

Fisherman's Blues (Mike Scott/Steve Wickham)

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

G / F / Am /

1 I wish I was a fisherman, tumbling on the seas, far away from dry land, and its
C / G / F /
 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....

G / F / Am

2 I wish I was the brake man, on a hurtlin' fevered train, crashing headlong into the
Am C / G /
 heartland, like a cannon in the rain. With the beating of the sleepers, and the
F / Am / C /
 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....

G / F / Am

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
F Am / C /
 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....

9-6: Fisherman's Blues

