

# Tom T. Hall, Magnificent Music Machine

He's got nothing but talent and time on his hands  
He loves his music, hangs out with his band  
He's got big-hit ambitions and number one dreams  
He's a high-rollin', a magnificent music machine

He hit town with nothing but his old guitar  
With visions of grandeur and being a star

He writes them and sings them like you've never seen  
He's a high-rollin', a magnificent music machine

Well sometimes he's dejected and sometimes he's afraid  
But he knows what he's in for 'til his dues are paid  
Sometimes they're fat girls and sometimes they're lean  
He's a high-rollin', a magnificent music machine