

DAD'S OLD FIDDLE

There's two nails in the wall above the door in the hall
Where dad's old fiddle hung for twenty years
I recall as just a boy how my heart would beat with joy
When daddy would play the song I loved to hear

And daddy would play.

Daddy never left us any will telling us what he'd give
But everybody knew his fiddle was mine
But the fiddle was all he left so I had to teach myself
And I bet I played his song a million times
And I would play.

Well, if dad could see me now oh I know that he'd be proud
To hear his old fiddle played once again
But maybe it won't be long till I join him in his song
And together we'll play this song once again
And then we'll play.