

## Rod Mcneil

Tim O'Brien

Now I make a living from a circuit I made  
Out of trial and error and gigs that I've played  
It might be the money or the town that it's in  
But mostly it's people make you come back again

There was one little place that I played every year  
It's outside of Pittsburgh and I guess it's still there  
Just a little old Moose lodge, the crowd was okay  
But you'd never got rich from the money they'd pay

It's mostly been silent since Rod was around  
That place used to ring with a bluegrassy sound  
And I'll never forget the way he made me feel  
A big man with a bigger heart, named Rod McNeil

You might arrive tired and dark in a gloom  
Then he'd buy a big dinner and pay for your room  
Pete Rowan would hug him and call him his dad  
That day the lonely road didn't seem bad

Well, I saw this and said that I'd buy it for Tim  
Didn't I Marty, he'd say with a grin  
And I keep that toy fiddle on my window sill  
To remind me of Rod and those gray Pittsburgh hills

Now it's mostly been silent since Rod was around  
But that place used to ring with a bluegrassy sound  
And I'll never forget the way he made me feel  
A big man with a big heart, named Rod McNeil