

Fisherman's blues - the water boys

G F
Am C

I wish I was a fisherman, tumbling on the seas
Far away from dry land, and it's bitter memories
Casting you my sweet light with abandonment and love
No ceiling staring down on me, save the starry sky above

With light in my hair, you in my arms, woo woo ooh

I wish I was the brake man, on a Hartland diesel train
Crashing headlong into the heartland, like a cannon in the rain
With the beating of the sleepers, and the burning of the coal
Counting towns flashing by me, in a night that's full of soul

With light in my hair, you in my arms, woo woo ooh

Oh I know I will be loosened, from bonds that hold me tight
And the chains all hung around me will fall away at last
And on that fine and fateful day I will take thee in my arms
I will ride the night train, and I will be the fisherman

With light in my hair, you in my arms, woo woo ooh