

Michael Martin Murphey **"Cherokee Fiddle"**

Visit "[Cherokee Fiddle](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

When the train pulled in to the station
He slicked back his hair, rosined up his bow
Fiddle upside down, Orange Blossom Special
If you want to make a living then you've got to put on a
good show

When he smelled the smoke and the cinders
Rolled his sleeves up, opened up his case
Played Cherokee Fiddle, played for the whiskey
Good whiskey never let him lose his place

He was always there playing for the miners
Devil's Dream was a tune they all understood
Then he'd go home to Oklahoma
And wait 'till the trains were runnin' and the weather
was good

When he smelled the smoke and the cinders
Rolled his sleeves up, opened up his case

Played Cherokee Fiddle, played for the whiskey
Good whiskey never let him lose his place

Now the Indians are dressin' up like cowboys
And the cowboys are puttin' leather and turquoise on
And the music gets sold by the lawyers
And the fools who fiddled in the middle of the stations
are gone

Some folks say they'll never miss them
Fiddle screeched like the engine break
O' Cherokee Fiddle gone forever
Like the sound that the whistle on an old locomotive
make

So when you smell the smoke and the cinders
Slick your hair back, open up your case
Play Cherokee Fiddle, play for the whiskey
Good whiskey never let's you lose your place
No, good whiskey never let's you lose your place

