

Soul Cycle

"Cherokee Fiddle"

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When the train pulled into the station
He pulled up his sleeves and rosined up his bow
A little upside down Orange Blossom Special
Cause if you want to make a living you gotta put on a
good show

When he smelled the smoke and the cinders
Hes slicked back his hair and opened up his case
Played Cherokee Fiddle hes played for the whiskey
Cause good whiskey never let him lose his place

He was always there playing for the miners
Devils Dream was a song they understood
Then hes go back to Oklahoma
Hed wait till the train was running and the weather was
good

When he smelled the smoke and the cinders
Hes slicked back his hair and opened up his case
Played Cherokee Fiddle hes played for the whiskey
Cause good whiskey never let him lose his place

Now the Indians are dressing up like cowboys
And the cowboys are putting leather and turquoise on
And the music is sold by lawyers
And the fool who fiddle in the middle of the station is
gone

Some people say theyll never miss him
Old fiddles squeal like the engine breaks
Cherokee Fiddle is gone forever
Just like the music of the whistle that the old locomotion
makes

When you smelled the smoke and the cinders
Just slicked back your hair and opened up your case
Playing Cherokee Fiddle play it for the whiskey
Cause good whiskey never let you lose your place
No good whiskey never let you lose your place
No good whiskey never let you lose your place

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