

The Fiddle Player's Got the Blues

Charlie Daniels

When I woke up it was raining
Well, I got soaked
When I woke up this morning
I was cold and wet and broken
I ain't got no destination
I'm just gonna follow my shoes
I may run on up to Dallas
But the fiddle player's got the blues
Feel kinda like ol' Ray Charles
And Georgia on my mind
Sure wish I could get there
I ain't got a dime
These hard times that I'm having
I guess they call it paying dues
That's just how things get goin'
When fiddle player's got the blues
Yeah, he's got the blues
They say playing in these beer joints
Kinda keeps a man in touch
Sure beats pickin' cotton
But it just don't beat it much
I guess it all comes down
To whatever life you choose
And you know I ain't complaining
It's just the fiddle player's got the blues