

The Old Man and Me

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The old man he catches the fish in the morning
He rides the river every day
I sit on the bank and I holler when he passes
"Hey, old man, are they biting today?"

I wake up in the morning, thinking 'bout my troubles
I go down to the water and they pass away
And when the old man comes a-floating down the river
"Hey, old man, are they biting today?"

Now here we've got a thing that keeps on rolling
It ain't heavy, don't take it that way
The old man and me, we got a good thing going
He gets his fish and I sit all day
He gets his fish and I sit all day