Gone Fishin'

Louis Armstrong & Bing Crosby

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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