

Townes Van Zandt, Catfish Song

by Townes Van Zandt

Down at the bottom of that dirty ol' river
down where the reeds and the catfish play
there lies a dream as soft as the water
there lies a bluebird that's flown away

Well, to meet is like springtime
and to love's like the summer
her brown eyes shone for nobody but me
then autumn forever, the fool come a fallin'
and the rain turned to freezin' inside of me.

I'll kindle my fires with the words
I can't send you
and the roads I can't follow
and the songs I can't sing

Well, all you young ladies
who dream of tomorrow
while you're a listenin'
these words will I say
Cling to today with its joy
and its sorrow
you'll need all your memories
when youth melts away.

Well, the angel of springtime
he rides down the southwind
the angel of summer
he does just the same
the angel of autumn
she's blue and she's golden
and the angel of winter
won't remember your name

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