

# Gone Fishin'

Louis Armstrong

I'll tell you why I can't find you  
Every time I go out to your place  
You gone fishin'  
Well, how you know?  
Well, there's a sign upon your door  
Gone fishin'  
I'm real gone man  
You ain't workin' anymore  
Could be?  
There's your hoe out in the sun  
Where you left a row half done  
You claim that hoein' ain't no fun  
Well, I can prove it  
You ain't got no ambition  
Gone fishin' by a shady wady pool  
Shangrila, really la  
I'm wishin' I could be that kind of fool  
Shall I twist your arm?  
I'd say no more work for mine  
Welcome to the club  
On my door I'd hang a sign  
Gone fishin' instead of just a-wishin'  
Papa Bing  
Yeah, Louis  
I stopped by your place a time or two lately  
And you aren't home either  
Well, I'm a busy man Louis, I got a lotta deals cookin'  
I was probably tied up at the studio  
You weren't tied up you dog  
You was just plain old  
Gone fishin'  
There's a sign upon your door  
Pops, don't blab it around, will you?  
Gone fishin'  
Keep it shady, I got me a big one staked out  
Mmm, you ain't workin' anymore  
I don't have to work, I got me a piece of Gary  
Cows need milkin' in the barn  
I have the twins on that detail, they each take a side

But you just don't give a darn  
Give 'em four bits a cow and hand lotion  
You just never seem to learn  
Man, you taught me  
You ain't got no ambition  
You're convincin' me  
Gone fishin'  
Got your hound dog by your side  
That's old Cindy-Lou goin' with me  
Gone fishin'  
Fleas are bitin' at his hide  
Get away from me boy, you botherin' me  
Mmm, folks won't find us now because  
Mister Satch and Mister Cross  
We gone fishin' instead of just a-wishin'  
Oh yeah

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