

Aesop Rock

"Fishtales"

Visit "[Fishtales](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Once upon a time
in the days of yore
When the people lived fresh out of legend and folklore
There was an old geezer with his teeth to the curb
He had a hook and a line and a sinker and a worm
Slept in a city that kissed the seashore
Woke with a bait-and-tackle store trip each morn
Not a bother, not a lot to say
That is until you ask about the one that got aw-w-w-way
Like a tall tale, keep it rod and reel
With his arms stretched out to define the kill
While the village always listened, believin' it was
different
Out of eight million stories there was not a single
witness
It was always at the last second when the line snapped
Or the boat broke in half from the size of the catch
Either way the documented prove didn't exist
So the locals dismissed the big f-f-f-fish
Billy-goat beard twenty years in the making
Carried lures in his brim, carried beer in his waders
Stinked like alcohol of all prominent flavors
Carried knives in his vest, carried war in his nature
Sat among the forest floor critters and pine cones
Could tie a perfect fly with his eyes closed
Veteran angler with a mission to run
Make all naysayers hold t-t-t-tongues
Pale blue moon or fiery orange glow
Red sky at dawn or rain, hail, sleet, snow
Black storm cloud with the barometric horrors
The weatherproof sportsman spins yards regardless
Laugh if you wanna, but the dude ain't stupid
Let it roll off his back like drizzle off plumage
Cause he walk with a twinkle in his eye
And every dog has his day and today is m-m-m-mine

Visit [Aesop Rock](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.