

## Townes Van Zandt "Catfish Song"

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Down at the bottom of that dirty ol' river  
Down where the reeds and the catfish play  
There lies a dream as soft as the water  
There lies a bluebird that's flown away

Well, to meet is like springtime and to love's like the  
summer  
Her brown eyes shone for nobody but me  
Then autumn forever, the fool come a fallin'  
And the rain turned to freezin' inside of me

I'll kindle my fires with the words  
I can't send you  
And the roads I can't follow  
And the songs I can't sing

Well, all you young ladies who dream of tomorrow  
While you're a listenin' these words will I say  
Cling to today with its joy and its sorrow  
You'll need all your memories when youth melts away

Well, the angel of springtime, he rides down the  
southwind  
The angel of summer, he does just the same  
The angel of autumn, she's blue and she's golden  
And the angel of winter won't remember your name

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