

# Kinky Friedman, Nashville Casualty & Life

(Kinky Friedman)

In faded gabardine he used to stand  
Down by the Union Station with that ol' hat in his hand.  
A banjo-pickin' devil, a singin' rag-time saint.  
The young folks called him beautiful, the old folks called him quaint.

And the station-master pointed to the sign  
And they busted him for loiterin' when he was makin' memories rhyme.  
Out in the falling snow he'd sing his song  
To a world too cold to listen and too white to sing along.

Just a Nashville casualty and life  
Done left him without a dime.  
Ever since the good Lord took his wife  
You'll find him strummin' on the corner all the time.  
And most of Music City never the saw the world within the song  
Of a Nashville casualty and life goes on.

In the attic sets a dusty hat and cane  
And the kids they found a banjo there all rusted from the rain.  
I strummed a little rusty rag-time beat  
And I sang for every soul out on the street.

I could almost see him standin' in the rain  
His black and blinded face reflectin' all the pain  
Of all the years and people passin' by  
And all the ringin' memories that can make a banjo cry.

Just a Nashville casualty and life  
It's a riff that's hell to play.  
You sings for your livin' in the street  
And you sleeps in the back of some caf  
And most of Music City never sees the world within the song  
Of a Nashville casualty and life goes on.