

# My Old Man

Jerry Jeff Walker

My old man had a rounder soul  
He'd hear an ol' freight train and he'd have to go  
Said he'd been blessed with a gypsy bone  
That's the reason guess that he'd been cursed to roam  
He came to town back 'fore the war  
He didn't even know what it was he was lookin' for

He carried a tattered bag for his violin  
Full of lots of songs of the places he had been  
He talked real easy and he smiled and waved  
He could pass along to you when his fiddle played  
He's makin' people drop their cares and woes  
To hum out loud the tunes that his fiddle bowed

'Til people there began to join that sound  
And ev'ryone in town was laughin' and singin,' dancin' 'round  
Like the Fiddler's tunes we all there heard that night  
As if some dream said that all the world is right

The Fiddler's eye, it caught a lady there  
She had that rollin', flowin', golden kind of hair  
He played for her as if she danced alone  
He played his favorite songs, the ones he called his own  
She alone was dancin' in the room  
The only thing left movin' to the Fiddler's tune

He played until she was the last to go  
He stopped and packed his case, said he'd take her home  
And all the nights that passed a child was born  
And all the years that passed, their love would keep them warm  
And all their lives they shared, the dream come true  
All because she danced so well, the Fiddler's tune

That the train next mornin', she blew a lonesome sound  
As if she sang the blues of what she took from town  
And all that I recall that was said when I was young  
There's no one else could play or sing the songs he sung