

John Denver

"My Old Man"

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My old man had a rounder's soul
He'd hear an old freight train
Then he'd have to go

Said he'd been blessed with a gypsy bone
That's the reason they guessed
He'd been cursed to roam

Came into town back before the war
Didn't even know what it was
He was looking for

Carried a tattered bag for his violin
It was full of lots of songs
Of places that he'd been

He talked real easy, had a smiling way
To pass along to you
When his fiddle played

Making people drop their cares and woes
To hum out loud those tunes
That his fiddle bowed

Till the people there began to join that sound
And everyone in town was laughing
Singing, dancing round

Like the fiddler's tune
Was all they heard that night
As if some dream said
"All the world is right"

His fiddler's eye caught one beauty there
She had that rollin', flowin'
Golden kind of hair

He played for her as if she danced alone
Played his favorite songs
Ones he called his own

He played until she was the last to go

Stopped and packed his case
And said he'd take her home

All the nights that passed a child was born
All the years that passed
That love would keep them warm

All their lives they'd share a dream come true
All because she danced
While his fiddle tuned

My old man had a rounder's soul
He'd hear an old freight train
Then he'd have to go

All that I recall said when I was so young
There's no one else could really
Sing those songs he sung

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