

Nanci Griffith, Daddy Said

Oh, I used to wish I was a hard line taker ... and they'd say,
"Six to one a half dozen'll break her";
'till I fell in love with a young man who sang the blues
Oh, bless my daddy, he warned me well
He'd whisper in my ear and say, "Now look out, gal ...
there's always a ne'er do well gonna call you the fool";

He said, "you'll never learn to fish on a borrowed line
you'll never learn to write if you're walkin' 'round cryin'
and it's a pity that you're lover died young, but ...
you'll never get tired of livin' alone";

So, now I dream of the lover that I don't know
It's safer this way 'cuz I don't have to go ... oh, and he
won't come ... so nobody goes away
Sometimes I wish for the warmth of his hand
take a look in these eyes and understand
I'm just a little too old to be a-learnin' the rules of the game

He said, "you'll never learn to fish on a borrowed line
you'll never learn to write if you're walkin' 'round cryin'
and it's a pity that you're lover died young, but ...
you'll never get tired of livin' alone";

Oh, maybe I could take him to Mexico
We'd kick our heels in the warm cloudy gulf
He'd sing a song about the weather in the Poconos;
this lover that I don't know
Then two hearts would pound 'stead of one in the night
I'd learn to fish with my own line
catch my dream and hope that line would hold

He said, "you'll never learn to fish on a borrowed line
you'll never learn to write if you're walkin' 'round cryin'
and it's a pity that you're lover died young, but ...
you'll never get tired of livin' alone";

No, I never get tired of livin' alone
Sometimes my feet get cold ... when I'm livin' alone ..