

# Robert Earl Keen, The Five Pound Bass

Up this morning  
Before the sun  
Fixed me some coffee and a honey bun  
Jumped in my pickup  
gave her the gas  
I'm goin' out to catch a five pound bass

Down by the lake side  
Just off the ramp  
All them people sleeping in their fising camp  
Some out in the pup tents  
Some out on the grass  
They all be dreaming 'bout that five pound bass

The early birdie always gets his worm  
Me I always get my wish  
When you're talking 'bout that five pound bass son  
The early wormy gets the fish

Jumped in my john boat  
I stow my gear  
I fire her up and when I am in the clear  
I sail across that water  
As smooth as glass  
Ready here I come you five pound bass

I find a perfect spot  
Some old dead trees  
Back in a canyon where you cain't feel no breeze  
I tie my lure  
I make my cast  
It's breakfast time you five pound bass

That old sun is rising  
That water is clear  
I watch my lure as it's flying through the air  
I see a ripple  
I hear a splash  
Lord have mercy, It's a five pound bass

SPOKEN:  
That's a five pound bass son  
Aw it's big as a god damned baby