Rod McNeil

Tim O'Brien

Now I make a living from a circuit I made
Out of trial and error and gigs that I've played
It might be the money or the town that it's in
But mostly it's people make you come back againThere was one little place that I played every year
It's outside of Pittsburgh and I guess it's still there
Just a little old Moose lodge, the crowd was okay
But you'd never got rich from the money they'd payIt's mostly been silent since Rod was around
That place used to ring with a bluegrassy sound
And I'll never forget the way he made me feel
A big man with a bigger heart, named Rod McNeilYou might arrive tired and dark in a gloom
Then he'd buy a big dinner and pay for your room
Pete Rowan would hug him and call him his dad
That day the lonely road didn't seem badWell, I saw this and said that I'd buy it for Tim
Didn't I Marty, he'd say with a grin
And I keep that toy fiddle on my window sill
To remind me of Rod and those gray Pittsburgh hillsNow it's mostly been silent since Rod was around
But that place used to ring with a bluegrassy sound
And I'll never forget the way he made me feel
A big man with a big heart, named Rod McNeil

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