold, like the tale of Lobster Barbie.

Now them lobster boats in that land remote, they're manned by a special breed,
Men as hard of eye as a winter's sky, who march to their own good speed;
Their words are few, and if one but knew, their thoughts are few as well,
'Til the day that their haul brought a Barbie Doll, from the ocean's icy swell.

'Twas old Jim Bright, on a dark cold night, with his sternman loyal and strong,
Throttled down to a muffled sound, slipped out past the bell-buoy's gong,
He swung her bow right toward Baker's Light, while their neighbors slept and snored,
But down in the hold like pirate's gold, was a bag from an Ellsworth store.

Now they've never told, that pair so bold, what in that bag did lay,
They just snuck 'er aboard like a smuggler's hoard, and quietly sailed away,
And it's hard to prove when they made their move, and down the Sound did prowl,
But the gossips all say their cargo that day was clothes for a Barbie Doll!

There was an apron neat, a blue blouse sweet, a red checkered gingham skirt,
And to go with the deal some pink high heels, for a classic Barbie flirt!
They grinned at them wraps as they hauled their traps, and passed the jug impatient,
And well before day on the deck boards lay, a svelte female crustacean!

"Now see here," said Bright, "let's do this right! You hold her legs and claws;
We'll slip on these shoes and this blouse so blue, with nary a hitch or a pause!"
So Chris grabbed hold, Jim slipped on them clothes, and she sure looked wicked sha'p;
Then they latched onto a buoy of their good buddy Louie, dropped "Barbie" into his trap.

Now early next morn they was cruisin' along, their VHF tuned for chatter;
With much mirth they heard Louie curse and his sternman shout, "Wassa matter?"
And for a month or more as they cruised that shore, their VHF burst into glee,
As a new lobsterman was swept up in their plan, hauled in a bedraggled Lobster Barbie.

Now as winter begins them cold north winds, sweep down on the Mount Desert shore;
As them nights grow long there's rum and song, and no one ships out any more;
Jim and his friend, their jug upend, and grin at the drifting snow,
For soon as it's spring the'll be a new fling, for "Barbie's spring fashions are ready to go!"