

Chords in Chorus (1st and 2nd stanza)

G

In the mornings I'm in my boat fishing,
 In the mornings I'm in my boat fishing,
 Then it's home to Maria my wife,
 We have lunch then we take our siesta,
 The I play with the kids for a while.

Lyrics (not online anywhere)

Verse:

In a small fishing village on the Mexican coast,
 Ten yellow-finned tuna on the floor on his boat,
 The fisherman gathers them up in a sac.
 A smile on his face, a noonday sun on his back.

That's a good-looking catch, comes a voice from the dock,
 An American tourist with a gold Rolex watch.
 Did it take a long time to bring in that haul?
 The fisherman looked up, a no not long at all.

And if you fish longer, the American mused
 Seems you could catch more with ease.
 The fisherman climbed out of the boat with his sack,
 I have enough for my needs.

And what do you do with the rest of your time?
 The Americans watch gleamed in the light.
 The fisherman turned his gaze to the sea,
 Looked back as he lowered the sack to his feet.

Chorus:

In the mornings I'm in my boat fishing,
 Then it's home to Maria my wife,
 We have lunch then we take our siesta,
 The I play with the kids for a while.

In the evenings I stroll into the village,
 Play guitar, sing songs, harmonize,
 Sip wine with my dear amigos,
 It's a full and busy life.

Verse:

The American sighed, I can give you some help
I've succeeded in business, I know how to make wealth
If you were to fish longer, set the money aside,
You could save until there is a second boat you can buy.

Keep saving and buying till you own your own fleet
Then you buy up your own canning plant
Mexico City, LA, the New York,
You move as your empire expands.

How long would this take? the Fisherman asked.
Oh, fifteen, twenty years will have passed.
What then? asked the Fisherman, what happens next?
Ahh then comes the part that I love the best.

When the time is right, you'll announce to the world
An initial sell of your stock
And when the shares are sold, you'll be a rich man,
Millions is what you'll have got.

Millions? the fisherman picked up his sack,
And then, what then, what comes after that?
The American scanned the sea and the boats,
You retire to a village on the Mexican coast.

Chorus:

Where you'll start off your day with some fishing,
Come home to Maria your wife
Have lunch then take your siestas
Then play with the grand kids a while

In the evenings you'll stroll into the village
Play guitar, sing songs, harmonize,
Sip wine with your dear amigos,
What more could one ask for from life?