

Sometimes I don't know whether I'm coming or going,  
Working late nights on a job hardly knowing;  
I clean and wash dishes for something to eat,  
Instead of being out fishing for that delicacy meat.

God must be baiting me waiting for a break,  
Some kind of decision I simply have to make;  
If you think it seems like a lot of fun,  
I've got news for you, it's your job now because I chose one.

Life in the fast lane, that's where it's all at,  
Instead of waiting and buying a new hat;  
A fisherman or a dishwasher is that really me;  
All that I wanted and thought I could be.

Well I'm working pretty hard trying to clean those things,  
The joy and happiness just an ordeal for the money it bring;  
Imagine out on a trawler bringing in a haul,  
A shark bites the net and you lose nearly all.

So I guess I'm just struck with a pen in my hand,  
Seeing things are organised and ensuring things planned;  
A fisherman or a dishwasher it wouldn't enter your head,  
But I'll bet a pound of peanuts I'll be doing it when I'm dead.

So now as I sit and finish this rhyme,  
I'm still wondering what's really happening in another place and time;  
So now if you want me you'll have to wait and see,  
A fisherman or a dishwasher washing dishes on a boat out to sea.