

Stream That I Call Home (Bull Trout Song)
The Whizpops!



G C G C
It was cold cold cold cold cold in those first autumn days
G C G C C
In a clear clean stream where my momma buried her eggs
G C G C
Six inches 'neath the earth, rock pebble and stone
G C G C
In a stream bed protected redd, I was not alone

G Bm Am Bm C G
In that cold cold cold cold cold, stream that I call home

G C
When we emerged we traverse down stream
G C
North, East, West, or South
G C G C
With light spots on our back and no teeth on the roof of our mouth
G C G C
The surface of the stream danced above as aquatic-insects hatched
G C G C
All drying out their new wings as ---- we lunged up for the catch
G Bm Am Bm C G
In that cold cold cold cold cold, stream that I call home

Build up: G C 2x

BRIDGE:

D C G
Some stay where they are, never leaving the stream
D C G
Some migrate so far to creeks connected and clean
Bm C
We could live 12 years and grow heavier than we are old
Em D/F# G
In our flowing home, connected and cold

D C G
As we drifted downstream, river reservoir and lake
D C G
Our appetites grew from insects to fish that we ate
Bm C G
We could live 12 years and grow heavier than we are old
Em D/F# G
In our flowing home, connected and cold

G C G C
 Five years passed by and it was time to lay eggs of my own
 G C
 In a complex habitat, where deep pools and logs are at,
 G C
 like those I've known
 G C G C
 Six inches neath the earth....rock pebble and stone
 G C G C
 In four months or so, they'll hatch here and they'll grow down below
 G Bm Am Bm C G
In that cold cold cold cold cold, stream that they'll call home