

## Stephen Speaks

### "Blind Fiddler Medley: The Blind Fiddler/do"

Visit "[Blind Fiddler Medley: The Blind Fiddler/do](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Blind Fiddler Medley ("The Blind Fiddler," Trad.; "Do for the Others," Stephen Stills; "Know You Got to Run," Stephen Stills/John Hopkins)

I lost my eyes in a blacksmith shop  
In the year of fifty six  
Working on a t-flange  
'Twas in need of fix  
It bounded from the tongs  
And there concealed my doom

I am a blind fiddler  
Far from my home

I have a wife and daughter  
Depending on me  
What good can I do them  
My God I cannot see  
I wander from one place to another  
My daily bread to win

I am a blind fiddler  
Looking for a friend

Round round up and down  
All along the lonely town  
See him sinkin' low  
Doesn't see the love there is to know

And he cries  
From the misery  
And he lies  
Singing harmony  
She is gone  
There is no tomorrow  
It is done  
So now he must borrow  
The life of his brothers  
And living in sorrow  
He must do  
For the others

A chill wind hits his face  
Was that a tear  
I thought I saw a trace  
Loving people everywhere  
Where is she  
She is not there

And he cries  
From the misery  
And he lies  
Singing harmony  
She is gone  
There is no tomorrow  
It is done  
So now he must borrow  
The life of his brothers  
And living in sorrow  
He must do  
For the others

Know you got to run  
And you know you got to hide  
Don't know who to follow  
Who is on your side  
Don't know where you're going  
Won't talk of where you been  
And I may see you tomorrow  
Never more again

And you got yourself a potion  
For to keep you from your sleep  
In the dark and lonely hours  
I've heard you laugh and weep  
Talk about you're sinkin'  
What a hole you're in  
But you'll never face your lonely soul  
Never face your friends

And you know you got to run  
And you know you got to hide  
Still there is a great light  
Lingerin' deep within your eyes  
Open up open up  
C'mon and let me in  
When you can love yourself honey I  
I can love you then

I lost my eyes in a blacksmith shop  
In seventeen fifty six  
Working on a t-flange

'Twas in need of fix  
It bounded from the tongs  
And there concealed my doom  
I am a blind fiddler  
Far from my home

Round round up and down  
All along the lonely town

Visit [Stephen Speaks](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.