

# The Charlie Daniels Band, Blind Man

On a cold concrete sidewalk, on the corner of Fifth and Main  
Sits an old black blind man, and no one knows his name.  
He plays the same old guitar, he plays the same old tune  
And when the people pass him by, some are heard to say  
Play, let the blind man play.

He was a cotton picker down in Alabam  
Daddy never amounted to much; died by his own hand  
He lost his sight one terrible night by the hand of the Ku Klux Klan  
Burned his eyes with a branding iron some are heard to say;

Play, let the blind man play  
Maybe youll be around another day  
Dreamin about those little things you know youll never see  
So play, let the blind man play, let the blind man play!

The years were kind while the man was blind, but he knew his time was due  
And no one cried when the blind man died, with the name that no one knew  
They made his coffin outta knotty pine, with a wreath of laurel too  
His epitaph was short and sweet, and all it said was &quot;Play&quot;.

Play, let the blind man play  
Maybe youll be around another day  
Dreamin about those little things you know youll never see  
So play, let the blind man play, let the blind man play  
Maybe youll be around another day  
Dreamin about those little things you know youll never see  
So play, let the blind man play, let the blind man play

Play that guitar blind man!