

The Old Blind Fiddler

Johnny Paycheck

When I was just a kid I'd go to town on Saturday
And on the street I'd listen to the old blind fiddler play
He was close to no one though his life was almost gone
But to me he was my friend and always played such pretty song

People dropped their nickels in his cup as they walked by
Sometimes he would play so sad yet I just have to cry
And one day I went to town to hear the old man play
But he was gone and someone said the old man passe away

I can still hear him playing

And when people stop to listen
He would say God walked beside you all the way
And I'd listen to the old blind fiddler play

A week or so ago one night I had the strangest dream
I dreamed I went to heaven and I heard a million strings
A standing there I heard the music blow from heaven sky
And for the first time in my life I saw the color of his eyes

And I can still hear them playing

And he shook my hand and he told me
Son I knew we'd meet again some day
And once again I heard the old blind fiddler play