

The Five Pound Bass

E

Up this morning

Before the sun

Bm

Fixed me some coffee and a honey bun

E

Jumped in my pickup

A

gave her the gas

E

Bm

E

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 fishing camp

Some out in the pup tents

Some out on the grass

They all be dreaming 'bout that five pound bass

Bridge:

A

The early birdie always gets his worm

E

Me I always get my wish

A

When you're talking 'bout that five pound bass son

E

Bm

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

Guitar.....

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...