

Gary Brooker, The Angler

(Brooker)

The search is over, the battle done
The fish is beaten, the angler's won
But simple stories make longer tales
No consolation if he had failed

Through wind and desert, Blackberry Hole
Coyote and rattler had made him old
No it ain't easy, it's on the borderline
Between health and madness, the way he bides his time

Fin to fin in every log-jam
This is where they lie
The Deschutes is hot, the bottom's black
They're eye-to-eye
My oh my what fun to be on your own

Down foaming rapids into the deep black hole
Through thorns and rockslides for to reach his goal
And golden chances, he let them slip away
Or was he waiting for the Judgement Day?

They really nailed 'em on the deadline
This is where they lie
Where the water's fast, the current's strong, their eye-to-eye
My oh my what fun to be on your own

But on the thirteenth morning when the sun was high
he tricked that steelhead and saw the line go tight
Two spirits fighting, two creatures bold
Bad luck and trouble had finally lost their hold

Fin to fin in every log-jam
This is where they lie
The Deschutes is hot, the bottom's black
They're eye-to-eye
I see why he spend his time on his own