

# Tom T. Hall, Harmonica Man

An old man stood and stared into the music store window  
And he saw a sorta harmonica lyin' there in the sun  
He thought of the music the harp could be playing  
He closed his old eyes and he started to hum  
He hummed an old song bout an unfaithful lover  
He hummed the sweet tune about children at play  
He hummed the bright song about beer drinking buddies  
One about Jesus and uncloudy day  
Well he bought the harmonica and he took it on home  
With his youth all behind him and livin' alone  
He soon learned to play it as pure and as cool as any great master musician could do  
He played an old song bout an unfaithful lover  
He played the sweet tune about children at play  
He played the bright song about beer drinking buddies  
And one about Jesus and uncloudy day  
Well they found him one morning lying there on the sofa  
Ah but they didn't find his harmonica there  
They lowered him down and they put the dirt on him ashes to ashes to Jesus a prayer  
Well the old man's gone and of course his music went with him  
And there's a sadness about him you know it seems strange to say  
For all of his music and as much as he loved it nobody else even knew he could play