

The Poacher

Paul Weller

Was fresh and bright and early
I went towards the river
But nothing still has altered just the seasons ring a change
There stood this old timer
For all the world's first poacher
His mind upon his tackle
And these words upon his mind:

Bring me fish with eyes of jewels
And mirrors on their bodies
Bring them strong and bring them bigger
Than a newborn child

Well I've no use for riches
And I've no use for power
And I've no use for a broken heart
I'll let this world go by

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