

Keen Robert Earl

"The Five Pound Bass"

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Up this morning
Before the sun
Fixed me some coffee and a honey bun
Jumped in my pickup
gave her the gas
I'm goin' out to catch a five pound bass

Down by the lake side
Just off the ramp
All them people sleeping in their fising camp
Some out in the pup tents
Some out on the grass
They all be dreaming 'bout that five pound bass

The early birdie always gets his worm
Me I always get my wish
When you're talking 'bout that five pound bass son
The early wormy gets the fish

Jumped in my john boat
I stow my gear
I fire her up and when I am in the clear
I sail across that water
As smooth as glass
Ready here I come you five pound bass

I find a perfect spot
Some old dead trees
Back in a canyon where you cain't feel no breeze
I tie my lure
I make my cast
It's breakfast time you five pound bass

That old sun is rising
That water is clear
I watch my lure as it's flying through the air
I see a ripple
I hear a splash
Lord have mercy, It's a five pound bass

SPOKEN:

That's a five pound bass son

Aw it's big as a god damned baby

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