

Old John Robertson

The Byrds

Old John Robertson
He wore a Stetson hat
People everywhere would
Laugh behind his back No one cared to take
Any time to find out
What he was all about
Fear kept them out Children laughed and played
And didn't know his name
They could tell when he
Was coming just the same Walking slow with old John's
Crippled wife by his side
Then she sighed, then she died Magic words from him
Entrancing children's ears
But they laughed at him
When he went to hide his tears All in vain was no game
For he'd lost an old friend
In the end, in the end Old John Robertson
He wore a Stetson hat
People everywhere would
Laugh behind his back No one cared to take
Any time to find out
What he was all about
Fear kept them out

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