

# CHEROKEE FIDDLE

*Michael Martin Murphy*

V1 C V2 C V3 C2 C3 T

INTRO: D G A Bb Bm Bb

## Verse 1

When the train pulled into the station  
He'd roll up his sleeves and rosin up his bow  
Fiddle upside down the Orange Blossom Special  
Cause if you want to make a living you've got to put on a good show

## Chorus

And when he'd smell the smoke and the cinders  
He'd slick back his hair, and open up his case  
He'd play the Cherokee Fiddle, he'd play it for the whiskey  
Cause good whiskey never let him lose his place

## Verse 2

He was always there, playing for the miners  
The Devil's Dream was a song they understood  
And then he'd go back to Oklahoma  
But he'd wait till the trains were running and the weather was good

INSTRUMENTAL (Like a verse)

D G A Bb Bm Bb  
D G A7 D

## Verse 3

Now the Indians are dressing up like cowboys  
And the cowboys are putting leather and turquoise on  
And the music is sold by lawyers  
And the fools who fiddled in the middle of the stations are gone

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## Chorus 2

Some folks say they'll never miss him  
That old fiddle squealed like the Indian race  
The Cherokee Fiddle is gone forever  
Like the music of the whistle that the old locomotives made

## Chorus 3

So when you smell the smoke and the cinders  
Slick back your hair, and open up your case  
Play the Cherokee Fiddle, you can play it for the whiskey  
Good whiskey will never let you lose your place  
Good whiskey will never let you lose your place

## Tag

Good whiskey will never let you lose your place