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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