# Cherokee Fiddle (Re-Recorded)

## Johnny Lee

When the [D]train pulled into the [G]station
He'd open up his [A]case [Bb]and resin up his [Bm]bow [Bb]
He'd play upside down the Orange Blossom Special
Cause if you want to make a living you've got to put on a good showChorusAnd when he'd smell the smoke and the cinders
He'd slick back his hair, and open up his case
He'd play the Cherokee Fiddle, he'd play it for the whiskey
Cause good whiskey never let him lose his placeHe was always there, playing for the miners
The Devil's Dream was a song they understood
And then he'd go out to Oklahoma
But he'd wait till the trains were running and the weather was goodChorusINSTRUMENTAL (Like a verse)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 fools who fiddled in the middle of the stations are goneSome folks say they'll never miss him
That old fiddle [Bm]squealed like the engines brakes
The Cherokee Fiddle is gone forever
Like the music of the whistle that the old locomotives madeSo when you smell the smoke and the cinders
Slick back your hair, and open up your case
Play the Cherokee Fiddle, you can play it for the whiskey
Good whiskey will never let you lose your place
Good whiskey will never let you lose your placeGood whiskey will never let you lose your place

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