

## Mr. Sawyer / Mr. Finn

Michael Johnson

Oh, there's a steamboat coming half a mile around the bend  
Hear the voice of old man river calling him again

Old man Sawyer he wakes at dawn, he puts his tie and his coffee  
on  
He lives in a room on the second floor where everyday is like t  
he one before  
From his window he can see the river flowing endlessly  
Down on the banks the children play, he closes his eyes and he  
drifts away

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Oh, and it would be so easy for a boy and his best friend  
To tell the world that they've gone fishing, Mr. Sawyer and Mr.  
Finn

Every afternoon about five o'clock, old man Sawyer goes down to  
the dock  
He knows the folks at the corner bar, has a glass of beer and a  
good cigar  
Now and then someone will ask well just when did old Finn pass  
Old man Sawyer says he never died, he just went fishing on the  
other side

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And if fishes were wishes and wishes came true  
I know what old man Sawyer'd do  
He'd go riding on a raft and reel one in  
And laugh once more with young Huck Finn

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