

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 men And 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 men He'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 line And 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 men And 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 men He'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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