

Fisherman's Blues

The Young Dubliners

I wish I was a fisherman
Tumblin' on the seas
Far away from dry land
And it's bitter memories

Castin' out my sweet line
With abandonment and love
No ceiling bearin' down on me
Save the starry sky above

With light in my head
With you in my arms...
I wish I was the brakeman
On a hurtlin fevered train

Crashin head long into the heartland
Like a cannon in the rain
With the feelin of the sleepers
And the burnin of the coal

Countin the towns flashin by
And a night that's full of soul
With light in my head
With you in my arms...

And I know I will be loosened
From the bonds that hold me fast
And the chains all around me
Will fall away at last

And on that grand and fateful day
I will take thee in my hand
I will ride on a train
I will be the fisherman

With light in my head
You in my arms...
Light in my head
You in my arms...

Light in my head
You...
With light in my head
You in my arms...

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