Blind Man

Charlie Daniels Band

On a cold concrete sidewalk, on the corner of fifth and main
Sits an old black blind man, and no one knows his name
He plays the same old guitar, he plays the same old tune
And when the people pass him by, some are heard to sayPlay, let the blind man playHe was a cotton picker down in Alabam'
Daddy never amounted to much died by his own hand
He lost his sight one terrible night by the hand of the Ku Klux Klan
Burned his eyes with a branding iron some are heard to sayPlay, let the blind man play
Maybe you'll be around another day
Dreamin' about those little things you know you'll never see
So play, let the blind man play, let the blind man play!The years were kind while the man was blind, but he knew his time was due
And no one cried when the blind man died, with the name that no one knew
They made his coffin outta knotty pine, with a wreath of laurel too
His epitaph was short and sweet, and all it said was playPlay let the blind man play
Maybe you'll be around another day
Dreamin' about those little things you know you'll never see
So play, let the blind man play, let the blind man playMaybe you'll be around another day
Dreamin' about those little things you know you'll never see
So play, let the blind man play, let the blind man playPlay that guitar blind man!

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/