

September

"Fish Song"

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Big shade in deep water
He'll look up at me
I'm above, He's below
I think of him as the dinner of tonight
But he sees me through the sunlight

My boat is too small for the rough times
So I prefer hot summer days like these
And when the rowing makes blisters in my hand
I must think of getting myself to land
And when the rowing makes blisters in my hand
I must think of getting myself to land

And when the sun drops down in the western horizon
I put on the coat that will keep me warm
If my trip home happens in the pouring rain
I wish that tomorrow brings sunlight again
If my trip home happens in the pouring rain
I wish that tomorrow brings sunlight again

And if I were one day to bring with me my worries
My boat will not cope It would sink like a stone
If only the lord would look at me as a friend
I know that I would be safer then
If only the lord would look at me as a friend
I know that I would be safer then

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