

# Fisher of Men

M. Ward

He tied a feather to the hood for to get you to look

And by the time you know what took you, you already took

He's got a line in the water, he's a fisher of menAnd he put the thorns on the rose for to get you to bleed

And by the time you know what stuck you, the pain's in deep

He's got a line in the water, he's a fisher of men

He's got a lot on the line, he's a fisher of menHe's a fisher of men, he's wise as a prizefighter

He's like a soul martyr, mining souls on down the great divide

Aw, the fisher of men, fisher of men

He's got a lot on the lineAnd he put his name in my verses and his name in the hook

Before I knew what I was cooking, it was already cooked

He's got a line in the water, he's a fisher of menAnd he put his name in my chorus and the dark before the dawn

So that in my time of weakness, I'd remember it's his song

He's got a line in the water, he's a fisher of men

He's got a lot on the line, he's a fisher of menHe's a fisher of men, he's as wise as a prizefighter

He's like a soul martyr, mining souls on down the great divide

Always a fisher of men, fisher of men

He's got a lot on the line

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