

# James Reyne, Goin' Fishin'

My friend got out of jail today  
I picked him up and he just said Hi  
It was a victimless crime  
He said I'm never going back  
But I bet he will & I wonder why

He was such a good guy  
But now he's got it all wrong  
The days down in the tap room  
Blinking in the butter light  
The bridges hanging  
With river mist & birth right  
Who would have thought  
This could make such a right  
Such a wrong

Hell I've got places to go he said  
He's burning rubber  
There's mud in your eye  
Making your plans while  
30 years of a half life  
Just passes you by

We were such bail birds  
We had nothing to pack  
The days down in the map room  
Worryin' about the same things  
Just leave the mess  
For cabbages & kings  
I'm gonna get on that train  
And I ain't coming back

Chorus ~  
I'm going fishing  
Where the catfish bite  
I'm going fishing  
We can stay all night  
I'm going fishing  
And I ain't coming back.

Did you ever give yourself  
A muscular past  
Standing in some others shoes  
Everybody thinks that you've  
Been living in an airport  
London to Old Kathmandu

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We had nothing to pack  
The days down in the tap room  
Blinking in the butter light  
The bridges hanging  
With river mist & birth right  
I'm gonna get on that train  
And I ain't coming back

I'm going fishing  
Where the crawfish bite  
I'm going fishing  
We can stay all night  
I'm going fishing  
And I ain't coming back