

# Song For The Fisherman

## 36 Crazyfists

There were thousands of days  
As we traveled down North Road,  
And I remember my uncle on his last day,  
And how I would kill to shake his hand again.  
And on goes the battle of years upon years.

My Father's eyes bring me solace,  
And his look of focus I try to instill.  
As my Mother reads as an example  
Of strength beyond strength,  
And with her I became me.

There are two girls  
With whom I've known longer than anyone,  
And my debt to them is lifetime.  
The gathering of boys I rely on,  
Know exactly who they are

And I will build their protection with bloody hands.  
Some were dealt knuckles and some delivered kisses,  
But initially my heart was in the right place.

There are times when being engulfed by mountains  
Are the only signs of safety I know.

And I realize I think this way out of neglection  
And at the exact thought I reclaim those days of scenery.

There are places like the bluffs in Kasilof  
And the gravel pits in Sand Lake,  
That most of us will never forget.

Those are the things I wanted to speak of,  
Those are the things that I dream about,  
Those are the things that I will definitely die with,  
And this is the song for the fisherman

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