

Harmonica Man

Tom T. Hall

An old man stood and stared into the music store window
And he saw a sorta harmonica lyin' there in the sun
He thought of the music the harp could be playing
He closed his old eyes and he started to hum

He hummed an old song bout an unfaithful lover
He hummed the sweet tune about children at play
He hummed the bright song about beer drinking buddies
One about Jesus and uncloudy day

Well, he bought the harmonica and he took it on home
With his youth all behind him and livin' alone
He soon learned to play it as pure and as cool
As any great master musician could do

He played an old song 'bout an unfaithful lover

He played the sweet tune about children at play
He played the bright song about beer drinking buddies
And one about Jesus and uncloudy day

Well, they found him one morning lying there on the sofa
Ah but they didn't find his harmonica there
They lowered him down and they put the dirt
On him ashes to ashes to Jesus a prayer

Well, the old man's gone and of course his music went with him
And there's a sadness about him you know it seems strange to say
For all of his music and as much as he loved it
Nobody else even knew he could play