

# The Fisherman

## The Gentle Good

Awake, before sunrise  
Sweep the wood smoke, from my eyes  
Speak no words in the silent gloom  
A heavy start, an empty room - thatâ€™s cold  
Like the morning rain that falls, and Iâ€™m stumbling  
Through the dark, to the waterâ€™s side  
A hopeful cast, a line well tried.

When Iâ€™m gone, when I am gone,  
Then I know Iâ€™ll be forgotten  
Flowing water, rising sun  
Hollow bones as white as cotton.

She waits in the water  
Long, have I been courting her  
Searching under a silver sheet  
A glimpse of gold, a missing beat  
She breaks, from the darkness  
Pure and bright in her gracefulness  
Caught at last, by the early light  
A parting glance, then out of sight

When Iâ€™m gone, when I am gone,  
Then Iâ€™ll only be forgotten  
Flowing water, rising sun  
Hollow bones as white as cotton.

When Iâ€™m gone, oh when I am gone  
Then Iâ€™ll only be forgotten  
Flowing water, rising sun  
Hollow bones as white as cotton

Lyrics Submitted by Robert F.

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