

Mr. Candyman

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Here's a true story about an old man who would turn the page of
the final chapter of his life
He would use pinching money to buy candy and all the children c
alled him Mr. Candyman

They would gather around, children all around town
You would hear them calling to the window up above
"Mr. Candyman, answer us, if you can
Have you gone away? Don't you love us anymore?"

Old Ira Grey used to live
In the attic of an old tenement house
1861, he fought the Civil War
Now he's old and crippled, don't get around much anymore

He'd take an old soup can with trembling hands
Fill it with candy and tie it with twine
From the window it came, children called out his name
"Mr. Candyman is back here again"

Old Ira Grey used to play
A tune on his fiddle to pass the time away
I'd hear him late at night, playing "The Sailor's Hornpipe"
Then he'd laugh at himself and I'd swear old Ira was [?]

He'd take an old soup can with trembling hands
Fill it with candy and tie it with twine
From the window it came, children called out his name
"Mr. Candyman, you're back here again"

Old Ira Grey passed away
And he was laid to rest in Potter's field that day
No one seemed to care for the old man with the white hair
But the children stared at the window up above

They would gather around, kids from all over town
You would hear them calling to the window up above
"Mr. Candyman, answer us, if you can
Have you gone away? Don't you love us anymore?
Mr. Candyman, don't you love us anymore?
Have you gone away? Don't you love us anymore?"