

# Talk to Me Fiddle

Charlie Daniels

Well if this old fiddle could talk  
If this old fiddle could sing  
Man if this old fiddle could only talk  
It could tell you some wondrous things  
Talk to me fiddle

Tell me about when you came across the sea  
In the hands of a jewish immigrant who was longing to be free  
And you were part of his life for forty years  
Through times both lean and fat  
And he raised his family and lived out his days  
In a New York tenement flat  
Talk to me fiddle

Tell me about how that cajun fiddlin' man  
Found you in a pawn shop and took you back down  
To the Louisiana bayou land  
You knew his wife and you knew his kids  
And you watched his family grow  
And you played your heart out caju'n style  
At the Louisiana Fais Do Do  
Well talk to me fiddle

Then a big shot yankee gambler found you down in New Orleans  
And took you up the river on the Mississippi Queen  
Then there came the day that you were all  
That he had left to lose  
And a black man won you in a poker game  
And taught you how to play the blues  
Talk to me fiddle

Then a hobo from Biloxi found you living in the rain  
And he got himself a free ride on a west-bound cattle train  
And you got off in Texas  
Where they play that western swing  
Where the people do the two-step  
And old Bob Wills was the king  
Talk to me fiddle

You've been bouncing around America from sea to shining sea  
Now your traveling days are over fiddle 'cause you belong to me