

George Strait "Blue Marlin Blues"

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First one off the dock, long before dawn Headed to the blue water, won't take long A box full of ballyhoo rigged just right Still hurting from that party last night

Thirty miles later, get the cold lines in Scrambling 'round the cockpit thinking we're gonna win Seven hours later, we still ain't caught a thing The mood on this boat sure has changed

I got the blue marlin blues from my hat to my shoes I used to catch them in twos, no matter which bait I choose

How many more can I lose, it got me drinking the booze

I got the blue marlin blues

I had one swimming right behind my bait I'm all lit up, man, I just couldn't wake I picked up the rod, I put it in free spool Thinking I'll shake these blue marlin blues

He knocked it out of the clear and I fed him some line I locked it up and I begin to whine He came out of the water, spit the bait right at me Then disappeared back into the sea

I got the blue marlin blues from my hat to my shoes I used to catch them in twos, no matter which bait I choose

How many more can I lose, it got me drinking the booze

I got the blue marlin blues

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