

## 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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