

Pete Townshend, Goin' Fishin'

Throwing stones into the river
Watching ripples splashing over

Wadding the bank where horses are grazing
Reflection shatter quite amazing

But soon I quietly ask, is this the way for me
I twist my vacuum flask, and have a cup of tee

Goin' fishin' never catch none
If I did, I'd surely lance

The spear is tossed, the first is quiggley
The fish tackle scares me, and the snails

The pleasure cruiser's speed

Laden with wind cheaters
The hooters blow and seize
My mind from nature's creatures

Blowing the fish, emptying in my warm hand
I want fishin' everlasting
You can take my son, if you drown your own daughter
You a man and I'm free

Throw a stick into the surface
watch it bob, it cruises pass
The river flows gently eroding
Moves cross land, but not to fast