

Enter The Haggis, The Barfly

I met an old man one night in a bar
He was sitting alone
The way men his age always are
His movements were slow
Didn't speak very well
But every old man has a story to tell

He lived by the book
Went to church every day
But his wife left him young
With two daughters and bills to pay
He worked himself hard
And the years flickered past
His girls kept him young
But they grew up so fast

Prodigal faith always felt second best
When she turned seventeen
She took her coat and her camera
And headed west
It broke her dad's heart
But as he likes to say
With enough time apart
Even faith fades away

Jenny met Ray in his last days ashore
They married in May
And that August he joined the war
He said Jenny don't cry
I'll be home in the fall
So she held her head high
And said nothing at all

Then he got in a plane
Took it up in the air
It never came down
For all she knows it's still
Flying around up there
Then Jenny went wrong
And the last that I heard
It's been seven years long
Since she uttered a word
Seven years gone
Since she uttered a word

Now her father just sits
All alone at the bar
He orders his drinks
And smokes cigarettes
He knows he can't afford
He's got no regrets
Says he's doing quite well
But every old man
Has a story to tell