

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Fishin' for Chickens

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(Hobo Jim)

Well, Grandpa gave me his old fishin' pole,
But we didn't have a fishin' hole.
Ah, but that didn't matter. It didn't bother either of us.
We'd sit out there on the old front porch
With a rusty can of kernel corn,
We'd bait our hooks and we'd cast out in the dust.

Cho: Fishin' for chickens, tryin' to catch a big 'un,
White ones, black ones, yellow ones, red ones,
Don't matter just as long as I get one.
If Mama finds out, I'll just catch another lickin'
'Cause Mama don't like nobody fishin' for chickens.

I remember the time when I got in
On a feedin' frenzy in a school of hens,
I was reelin' one in, when Mama came flyin' through the door,
She said: "Cut that loose boy, before you kill it!"
I said, "He's swallowed the hook, Mama. Grease up the skillet!"
'Twas just about then I knew she'd wring my neck for sure.

(Bridge:) Even though it wasn't right,
Me and Grandpa side by side,
Out in the early mornin' light,
Tryin' get a rooster to bite.

I was sittin' on the top step dreamin' a bit,
When from outa nowhere that leghorn hit,
And Grandpa yelled, "Boy, that's the biggest one of them all!
If you land him, kid, well, sure enough,
We'll take him to town and have him stuffed,
We'll put him on a plaque and mount that sucker on the wall."

Recorded by Seamus Kennedy on "Let The Music Take You Home," SK-0008 CD.
JD