

# 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