

Talking Fishing Blues

Woody Guthrie

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
Some jump
I got sunk, baptized on credit
Fishin' down on th' muddy bank
Felt a pull an' give a big yank
I holed out three old rubber boots
A Ford radiator an' a Chevrolet coop
I handed it in
For National Defence
Settin' in a boat with a bucket of beer
Hadn't caught nuthin' but didn't much care
I guess I was pretty well satisfied
Had my little lady right by my side
Takin' it easy, yeah still waitin'
Worm been gone off-a that hook for a couple of hours
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
And 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
Jumped in the river and went down deep
There was a hundred pound cat-fish lying there asleep
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'
Stagnate water's a stinkin' thing
Slick on top and all turned green
When the water goes bad, the fish all run
Sit all day and not catch a-one
Mud wallopers, jewgars
A few little suckers
I waded out to a sandy bar
And I caught myself a big alligator gar
Brung him home across my back
Tail was dragging a mile and a half
Flippin' and floppin'
Sold him for a quarter
Shot craps, got in jail
Early one mornin', I took me a notion
To go out a-fishin' in the middle of the ocean
Threwed out my line, I caught me a shark

I didn't get him home 'til way past dark
He's man-eater, tough customer
Just wasn't quite tough enough
Last 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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