Talking Fishing Blues

Buck 65

I went down to the fishing hole
And I set down with my fishing pole
Somethin' grabb'd my hook and it got my bait
And Jerked me out in the middle of the lake
Huh, it was some jump boy
I got sunk, kinda baptized on creditFishin' down on th' muddy bank
Felt a pull an' give a big yank
I drug out three old rubber boots
A Ford radiator an' a Chevrolet coop
(Nothin' but Junk so I handed it in for National Defence)Settin' in a boat with a bucket of beer
Hadn't caught nothin' but didn't much care
I guess I was pretty well satisfied
Had my little woman right by my side
(Takin' it easy, just waitin'
Worm been gone off-a that hook for a couple of hours)
(I was busy)When you go fishin', tell y' what to do
Go set down by the grassy dew
Take a piece of string, tie it on yo' pole
Throw it way out in th' middle of th' hole
Find you a good shady tree and then just set down
(Go to sleep, forget all about it, can't catch nothin' here anyways)Well, I walked out to a sandy bar
And I caught myself a big alligator gar
Drug him home across my back
Tail was dragging a mile and a half
Flippin' an' floppin', I sold him for a quarter
(Shot craps, got in Jall)Jumped in the river and went down deep
There was a hundred pound cat-fish lying there asleep
Well, I jumped on his back and rode him all aroun'
Saddled him up and I came into town
People came runnin', lookin', dogs a-barkin'
(Kids a-squallin')Early one mornin' I took me a notion
To go out fishin' in the middle of the ocean
Well, throwed me a line, I got me a shark
I didn't get him home till way past dark
(Was he a man-eater, tough customer)
(But he wasn't quite tough enough)Late last night I had me a dream
I was out fishin' in a whiskey stream
Baited my hook with apple-jack
Threw out a drink, drug a gallon back

(Done pretty good till the creek run dry)
(I give the fish back to the finance company)

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