

Stephen Stills, Blind Fiddler Medley

Blind Fiddler Medley ("The Blind Fiddler," Trad.; "Do for the Others," Stephen

I lost my eyes in a blacksmith shop
In the year of fifty six
Working on a t-flange
'Twas in need of fix
It bounded from the tongs
And there concealed my doom

I am a blind fiddler
Far from my home

I have a wife and daughter
Depending on me
What good can I do them
My God I cannot see
I wander from one place to another
My daily bread to win

I am a blind fiddler
Looking for a friend

Round round up and down
All along the lonely town
See him sinkin' low
Doesn't see the love there is to know

And he cries
From the misery
And he lies
Singing harmony
She is gone
There is no tomorrow
It is done
So now he must borrow
The life of his brothers
And living in sorrow
He must do
For the others

A chill wind hits his face
Was that a tear
I thought I saw a trace
Loving people everywhere
Where is she
She is not there

And he cries
From the misery
And he lies
Singing harmony
She is gone
There is no tomorrow
It is done
So now he must borrow
The life of his brothers
And living in sorrow
He must do
For the others

Know you got to run
And you know you got to hide
Don't know who to follow
Who is on your side

Don't know where you're going
Won't talk of where you been
And I may see you tomorrow
Never more again

And you got yourself a potion
For to keep you from your sleep
In the dark and lonely hours
I've heard you laugh and weep
Talk about you're sinkin'
What a hole you're in
But you'll never face your lonely soul
Never face your friends

And you know you got to run
And you know you got to hide
Still there is a great light
Lingerin' deep within your eyes
Open up open up
C'mon and let me in
When you can love yourself honey I
I can love you then

I lost my eyes in a blacksmith shop
In seventeen fifty six
Working on a t-flange
'Twas in need of fix
It bounded from the tongs
And there concealed my doom
I am a blind fiddler
Far from my home

Round round up and down
All along the lonely town