John Philip Griffith

Nanci Griffith

He was a simple man only to a stranger
And the kindness in his eyes
I still remember
Now that he is old
They say he's angry and he's cold
That his soul is dying

He's a wealthy man's dream
And he's a working man's dime
He has stood in both men's shoes
In his own damn time
The hard times of the thirties
Still linger in his mind
When he is lonely
He's out there in the cold
Twenty years away from home
Does he dream about his old home
In San Antone?
He's often watched the highways
But he's a man of sixty-five
Where ain't a soul in El Paso
Who would give an old drunk a ride

Now, he traded in his draftsman's pen
For a fishing pole
And his mansion on the hill
Is an alley in El Paso
The anchors of the fifties
Still hold to broken dreams
When his sorrows grow

He's out there in the cold
Twenty years away from home
Does he dream about his old home
In San Antone?
He's often watched the highways
But he's a man of sixty-five
There ain't a soul in El Paso
Who would give an old drunk a ride

Now, they tell me that John Philip
Loved to gamble in his day
And he burned his bridges well
When he walked away
He closed those corporate doors
Left his children and his home
Now no one owns him

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