

Byrds, The

"Old John Robertson"

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Old John Robertson
He wore a Stetson hat
People everywhere would
Laugh behind his back

No one cared to take
Any time to find out
What he was all about
Fear kept them out

Children laughed and played
And didn't know his name
They could tell when he
Was coming just the same

Walking slow with old John's
Crippled wife by his side
Then she sighed, then she died

Magic words from him
Entrancing children's ears
But they laughed at him
When he went to hide his tears

All in vain was no game
For he'd lost an old friend
In the end, in the end

Old John Robertson
He wore a Stetson hat
People everywhere would
Laugh behind his back

No one cared to take
Any time to find out
What he was all about
Fear kept them out

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