## 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