

## THE FISHERMAN

*A fishin' story'll bring you glory  
if you're something of a liar.  
You'll spin a tale that'll leave 'em pale  
when you're sittin' round a fire.*

*Like that rainy day way back in May  
when I hiked the Grizzly river.  
I wanted to try a new pattern of fly  
I'd tied, called the silver flivver.*

I hiked most the day, and was finding my way  
with the compass I had in my pack.  
I was pushing it hard, fighting each yard  
and knew there was no turning back.

With a final rush, I cut through the brush  
and stared at the sight just below.  
Like a pale green sliver, there was the river,  
running fresh from the fast melting snow.

Even tho I was wet, there was no regret,  
the fishing was better than great.  
I was having a blast with every good cast,  
but damn, it was soon getting late.

I set up a camp, and tho it was damp,  
I started a small cooking fire.  
I chewed on my snuff and thought, sure enough,  
come morning that stream 'll be higher.

I cooked up a batch of that tasty old catch  
and was starting to make up my bed,  
when out of the night came one hell of a sight,  
and partner, I thought I was dead.

That thing that I saw defied every law,  
and friend, though I'm still here to tell,  
just look in my eyes, I'm not telling lies,  
'twas a vision from right out of hell.

It looked like a man. Can you understand  
just what I am trying to say?  
That no such sight in broad daylight  
had ever come your way.

It came into the light, and God, what a sight,  
so I eased up back to a rock.  
It kind of glared, and I just stared  
and damn, but it started to talk.

"I'm tired sir and I'm no cur  
so don't give me one of your looks".  
"I'm not what you see, there's a story to me,  
I was rich and a writer of books".

So I eased up a bit and I let him sit  
'cause I wanted to hear his speech.  
This man had a grace in spite of his face,  
but I kept back out of his reach.

This stranger it seems was a chaser of dreams,  
a fisherman through and through.  
He'd travelled the land fly-rod in hand  
his family forgotten and blue.

"I've fished all around, both up and down;  
then I heard of this river up here".  
"I searched many days, I'm ashamed", he says  
"to say I've been here a full year".

“This river’s a dream. You know what I mean,  
I’ve watched you setting your line”.  
“But I’ve one small request, please give it your best.  
Don’t worry, it won’t take much time”.

I stared at this sight, which caused me such fright,  
and I pondered just what he might need.  
Some help I thought, or something I’d brought,  
or maybe just something to feed?

So I answered instead, “Just empty your head  
but I’m saying before you begin,  
if it’s flies you’re after, you’re just gonna hav’ter  
fight like the devil to win.”

“Ease up my friend I’ll swear to the end,  
I’m not after your gear or your fly”.  
“But I will say this”, and he spoke with a hiss,  
“don’t answer with some sort of lie”.

“After spending a year on this river up here,  
I’m troubled severely it seems,  
it’s not being alone, or thoughts of my home,  
that’s giving me nightmares and dreams”.

“My family I miss, and I have to say this,  
I’ve not tried to call them or write”.  
“Those friends I held dear, I’ve forgotten I fear,  
and sometimes it’s lonely at night”.

“But during the day, when the fishing holds sway,  
I seldom or rarely give thought,  
to all of the pleasures, or even the treasures,  
my hard work and money had bought”.

“But there’s one thing I need, and I pray you’ll take heed,  
I’m desperate and scared through and through”.  
“For you see my good friend, I’m near to the end,  
I’ve damn near run out of my chew”!

*Now that, my fine friend, from beginning to end  
is a tale that will cause you to shiver.  
There’s stories galore, ‘round the valley floor  
‘bout the “Ghost of the Grizzly River.”*

*Some folks ‘ll say, he’s still out there today,  
casting his fly in that stream.  
But don’t you forget, there’s never regret,  
he’s living the fisherman’s dream.*