

## Don't Cuss the Fiddle

Kris Kristofferson

I scandalized my brother  
While admittin' that he sang some pretty songs (and he did)  
I'd heard that he'd been scandalizing me  
And, Lord, I knew that that was wrong (and I was)  
Now I'm lookin' at it over  
Something cool and feelin' fool enough to see  
What I had called my brother on  
Now he had every right to call on me

Don't ever cuss that fiddle, boy  
Unless you want that fiddle out of tune  
That picker there in trouble, boy  
Ain't nothin' but another side of you  
If we ever get to heaven, boys  
It ain't because we ain't done nothin' wrong  
We're in this gig together  
So let's settle down and steal each other's songs

I found a wounded brother  
Drinkin' bitterly away the afternoon  
And soon enough he turned on me  
Like he'd done every face in that saloon  
Well, we cussed him to the ground  
And said he couldn't even steal a decent song  
But soon as it was spoken  
We was sad enough to wish that we were wrong

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