

Yellow-Backed Fly

Steve Martin

Carolina time, grab the fishing line.
Gonna get old Jim with the yellow-backed fly.
Bought it in a store, paid a little more.
Gonna catch that fish with the yellow-backed fly.

Tried it last June with a lit firefly,
Layed it on the water with a perfect bullseye.
Well Jim made a splash, gone in a flash.
Beneath the water I heard him laugh.

I go at six am, quiet as a hymn.
Gonna catch old Jim with the Yellow-Backed Fly.
Gonna catch him right, gonna catch him quick.
Take him by surprise at the bottom of the crick.

He lives beneath a rock, underneath the shade.
I will have him made with the yellow-backed fly.
Here I am at last, lying in the grass.
A quiet little cast with the yellow-backed fly.

Felt a little tug, well Jim had bit the bug.
Then I let him run with the yellow-backed fly.
Jumped up on the land, spit it in my hand.
He said "Nice try with the yellow-backed fly".

Then he swam away, I gave him a farewell.
Now I'm going home with a story to tell.
I put the truck in gear, I'll be back next year.
Gonna make a fly with a hypnotizing eye.

I go at six am, quiet as a hymn.
Gonna catch old Jim with the yellow-backed fly.
Twenty inches long, measured with a stick.
He's old Jim but to me he's Moby Dick.

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