

Gate Of Horn

Roger McGuinn

Goin' to the Gate of Horn
In my memory
Red light flickerin' on the tablecloth
Big, dark beer in front of me

How I wish that I was there
Standin' at the bar
Listenin' to Mr. Gibson play
On his fine guitar

It's a big old twelve-string
And it went like this
Gate of Horn, Gate of Horn
Glad I was Chicago born
Gate of Horn
Meant everythin' to me

I was barely seventeen
Little salty and a little green
Gate of Horn meant everythin' to me

Once in a while they'd play a jig
There was Judy and Peter and Josh and
Odetta
The Clancies and Mary and Paul made it better
Grossman and Tommy and Dickie and Lou
And when one was looking
McGuinn was there too

Then they came and tore it down
Songbirds scattered and we all left town
Gate of Horn
Meant everythin' to me