The Fisherman

Dale Earnhardt Jr. Jr.

I heard your voice at midnight
By the river shore
I saw your child sleeping
Behind an open door
The moon was in the river
Shining up from the floor
And the fish swam like moonlight
Through your child's closing door
And morning is the long way homeThe fisherman was drowning
By his broken heel
His screams were tiny bubbles
And his tongue made of steel
When he died his teeth made stones
For your lonely child to feel
And his eyes like prayers were quiet
When you heard his tongues of steel
And morning is the long way homeThe ghost of ghosts was passing
And the grasses waved like hair
I Knew I'd die forgotten
I'm the whisper of your care
The water would surround me
And my body would despair
But my heart would understand
The door that's closing there
And morning is the long way home

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