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