

Charlie Daniels Band

"Blind Man - Charles Daniels"

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On a cold concrete sidewalk, on the corner of fifth and main

Sits an old black blind man, and no one knows his name

He plays the same old guitar, he plays the same old tune

And when the people pass him by, some are heard to say

Play, let the blind man play

He was a cotton picker down in Alabam'

Daddy never amounted to much died by his own hand

He lost his sight one terrible night by the hand of the Ku Klux Klan

Burned his eyes with a branding iron some are heard to say

Play, let the blind man play

Maybe you'll be around another day

Dreamin' about those little things you know you'll never see

So play, let the blind man play, let the blind man play!

The years were kind while the man was blind, but he knew his time was due

And no one cried when the blind man died, with the name that no one knew

They made his coffin outta knotty pine, with a wreath of laurel too

His epitaph was short and sweet, and all it said was play

Play let the blind man play

Maybe you'll be around another day

Dreamin' about those little things you know you'll never see

So play, let the blind man play, let the blind man play

Maybe you'll be around another day

Dreamin' about those little things you know you'll never see

So play, let the blind man play, let the blind man play

Play that guitar blind man!

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