Fishing

Dropa

Please have a seat. I'm sorry I'm late
I know how long you've had to wait
I did not forget your documents
No time to waste, why not begin?
Here's how it works, I've got these faces
You give them names and I won't deport you
Make sure you face my tape recorder

Make no mistake, this fountain pen
Could put you on a plane by ten
And by the way, your next of kin
I know which house she's hiding in
So now that you know whose skin you're saving
In this photograph, who's this one waving?
I think you know, so speak up, amigo

It says here that by trade you were a fisherman
Well I'll bet you Indians can really reel them in
And if you get the chance
You should try to get up to Lake Michigan
Well maybe, but then again....

Where were we then? Is he your friend?
Well I recommend that you look again
Where does he stay? What is his name?
There is no shame. He'd do the same
So what do you say? I don't have all day
It's up to you. Which will it be
Good citizen or poor campesino?

My dad used to rent us this place in Ontario
He showed us how to cast the line and tie the flies
He used to say that God rewards us for letting the small ones go
Well maybe, but I don't know
Anyway, it's easy to bite. You just take the bait
You can't fight the hook
Hurts less if you don't try to dive

Senor, as you know I was a fisherman
And how full the nets came in

We hauled them up by hand
But when we fled, I left them just out past the coral reefs
They're waiting there for me
Running deep

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