

Alf Bretteville-Jensen and I wrote this song while at a songwriting retreat in a fishing cabin in Todalen, Norway. The place we were in and my Dad, Clive Scott being so ill and going through cancer treatment, constantly in and out of hospital, made me think of all the fishing trips he used to take us on as children and all the good memories we had. It is often the little things in life we remember and that make a difference.

A Picture Of My Dad And I

When I was just a young girl
I went fishing with my Dad
We'd take the bus to the big wide fjord
Have the best times we ever had

Dad showed me how to spool a rod
and how to attach a fly
We would stand on the rocks in the pouring rain
As the clouds raced in the sky

*It's funny what sticks in the mind of a child
It's the little things that make me smile
I can still see in my mind's eye
A picture of my Dad and I*

Then as I grew older
With troubles of my own
I always knew I could count on Dad
I would never be alone

He would take me fishing
Somehow he always knew
After hours under an open sky
I knew just what to do

*It's funny what sticks in the mind of a child
It's the little things that make me smile
I can still see in my mind's eye
A picture of my Dad and I*

Dad is now an old man
And every now and then
We talk about the days
When we fished cod
Standing in the pouring rain

*It's funny what sticks in the mind of a child
It's the little things that make me smile
I can still see in my mind's eye
A picture of my Dad and I*