

A Nickel for the Fiddler

Guy Clark

Well, it's a nickel for the fiddler, it's a nickel for his tune
It's a nickel for the tambourine kind of afternoon
And it's a high holiday on the 21st of June
And it's country music in the park and everybody's ruined

Well, it's fountains full of dogs and kids, and it's freaky apple pie
And it's the ones that's come to play and the ones just passin' by
And it's coats of many colors and it almost makes me cry
Lord, it's ice cream on a stick and it's somethin' you can't buy

Well, it's a fiddler from Kentucky who swears he's 83
And he's fiddled every contest from here to Cripple Creek
And it's old ones and it's young ones and it's plain they have agreed
That it's country music in the park as far as they can see

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