I'll Probably Be Out Fishin'

I had me a high school sweetheart, With big time wedding plans Then I signed up with the Navy, Went to work for Uncle Sam

Eighteen lonely months I've waited, To see her again When I got home to Gainsville, She married my best friend

What's a guy to say? What's a guy to do? I can paint this whole town red tonight, And still wake up with the blues Good luck is bound to find me, If it comes around again, But I'll probably be out fishing, When my ship comes in

Took a job down at the saw mill, Where I worked hard everyday Climb that corporate ladder, I was promoted with a big ol' raise

The very next morning they told me, That old saw mill had been sold Someone's gonna take your position boy, They wrote me off and sent me home

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