

# Fisherman's Blues

Dawes

I wish I was a fisherman  
Tumbling on the seas  
Far away from dry land  
And it's bitter memories  
Casting out my sweet line  
With abandonment and love  
No ceiling bearing down on me  
'Cept the starry sky above  
With light in my head  
You in my arms

With light in my head  
You in my arms

I wish I was the brakeman  
On a hurtling fevered train  
Crashing a-headlong into the heartland  
Like a cannon in the rain  
With the beating of the sleepers  
And the burning of the coal  
Counting the towns passing by  
In a night that's full of soul  
With light in my head  
You in my arms  
With light in my head  
You in my arms

Well I know I will be loosened  
From bonds that hold me fast  
That the chains all around me  
Will fall away at last  
And on that fine and fateful day  
I will take me in my hands  
I will ride on the train  
I will be the fisherman  
With light in my head  
You in my arms  
With light in my head  
You in my arms

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