

# Goin' Fishin'

Pete Townshend

Throwing stones into the river  
Watching ripples splashing over  
Wadding the bank where horses are grazing  
Reflection shatter quite amazing But soon I quietly ask, is this the way for me?  
I twist my vacuum flask and have a cup of tea Goin' 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 snails The pleasure cruiser's speed  
Laden with wind cheaters  
The hooters blow and seize  
My mind from nature's creatures Blowing 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 free Throw 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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