## Nigel Gatherer's Ukulele

## The Eighties Collection



Fisherman's Blues (Mike Scott/Steve Wickham)

G / F / Am / C / G / F / Am / C /

G / F / Am / C /

I wish I was a fisherman, tumbling on the seas, far away from dry land, and its

bitter memories; Casting out my sweet line, with abandonment and love,

Am

C

No ceiling bearing down on me, save the starry sky above,

G / F / Am / G/F/Am/C/ G/F/Am/C/
Ch With light in my head you in my arms woo

**Ch** With light in my head, you in my arms, woo....

2 I wish I was the brake man, on a hurtlin' fevered 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 the towns flashing by me, in a night that's full of soul

G / F / Am / G/F/Am/C/ G/F/Am/C/ Ch With light in my head, you in my arms, woo....

3 Oh I know I will be loosened, from bonds that hold me fast, and the chains all hung Am C / G / F around me, will fall away at last. And on that fine and fateful day, I will take thee in

my hands, I will ride the train, I will be the fisherman,

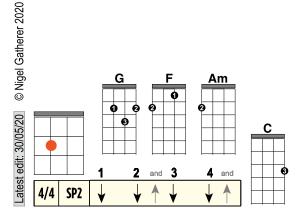
G / F / Am / G/F/Am/C/ G/F/Am/C/

**Ch** With light in my head, you in my arms, woo hoo hoo....

G / F / Am / C / G / F / Am / C /

G / F / Am / G/F/Am/C/ G/F/Am/C/

**Ch** With light in my head, you in my arms, woo hoo hoo....





sherman's Blues