

Fisherman's Blues

Dawes

I wish I was a fisherman
Tumbling on the seas
Far away from dry land
And it's bitter memories
Casting out my sweet line
With abandonment and love
No ceiling bearing down on me
'Cept the starry sky above
With light in my head
You in my arms

With light in my head
You in my arms

I wish I was the brakeman
On a hurtling fevered train
Crashing a-headlong into the heartland
Like a cannon in the rain
With the beating of the sleepers
And the burning of the coal
Counting the towns passing by
In a night that's full of soul
With light in my head
You in my arms
With light in my head
You in my arms

Well I know I will be loosened
From bonds that hold me fast
That the chains all around me
Will fall away at last
And on that fine and fateful day
I will take me in my hands
I will ride on the train
I will be the fisherman
With light in my head
You in my arms
With light in my head
You in my arms

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