

Johnny Lee

"Cherokee Fiddle"

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When the train pulled into the station

He pulled up his sleeves and rosined up his bow

A little upside down Orange Blossom Special

Cause if you want to make a living you gotta put on a
good show

When he smelled the smoke and the cinders

Hes slicked back his hair and opened up his case

Played Cherokee Fiddle hes played for the whiskey

Cause good whiskey never let him lose his place

He was always there playing for the miners

Devils Dream was a song they understood

Then hes go back to Oklahoma

Hed wait till the train was running and the weather was
good

When he smelled the smoke and the cinders

Hes slicked back his hair and opened up his case

Played Cherokee Fiddle hes played for the whiskey

Cause good whiskey never let him lose his place

Now the Indians are dressing up like cowboys

And the cowboys are putting leather and turquoise on

And the music is sold by lawyers

And the fool who fiddle in the middle of the station is

gone

Some people say theyll never miss him

Old fiddles squeal like the engine breaks

Cherokee Fiddle is gone forever

Just like the music of the whistle that the old locomotion
makes

When you smelled the smoke and the cinders

Just slicked back your hair and opened up your case

Playing Cherokee Fiddle play it for the whiskey

Cause good whiskey never let you lose your place

No good whiskey never let you lose your place

No good whiskey never let you lose your place

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