

# The Fisherman

Leo Kottke

I heard your voice at midnight  
By the river shore  
I saw your child sleeping  
Behind an open door  
The moon was in the river  
Shining up from the floor  
And the fish swam like moonlight  
Through your child's closing door  
And morning is the long way home  
The fisherman was drowning  
By his broken heel  
His screams were tiny bubbles  
And his tongue made of steel  
When he died his teeth made stones  
For your lonely child to feel  
And his eyes like prayers were quiet  
When you heard his tongues of steel  
And morning is the long way home  
The ghost of ghosts was passing  
And the grasses waved like hair  
I Knew I'd die forgotten  
I'm the whisper of your care  
The water would surround me  
And my body would despair  
But my heart would understand  
The door that's closing there  
And morning is the long way home

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