

## Gate Of Horn

Roger McGuinn

Goin' to the Gate of Horn  
In my memory  
Red light flickerin' on the tablecloth  
Big, dark beer in front of me

How I wish that I was there  
Standin' at the bar  
Listenin' to Mr. Gibson play  
On his fine guitar

It's a big old twelve-string  
And it went like this  
Gate of Horn, Gate of Horn  
Glad I was Chicago born  
Gate of Horn  
Meant everythin' to me

I was barely seventeen  
Little salty and a little green  
Gate of Horn meant everythin' to me

Once in a while they'd play a jig  
There was Judy and Peter and Josh and  
Odetta  
The Clancies and Mary and Paul made it better  
Grossman and Tommy and Dickie and Lou  
And when one was looking  
McGuinn was there too

Then they came and tore it down  
Songbirds scattered and we all left town  
Gate of Horn  
Meant everythin' to me