

Fisherman

Badfinger

Between the darkness and the light. As the stars fade out of sight

I can hear his shiny boots fall on the sand
With a basket at his side. And the morning full of pride
You can see him cast his line with skillful hands

Hey hey, fisherman. Wish you luck that's all I can
Hey hey, fisherman. Forget the world if that's your plan

As the morning turns to noon. He's content to sit and croon
And he lights his twisted pipe and settles down
Onward goes the time - As he tries new baited line
So he digs another worm up from the ground
Hey hey, fisherman - Wish you luck that's all I can
Hey hey, fisherman - Forget the world if that's your plan

T'ween the nightness and the light - The line is taut, he has a
bite
And he hauls the beauty in with skillful pride
And his patient mind is blown. 'Cause the fish is overgrown
It was really worth a day for such a prize
Hey hey, fisherman