

Trout Fishing In America, The Rifle And The Song

(D. Rodriguez)

So, I turn my head to where the four winds blow,
And all the books I've read and all the things I know,
But the mystery lives on.
All my friends, they ask, "Have you forgotten your soul?
How can you sing about hunger in a rock and roll song?"
But the mystery lives on.

Chorus: The dancer or the dance, the sunset or the dawn.
I can't discern the difference between the rifle and the song.
They sanctify Karl Marx, and revolution,
And the American record charts and austere solutions,
But the mystery lives on.
While they're starving in Africa, and Indo-China,
And South America and Appalachia,
The mystery lives on.

Chorus:
So, I turn my head to where the four winds blow,
And all the books I've read and all the things I know,
But the mystery lives on.