

When My Daddy Danced

Gene Watson

Well, my daddy couldn't play an instrument
And he couldn't sing a note
But what he could do with music
Never could be wrote
After the work on a Saturday
All he needed was the chance
He'd get Ma and all us kids together
And head for the country dance

He'd do-si-do and kick up his heels
When they'd play the "Chicken Reel"
He'd whirl and jump and really pranced
It's something to see when my daddy danced

His tired old frame would straighten
Like he never had a care
And the years just seemed to fall away
When music filled the air
And the other couples, young and old
Stood aside and clapped their hands
And they even had to change fiddlers
To keep up when Daddy danced

"Fire on the Mountain" or the "Kelly Waltz"
Fast or slow, it didn't matter at all
Foxtrot or the "Sugar-Foot Rag"
It was something to see when my daddy danced

Mama said when they were courting
He was the handsomest man around
And no one could hold a candle to Pa
When the couples circle 'round
During the week, he was just a farmer
Didn't look like a man of romance
We could see everything Mama saw in him
When Daddy began to dance

"Down Yonder", "Cotton-Eyed Joe"
So fast it'd burn the fiddler's bow
The young men didn't have a chance
It was something to see when my daddy danced