

# 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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