Mandaddy

Trout Fishing in America

(D. Cooper)
Summer is coming, catfish are jumping,
The willows are weeping up the river,
Mandaddy's wagon comes rattling and dragging
His magical route.
He's bringing ghost stories and bright penny-whistles,
White Chinese muzzles 'n tins of glory.
Look on the horizon and see the dust rolling down the road.
Chorus: Well, my name is Mandaddy and I roam these hills.
I sing and I whistle and I'll cure your ills.
Oh Mandaddy, oh Mandaddy's gonna cure your ills,
Mandaddy's gonna cure your ills.
He walks like a farmer, talks like warm water,
Smells like tobacco and gun powder.
He's bringing red garters and bright copper kettles
And brown leather shoes.
He says, "I remember when your folks was youngun's
Laughing and running in Indian summer.
They'd watch the horizon and see the dust rolling down the road."
Chorus:
Everything changes, it's only natural, nothing remains as it once started.
This time next summer I may not be here, hear what I say.
Children I love you, you make life worth living,
The river's worth crossing, the gifts worth giving.
Look on the horizon and see the dust rolling down the road.
Chorus:

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