

Since 1917

John Fern

I FOUND IT AT A RUMMAGE SALE, BENEATH A PILE OF TRASH.
AN OLD BEAT UP FLAT TOP GUITAR, MARKED TWO DOLLARS CASH.
REACHED INTO MY POCKET, FOR MY LAST DOLLAR BILL.
ASKED THE MAN IF HE WOULD TAKE A BUCK, AND HE SAID I SURELY WILL.
TOOK IT HOME AND CLEANED IT UP, AND WIPED THE COBWEBS OUT.
GAVE IT STRINGS AND TUNED IT UP, CHECKED THE SERIAL NUMBER OUT.
COULDNâ€™T HELP BUT WONDER ALL THE PLACES IT HAD BEEN.
WHEN I FOUND OUT IT HAD BEEN MADE BACK IN 1917.
YOU MUST HAVE PLAYED A MILLION, SONGS BACK THROUGH ALL THE YEARS.
WERE YOU FIRST SOLD IN A GENERAL STORE, OR A CATALOG FROM SEARS.
WHO WAS THE FIRST TO POINT AT YOU AND LAY THEIR MONEY DOWN.
AND STRUM EACH OF YOUR BRAND NEW STRINGS TO LISTEN TO YOUR SOUND.
BEFORE THE DAY I CAME ALONG AND FISHED A DOLLAR FROM MY JEANS.
HOW MANYâ€™S HANDS DID YOU PASS THROUGH SINCE 1917.
WERE YOU THE LIFE OF THE PARTY, OR SOMEBODYâ€™S BEST FRIEND.
OR PASSED ALONG TO FAMILY, OR FOR WHAT THE DOWNTOWN PAWNSHOP LENDS.
OR TRAVELED DOWN A DIRT ROAD OR A RUSTY RAILROAD TRACK.
WHERE A DUSTY HOBO HAD YOU STRAP TO ON HIS BACK.
MAYBE A LONESOME COWBOY PARTED WITH HIS HARDEN PAY.
JUST SO HE COULD PLAY HIS MUSIC, AFTER RIDINâ€™HERD ALL DAY.
OR SOME YOUNG KID ON THE SIDEWALK, PROBABLY DOWN ON HIS LOCK.
PLAYING ALL HIS SONG OF NEW, HOPING SOMEONE THRO A BUCK.
YOUR MUSIC COMES FROM HEAVEN, BUT I CAN SEE YOUâ€™VE BEEN THROUGH HELL.
IF YOU COULD ONLY TALK MY FRIEND, THE STORIES YOU COULD TELL.
BUT OF COURSE Iâ€™LL NEVER KNOW SO Iâ€™LL JUST HAVE TO DREAM.
EVERYTHING THAT YOUâ€™VE BEEN THROUGH SINCE 1917.
EVERYTHING THAT YOUâ€™VE BEEN THROUGH SINCE 1917.

Lyrics Submitted by Stephen Feldmann

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