

Robert Hunter

"Boys In The Barroom"

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Does God look down on the boys in the barroom?
Mainly forsaken but surely not judged
Jacks, Kings and Aces, their faces in wine
Do Lord deliver our kind?

From singin' for whiskey, three strings on a fiddle
Four on the guitar and a song that I love
Many's the night we spent pickin' and singin'
In hopes it be pleasing both here and above

Jack string fiddle to my saw tooth bow
Who loves loneliness, loves it alone
I love the dim lights like some love the dew
The only thing I wonder sometimes

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