

# Cherokee Fiddle

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 show  
Chorus And 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 place  
He 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 good  
Chorus INSTRUMENTAL  
(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 gone  
Some 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 made  
So 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 place  
place

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>