

# Gone Fishin'

## Bing Crosby & Louis Armstrong

I'll tell you why I can't find you  
Every time I go out to your place... You gone fishin' (well how you know)  
Well there's a sign upon your door (uh-huh)  
Gone fishin' (I'm real gone man)  
You ain't workin' anymore (could be)  
There's your hoe out in the sun  
Where you left a row half done  
You claim that hoein' ain't no fun (well I can prove it)  
You ain't got no ambition Gone fishin' by a shady wady pool (Shangrila, really la)  
I'm wishin' I could be that kind of fool (should I twist your arm?)  
I'd say no more work for mine (welcome to the club)  
On my door I'd hang a sign  
Gone fishin' instead of just a-wishin'  
Papa Bing (yeah Louis)  
I stopped by your place a time or two lately  
And you aren't home either  
Well, I'm a busy man Louis. I got a lotta deals cookin'  
I was probably tied up at the studio  
You weren't tied up you dog  
You was just plain old... Gone fishin' (bah-boo-bah-boo-bah-boo-bah-boo-bah)  
There's a sign upon your door (Pops, don't blab it around, will you?)  
Gone fishin' (keep it shady, I got me a big one staked out)  
Mmm, you ain't workin' anymore (I don't have to work, I got me a piece of Gary)  
Cows need milkin' in the barn (I have the twins on that detail, they each take a side)  
But you just don't give a darn (give 'em four bits a cow and hand lotion)  
You just never seem to learn (man, you taught me)  
You ain't got no ambition (you're convincin' me)  
Gone fishin' (bah-boo-dah-do-dah-do-dah-do)  
Got your hound dog by your side (that's old Cindy-Lou goin' with me)  
Gone fishin' (mmm-hmm-hmm-hmm-hmm)  
Fleas are bitin' at his hide (get away from me boy, you bother me) Mmm, folks won't find us now because  
Mister Satch and Mister Cros  
We gone fishin' instead of just a-wishin'  
Bah-boo-baby-bah-boo-bah-bay-mmm-bo-bay  
Oh yeah!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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