

The Barber's Fiddle

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For Gene at the Star Barbershop in Bristol, VA; Mr. Billy Womack of Woodbury, TN; and the person who told me this story at Dollywood a million years ago. - BB

Mr. Gene's barbershop
State Street, the Virginia side
Walked in hand in hand with pa
5 years old and terrified
Mr. Gene smiled at me
Helped me up into the chair
In the mirror I could see
An old red fiddle hanging there

The gray-haired barber caught my gaze
Said, "That's a tale I like to tell
Of a young man who came in one day
With a fiddle and a dream to sell
He tried to live out on the road
Thought music was where he belonged
It broke his heart and it broke his soul
Made him sing a different song

Chorus: Fiddled up high
Fiddled down low
Fiddle most everywhere I go
I'd fiddle until my dyin' day
If I could make a life on a fiddler's pay

He sat in this very chair
Scared of what his folks would say
His hope was gone, his pockets bare
They warned him it would end this way
He returned to start anew
No money for a shave and trim
He asked, "Would this fiddle do?"
Said it wasn't any use to him

Chorus: Fiddled up high
Fiddled down low
Fiddle most everywhere I go
I'd fiddle until my dyin' day
If I could make a life on a fiddler's pay

Mr. Gene swept the floor
Spun me 'round and said you're done
I begged him to tell me more
What happened to the wayward son
Turns out it was Mr. Gene
Hung his fiddle up that day
And now I'm living out his dream

Because he taught me how to play

Chorus 2: Fiddle up high
Fiddle down low
Fiddle most everywhere I go
Gonna fiddle until my dyin' day
If I can make a life on a fiddler's pay

Tag: Livin' my life on a fiddler's pay