

# **Jerry Jeff Walker**

## **"My Old Man"**

Visit "[My Old Man](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

My old man had a rounder soul  
He'd hear an ol' freight train and he'd have to go  
Said he'd been blessed with a gypsy bone  
And that's the reason I guess that he'd been cursed to  
roam  
Came to town back before the war

Didn't even know what it was he was lookin' for  
He carried a tattered bag for his violin  
Full of lots of songs of the places he had been  
He talked real easy and he smiled and waved  
He could pass along to you when his fiddle played

Makin' people drop their cares and woes  
And hum out loud the tunes that his fiddle bowed  
Til the people there began to join that sound  
And ev'ryone in town was laughin,' singin,' dancin'  
'round  
Like the Fiddler's tunes we all there heard that night  
Like some dream that says all the world is right

Instrumental Break

The Fiddler's eye caught a beauty there  
She had that rollin' flowin' golden kind of hair  
He played for her as if she danced alone  
He played his favorite songs, the ones he called his  
own  
She alone was dancin' in the room  
The only thing left movin' to that Fiddler's tune

Instrumental break

He played until she was the last to go  
The he stopped and packed his case, said he'd take  
her home  
In all the nights that passed a child was born  
In all the years that passed, love would keep them  
warm  
And all their lives they'd share that dream come true  
And all because she danced so well his fiddler tune

Instrumental break

The train next mornin' blew a lonesome sound  
As if she sang the blues of what she took from town  
And all that I recall that was said when I was young  
There's no one else could really sing those songs he  
sung

Visit [Jerry Jeff Walker](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.