

Gene Watson, The Old Man With A Horn

The old man told his story
About the years gone by
How he played his horn down in New Orleans
In some old dingy dive
"I knew 'em all back then." he said
As he reached out for his horn
He closed his eyes - and wet his lips
Then the blues were born.

He played with so much feelin'
Tears came from his eyes
He stopped and reminisced a bit
And then he gave a sigh!
Said, "You know, I almost made it
But that was before your time
Dixieland, Po' Folks Blues
ScatMan Jack and wine."

Slapped his knee and gave a grin
It sure was good back then
Reaching for his horn on the floor
Placed it in an old towsack
That hung across his back
He said "Goodbye!"

And shuffled out the door.

Enthused by what he told me
I never got his name
So, I called the waitress over
And started to explain
A tired old man - his tarnished horn
Mem'ries of years gone by
How he played his horn and reminisced
Smiled with tear-dimmed eyes.

She said you are mistaken
There's been no one but you
But I know who you're talkin' 'bout
I used to know him, too
You'll find him down on Basin Street
In back of an old churchyard
A stone that reads, "Rest in Peace
I tried but it sure was hard."

CHORUS

He said, "Goodbye" then shuffled out the door.