

## Fish Song

### The September When

Big shade in deep water  
He'll look up at me  
I'm above, He's below  
I think of him as the dinner of tonight  
But he sees me through the sunlight

My boat is too small for the rough times  
So I prefer hot summer days like these  
And when the rowing makes blisters in my hand  
I must think of getting myself to land  
And when the rowing makes blisters in my hand  
I must think of getting myself to land

And when the sun drops down in the western horizon  
I put on the coat that will keep me warm  
If my trip home happens in the pouring rain  
I wish that tomorrow brings sunlight again  
If my trip home happens in the pouring rain  
I wish that tomorrow brings sunlight again

And if I were one day to bring with me my worries  
My boat will not cope It would sink like a stone  
If only the lord would look at me as a friend  
I know that I would be safer then  
If only the lord would look at me as a friend  
I know that I would be safer then