

# My Old Man

John Denver

My old man had a rounder's soul  
He'd hear an old freight train  
Then he'd have to go Said he'd been blessed with a gypsy bone  
That's the reason they guessed  
He'd been cursed to roam Came into town back before the war  
Didn't even know what it was  
He was looking for Carried a tattered bag for his violin  
It was full of lots of songs  
Of places that he'd been He talked real easy, had a smiling way  
To pass along to you  
When his fiddle played Making people drop their cares and woes  
To hum out loud those tunes  
That his fiddle bowed Till the people there began to join that sound  
And everyone in town was laughing  
Singing, dancing round Like the fiddler's tune  
Was all they heard that night  
As if some dream said  
"All the world is right" His fiddler's eye caught one beauty there  
She had that rollin', flowin'  
Golden kind of hair He played for her as if she danced alone  
Played his favorite songs  
Ones he called his own He played until she was the last to go  
Stopped and packed his case  
And said he'd take her home All the nights that passed a child was born  
All the years that passed  
That love would keep them warm All their lives they'd share a dream come true  
All because she danced  
While his fiddle tuned My old man had a rounder's soul  
He'd hear an old freight train  
Then he'd have to go All that I recall said when I was so young  
There's no one else could really  
Sing those songs he sung

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