

# The Byrds, Old John Robertson

Old John Robertson he wore a Stetson hat  
People everywhere would laugh behind his back  
No one cared to take any time to find out  
What he was all about, fear kept them out

Children laughed and played and didn't know his name  
They could tell when he was coming just the same  
Walking slow with old John's crippled wife by his side  
Then she sighed, then she died

Magic words from him would charm some children's ears  
But they laughed at him when he hid behind his tears  
All in vain was no game for he'd lost an old friend  
In the end, in the end...

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