

# Fishing

Joan Baez

Please have a seat. I'm sorry I'm late  
I know how long you've had to wait  
I did not forget your documents  
No time to waste, why not begin?  
Here's how it works, I've got these faces  
You give them names and I won't deport you  
Make sure you face my tape recorder

Make no mistake, this fountain pen  
Could put you on a plane by ten  
And by the way, your next of kin  
I know which house she's hiding in  
So now that you know whose skin you're saving  
In this photograph, who's this one waving?  
I think you know, so speak up, amigo

It says here that by trade you were a fisherman  
Well I'll bet you Indians can really reel them in  
And if you get the chance  
You should try to get up to Lake Michigan  
Well maybe, but then again....

Where were we then? Is he your friend?  
Well I recommend that you look again  
Where does he stay? What is his name?  
There is no shame. He'd do the same  
So what do you say? I don't have all day  
It's up to you. Which will it be  
Good citizen or poor campesino?

My dad used to rent us this place in Ontario  
He showed us how to cast the line and tie the flies  
He used to say that God rewards us for letting the small ones go  
Well maybe, but I don't know  
Anyway, it's easy to bite. You just take the bait  
You can't snap the line  
Don't fight the hook  
Hurts less if you don't try to dive

Senor, as you know I was a fisherman  
And how full the nets came in  
We hauled them up by hand  
But when we fled, I left them just out past the coral reefs  
They're waiting there for me  
Running deep