Blue Igloo Cooler

Silage

Yeah, I'm going on a tour
I'm looking for my lure
I gotta find my hat
My sunglasses and my blue igloo cooler
Can't forget my fishing pole
Because I'm fishing
Fishing foe fillet of soul
Chorus:
I've got to be where I've got to be
Can't catch no fish if I'm not in the sea
With glee, yipee skippy
Here fishy, fishy, fishy
I'm in the boat do don't you know
You've got to let go of the nets
That you hold in your hand
There's nothing of worth from the sand
Just a tire, some boots, and a rusted can
Hip hop on the boat and I'll show you how
To be fishers of man
To be or not to be
That is the question
Yes, indeed, well
[Repeat Chorus]
[Repeat 2nd Verse]
Here they come
I can see those little fishies swimmin' in now
Cast it out, cast it out, cast it out now
Reel it in, reel it in, reel it in now
[Repeat Three Times]
[Repeat 1st Verse]
[Repeat 2nd Verse]

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