

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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