

Blue Marlin Blues

George Strait

I got the blue marlin blues
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I got the blue marlin blues I got the blue marlin blues
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I got the blue marlin blues First one off the dock, long before dawn
Headed to the blue water, won't take long
A box full of ballyhoo rigged just right
Still hurting from that party last night Thirty miles later, get the cold lines in
Scrambling 'round the cockpit thinking we're gonna win
Seven hours later, we still ain't caught a thing
The mood on this boat sure has changed I got the blue marlin blues from my hat to my shoes
I used to catch them in twos, no matter which bait I choose
How many more can I lose, it got me drinking the booze
I got the blue marlin blues I had one swimming right behind my bait
I'm all lit up, man, I just couldn't wake
I picked up the rod, I put it in free spool
Thinking I'll shake these blue marlin blues He knocked it out of the clear and I fed him some line
I locked it up and I begin to whine
He came out of the water, spit the bait right at me
Then disappeared back into the sea I got the blue marlin blues from my hat to my shoes
I used to catch them in twos, no matter which bait I choose
How many more can I lose, it got me drinking the booze
I got the blue marlin blues

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