

Badfinger, Fisherman

'Tween the darkness and the light
As the stars fade out of sight
I can hear his shiny boots fall on the sand.
With a basket at his side
And the morning full of pride
You can see him cast his line with skillful hands.
Hey hey, fisherman
Wish you luck, that's all I can
Hey hey, fisherman
Forget the world if that's your plan.
As the morning turns to noon
He's content to sit and croon
And he lights his twisted pipe and settles down.
Onward goes the time
As he tries new baited line
So he digs another worm up from the ground.
Hey hey, fisherman
Wish you luck, that's all I can
Hey hey, fisherman
Forget the world if that's your plan.
'Tween the nightness and the light
The line is taut, he has a bite
And he hauls the beauty in with skillful pride.
And his patient mind is blown
'Cause the fish is overgrown
It was really worth a day for such a prize.
Hey hey, fisherman.