

Goin' Fishin'

James Reyne

My friend got out of jail today
I picked him up and he just said Hi
It was a victimless crime
He said I'm never going back
But I bet he will & I wonder why

He was such a good guy
But now he's got it all wrong
The days down in the tap room
Blinking in the butter light
The bridges hanging
With river mist & birth right
Who would have thought
This could make such a right
Such a wrong

Hell I've got places to go he said
He's burning rubber
There's mud in your eye
Making your plans while
30 years of a half life
Just passes you by

We were such bail birds
We had nothing to pack
The days down in the map room
Worryin' about the same things
Just leave the mess
For cabbages & kings
I'm gonna get on that train
And I ain't coming back

I'm going fishing
Where the catfish bite
I'm going fishing
We can stay all night
I'm going fishing
And I ain't coming back.

Did you ever give yourself
A muscular past
Standing in some others shoes
Everybody thinks that you've
Been living in an airport
London to Old Kathmandu

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We had nothing to pack
The days down in the tap room
Blinking in the butter light
The bridges hanging
With river mist & birth right
I'm gonna get on that train
And I ain't coming back

I'm going fishing
Where the crawfish bite

I'm going fishing
We can stay all night
I'm going fishing
And I ain't coming back