

Livin' Legend

Bobby Bare

It sure is sweet to be a livin' legend

Mister, can you use an old folksinger?
Would your patrons like some time soul?
Can you dig the Foggy Mountain Breakdown?
I'm sorry, I don't play no rock 'n' roll

But I can make 'em cry Molly Darlin'
They'll sing along on Row Your Boat Ashore
I'll play until the dawn
And the crowd is gone
Mister, I'll be glad to sweep your floor

You should've been in New York back in '60
Hey, wasn't I a star there for awhile?
But New York messed up my head
And I got strung out on Reds
And, Bobby Dylan, he went and copped my style

But didn't we make 'em cry with Molly Darlin'?
They sung along on Row Your Boat Ashore
And the street life sure is fun
When you're twenty-one
But mister, I ain't twenty-one no more

So I take the love of girls who still remember
And I take the help of them that care to give
And I swap my songs for sandwiches and shelter
'Cause even livin' legends have to live

But I can still make 'em cry to Molly Darlin'
They'll sing along on Row Your Boat Ashore

Michael, row the boat ashore, hallelujah
Michael, row the boat ashore, hallelujah
(Y'all not singin' now)
Michael, row the boat ashore, hallelujah
Michael, row the boat ashore, hallelujah
(Everybody sing)

Hallelujah
Michael, row the boat ashore, hallelujah
Michael, row the boat ashore, hallelujah...