Moderato

Words & Music by CHRIS. SMITH

"Now, Eph, I have letters to show,
And tell her some audacious, outrageous lies.
Tell me the names and the places you go.

Jackson could look his wife straight in her eyes
And they tell her some audacious, outrageous lies.
Tell me the names and the places you go."
Tuesday morning bright and early, if I am right,
Yes, you go a-fishing, Eph-ram, without a doubt,

When he told his wife that he was fishing all night.
"Now, "Deed I know a fish that you are cra-zy about. Now,

what were you fishing for?" wife sadly cried,
A Eph-ram, I'm wise to you—you're just a flirt,

fish-ing for fish-es, hon," Eph then re-plied. Said
You fish for fish-es that have on a skirt." Said

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she, "Now, Mis-ter Eph-rí-am, I hope you'll un-der-stand,
A woman has as much right as a man!
Goin' to catch a lob-ster sure's you're born!"

CHORUS
You say you go a-fish-ing all the time,
So I'm goin' a-fish-ing too,
Just bet your life your
loving wife will catch more fish than you.

always say you're fishing when you stay out late,

So here's a little something I'm goin' to state:

Any fish will bite if you've got good bait,

So I'm goin' a-fishing too.

You too.