

The Fisherman

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V1

He heads on out before the break of dawn.
Drifts about in silence, lifting warm as sun.
Inner thoughts come crystal clear
floating with no edges out here.

In life there's no second time around.
You appreciate things differently when there's
no solid ground.
Swirling in mythology.
Waters deep with honesty out here.

CHORUS

Hey mr. fisherman, you never catch a thing.
Your nets are always empty.
And that's all they'll ever be.
He just smiles, shakes his head,
and heads out from the shore.
Don't it all depend, he says, on what you're
fishin' for..

V2

Wind and water move him like a whim.
Riding out his consequences. Writing his own
hymn.
Water always rearranges.
Water also never changes here.

There's freedom in the things that never last.
Casting in the present. Reeling in the past.
The surface has a silver sheen
but that's not what is really seen out here. Out
here.



CHORUS

Hey mr. fisherman, you never catch a thing.
Your nets are always empty.
And that's all they'll ever be.
He just smiles, shakes his head,
and heads out from the shore.
Don't it all depend, he says, on what you're
fishin' for..

BRIDGE

Day after day, day after day, goes by
with beauty to behold
Wave after wave after wave of life.
A chance to feed the sunfish in your soul

CHORUS

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Your nets are always empty.
And that's all they'll ever be.
He just smiles, shakes his head,
and heads out from the shore.
Don't it all depend, he says, on what you're
fishin' for..