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Gone Fishing

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Gone Fishing

MIKAELA PICONE

The air and water was as cold as can be

No one was there but you and me

The sight of the fishing line bobbing up and down

You just smiled and there was never a frown

Sitting on hard rocks with our fishing lines

You never complained about my bored whines

Sitting there for hours until we caught a bite

Sometimes we caught nothing, or a fish would put up a fight

The bond we had was as strong as that fishing line

With the laughter we shared I knew everything would be fine

When I heard the news that you were sick all I could do was cry

Eventually, I was okay even knowing you were going to die

To know that you would not be in pain

And the time spent together was never in vain

Knowing that you are gone it hurts my heart

But I know through love we are never apart

Now you're fishing in those clouds up high

When I miss you I now look to the sky

I remember those days when I would ask what you did that day

You would say, "I had gone fishing today"

That's a memory constantly, I re-play