

Too Late to Come Fishing

Richard Thompson

When you were a vixen and I was a chump
You looked at me like I crawled from a swamp
Now things have a different complexion
I'm the object of your affection
Much as I don't doubt your expertise
Please find yourself another hunk to squeeze
It's too late to come fishing
It's too late to come fishing
It's too late, and the fish don't like your bait
Tin Pan Ellie better find your way home
I know I had the flair, the clothes
Made you look right down your nose
But now you want to make a new start
I'm so touched by your change of heart
But my diary's fit to overflow
Find yourself another gigolo
I've seen your work in that TV sketch
Playing poison women is hardly a stretch
And you were type-cast as the Stone Age charmer
In that Darwin docudrama
I'd say our time has all but disappeared
Just like the shine on your fabulous career

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