

Plano Joe
Pat Dailey

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From: RShaw15804@aol.com
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Subject: another new Pat Dailey tune

PLANO JOE - Pat Dailey

Chorus:

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[tab]      A
He had long green moss growing down his back[/tab]
[tab]      D
and it waved in the water when he d swim.[/tab]
[tab]      E
He had notches all along from his head to his tail[/tab]
[tab]              A
where the motor of a boat dug in.[/tab]
[tab]      A
He had a half a dozen hooks hanging from his lip[/tab]
[tab]      D
all rusted and busted and bent.[/tab]
[tab]      E
He had one big bloodshot eye on the right[/tab]
[tab]              A    D    E    A
and the left side, nothing but a dent.[/tab]
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[tab]      A
Now I m a pretty good fisherman,[/tab]
[tab]      D
but Plano Joe he s great.[/tab]
[tab]E
He knows all there is to know[/tab]
[tab]              A
about boats and bass and bait.[/tab]
[tab]A
He ll catch more on just one cast[/tab]
[tab]      D
than most men catch all day.[/tab]
[tab]      E
To Plano Joe there aint no such thing[/tab]
[tab]      D      E      A    D    E    A
as the one that got away[/tab]
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Now Plano Joe s from Texas
where everything comes big,
where the bass are as mean as rattlesnakes
and outweigh most any pig.
You can t catch a smallmouth
if it s largemouth bait you use,
cause them bass they aint just big and mean
but they all got high IQ s

Now up in Lake Texoma there lives a striper,
his name is Jake.
Everyone down in Texas knows
he s the biggest fish in the lake.
He d never been caught, but he d been seen
by all the local pros,
swimming around the bass boats,
thumbing his big bass nose.

CHORUS

Well Plano Joe was on the lake
around sunrise, 6th of June.
In his box he had just one lure,
a spinner with a silver spoon.
He had just one rod and just one reel,
and just one great big lake.
"Today s the day," I heard him say,
"I m gonna boat that fish named Jake."

He cruised out Ross cove and headed
down lake to the dam,
and just beyond ol Walkers point
he said, "Jake here I am."
He shut that outboard motor down,
took out that silver lure,
tied it to some heavy line and
cast out strong and sure.

Now I ve known Joe for 40 years,
maybe even more,
but when that fish hit his blue eyes lit
like I ve never seen before.
That line went tight and that pole went bent
and that drag began to spin.
There was smoke rolling out the back of his reel
when his line jerked to an end.

Then the fish began to tow the boat
so fast it left a wake.
Joe said, "I m gonna boat this bass
if my back and my line don t break."
As he zoomed off across the lake
he said, "You can tell my wife,

I ve been home every night for 29 years,
but I won t be home tonight."

After 40 days of fighting,
that fish could barely swim.
After 20 more days of playing tug-of-war
Joe started reeling in.
After 10 more days of reeling,
Joe was eye-to-eye with Jake.
He said, "Tell me now, you water sow,
who s the baddest in this lake?"

Then Jake spit out that silver lure
right back in ol Joes face.
Started dancing on his tail
like a theme park whale,
splashing water all over the place.

Well Joe ripped off his hat and his shoes
and said, "Hooks be damned.
Forget that rod, forget that reel,
I m gonna get this fish by hand."

With that ol Joe jumped in the lake
and swam out to that fish.
He grabbed his tail but Jake shook loose
with one big mighty swish.

Then Jake grabbed Joe by his sleeve
and drug him down below.
The water did boil and bubble and blither.
Didn t see him for and hour or so.

Then up they shot like a water spout,
about 100 feet in the air.
They were flippin and spinnin
and flappin and slappin
with scales flying every which where.

They thrashed and they splashed
till the sun started setting
and when the water finally stills,
here comes ol Joe,
swimming life guard style,
hauling Jake in by the gills.

[and he was singing to him]
You ve got long green moss growing down your back
and it waves in the water when you swim.
You ve got notches all along from your head to your tail
where the motor of a boat dug in.
You ve got hooks in you lips and a bloodshot eye.
But hey Jake it wasn t your day.

Cause to Plano Joe there aint no such thing
as the one that got away.

If I remember correctly, Pat plays this with the
capo on the 2nd fret, still in the key of A (played as G, etc)