

A Nickel For The Fiddler

Rita Coolidge

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

It's fountains full of dogs and kids
It's freaky apple pie
It's the ones who came to play
And it's ones just passing by
It's coats of many colours
And it almost makes me cry
It's ice cream on a stick
And it's something you can buy

It's a fiddler from Kentucky
Who swears he's 83
And he's fiddled every contest
From here to Cripple Creek
It's old ones and it's young ones
And it's plain they half agreed
It's country music in the park
As far as they can see

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