

# The Angler

Gary Brooker

(Brooker)The search is over, the battle done  
The fish is beaten, the angler's won  
But simple stories make longer tales  
No consolation if he had failedThrough wind and desert, Blackberry Hole  
Coyote and rattler had made him old  
No it ain't easy, it's on the borderline  
Between health and madness, the way he bides his timeFin to fin in every log-jam  
This is where they lie  
The Deschutes is hot, the bottom's black  
They're eye-to-eye  
My oh my what fun to be on your ownDown foaming rapids into the deep black hole  
Through thorns and rockslides for to reach his goal  
And golden chances, he let them slip away  
Or was he waiting for the Judgement Day?They really nailed 'em on the deadline  
This is where they lie  
Where the water's fast, the current's strong, their eye-to-eye  
My oh my what fun to be on your ownBut on the thirteenth morning when the sun was high  
he tricked that steelhead and saw the line go tight  
Two spirits fighting, two creatures bold  
Bad luck and trouble had finally lost their holdFin to fin in every log-jam  
This is where they lie  
The Deschutes is hot, the bottom's black  
They're eye-to-eye  
I see why he spend his time on his own

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

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