

# 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