Goin' Fishin'

Pete Townshend

Throwing stones into the river
Watching ripples splashing over
Wadding the bank where horses are grazing
Reflection shatter quite amazingBut soon I quietly ask, is this the way for me?
I twist my vacuum flask and have a cup of teaGoin' fishin' never catch none
If I did, I'd surely lance
The spirit of the first is quiggley
The fish tackle scares me and the snailsThe pleasure cruiser's speed
Laden with wind cheaters
The hooters blow and seize
My mind from nature's creaturesBlowing the fish, emptying in my warm hand
I want fishin' everlasting
You can take my son if you drown your own daughter
You're a man and I am freeThrow a stick into the surface
Watch it bob, it cruises pass
The river flows gently eroding
Moves 'cross land, but not to fast

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