

# Mr. Candyman

Gene Watson

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?"