

# Gene Watson, The Old Man With A Horn

The old man told his story  
About the years gone by  
How he played his horn down in New Orleans  
In some old dingy dive  
"I knew 'em all back then." he said  
As he reached out for his horn  
He closed his eyes - and wet his lips  
Then the blues were born.

He played with so much feelin'  
Tears came from his eyes  
He stopped and reminisced a bit  
And then he gave a sigh!  
Said, "You know, I almost made it  
But that was before your time  
Dixieland, Po' Folks Blues  
ScatMan Jack and wine."

Slapped his knee and gave a grin  
It sure was good back then  
Reaching for his horn on the floor  
Placed it in an old towsack  
That hung across his back  
He said "Goodbye!"

And shuffled out the door.

Enthused by what he told me  
I never got his name  
So, I called the waitress over  
And started to explain  
A tired old man - his tarnished horn  
Mem'ries of years gone by  
How he played his horn and reminisced  
Smiled with tear-dimmed eyes.

She said you are mistaken  
There's been no one but you  
But I know who you're talkin' 'bout  
I used to know him, too  
You'll find him down on Basin Street  
In back of an old churchyard  
A stone that reads, "Rest in Peace  
I tried but it sure was hard."

CHORUS

He said, "Goodbye" then shuffled out the door.