

Trout Fishing In America, Just A Little While

We live just a little while, then somebody takes our place
But I'm here right and I don't want to leave
Without leaving a trace.

We live a little while, then everything must change,
It might get better, it might get worse,
It never stays the same.

Chorus: Right now, I'm having a good time,
But right now I feel fine.

You can tell by the look in this boy's eye
That I'm happy to be here, and that ain't no line,
All right, all right, all right.

Shotgun in a Pontiac on a summer night,
Over ninety miles of interstate playing my guitar,
and I was feeling all right.

That's when I fell in love, hey, that's when I made my choice.
For the first time I knew it didn't matter what happened,
I was one of those boys.

Chorus:

Number 38, Catalina Hotel,
I got a cable TV and a picture on my wall of a wishing well;
I got a family and a life back home,
Man, it's a long time leaving a short stop staying
Where I'm not alone.

Chorus: