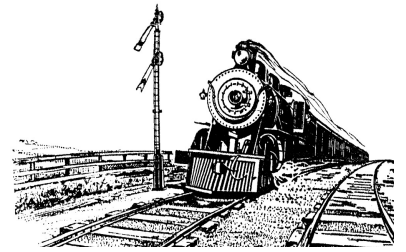


Cherokee Fiddle

Michael Martin Murphy



C
When the train pulled into the
F
station
G
He'd open up his case and resin up
Am
his bow

C
He'd play upside down, Orange
F
Blossom Special
G7
Cause if you want to make a living
C
you've got to put on a good show

(FIRST CHORUS)

Am
When he'd smell the smoke and
C
the cinders
Am
He'd slick back his hair, and open up
Dm G7
his case

C
Played Cherokee Fiddle,
F
he'd play it for the whiskey
G7
Cause good whiskey never let him
C
lose his place

He was always there, playing for the
miners
The Devil's Dream was a tune they
understood
Then he'd go back to Oklahoma
Wait till the trains were running and the
weather was good

(REPEAT FIRST CHORUS)

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

(SECOND CHORUS)

Some folks say they'll never miss it
That old fiddle squealed like the engine
brakes
Old Cherokee Fiddle is gone forever
Like the music that the whistle of the old
locomotives makes

(THIRD CHORUS)

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 (2X)