

OLD JOHN ROBERTSON

Written by Chris Hillman and Roger McGuinn

OLD JOHN ROBERTSON HE WORE A STETSON HAT

PEOPLE EVERYWHERE WOULD LAUGH BEHIND HIS BACK

NO ONE CARED TO TAKE ANY TIME TO FIND OUT

WHAT HE WAS ALL ABOUT; FEAR KEPT THEM OUT

CHILDREN LAUGHED AND PLAYED AND DIDN'T KNOW HIS NAME

THEY COULD TELL WHEN HE WAS COMING JUST THE SAME

WALKING SLOW WITH OLD JOHN'S CRIPPLED WIFE BY HIS SIDE

THEN SHE SIGHED; THEN SHE DIED

MAGIC WORDS FROM HIM WOULD CHARM SOME CHILDREN'S EARS

BUT THEY LAUGHED AT HIM WHEN HE HID BEHIND HIS TEARS

ALL IN VAIN WAS NO GAME FOR HE'D LOST AN OLD FRIEND

IN THE END, IN THE END

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**SHALOM, from
SPIKE and JAMIE**