

Mike Scott, Fisherman's Blues

I wish I was a fisherman
tumblin' on the seas
Far away from dry land
and its bitter memories
Casting out my sweet line
with abandonment and love
No ceiling bearin' down on me
Save the starry sky above
With light in my head
you in my arms
Woo!

I wish I was the brakeman
on a hurtlin' fevered train
Crashing a-headlong into the heartland
like a cannon in the rain
With the beating of the sleepers
and the burnin' of the coal
Counting the towns flashing by
in a night that's full of soul
With light in my head
you in my arms
Woo!

Tomorrow I will be loosened
from bonds that hold me fast
That the chains all hung around me
will fall away at last
And on that fine and fateful day
I will take thee in my hands
I will ride on the train
I will be the fisherman
With light in my head
you in my arms

Light in my head
You in my arms (repeat)