

Mickey the Fiddler

Jack Bruce

Mickey the Fiddler

(Bruce/Hart)

I saw a man on Primrose Hill

Mickey the fiddler was there

Reaching out for the highest note

He could extract from the air

With his fiddle and bow I saw a man on Primrose Hill

Mickey the fiddler stood there

At an angle to the universe

Standing utterly still

Small man in a big world

And with the warming of the seasons

And with yje changing of his mind

He walks out from the prison

He cries, "Thank you sir" I saw a man on Primrose Hill

Staring into my mind

He told the month when I was born

Told me what I would find

At the end of the rainbow Mickey the fiddler's on Primrose Hill

His clothes worn down at the heel

At an angle to the universe

He stands utterly still

Small man in a big world

And with the warming of the seasons

And with the changing of his mind

He walks out from the prison

He cries, "Thank you sir" Thank you sir

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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