

# The Fiddle Player's Got the Blues

Charlie Daniels

When I woke up it was raining  
Well, I got soaked  
When I woke up this morning  
I was cold and wet and broken  
I ain't got no destination  
I'm just gonna follow my shoes  
I may run on up to Dallas  
But the fiddle player's got the blues  
Feel kinda like ol' Ray Charles  
And Georgia on my mind  
Sure wish I could get there  
I ain't got a dime  
These hard times that I'm having  
I guess they call it paying dues  
That's just how things get goin'  
When fiddle player's got the blues  
Yeah, he's got the blues  
They say playing in these beer joints  
Kinda keeps a man in touch  
Sure beats pickin' cotton  
But it just don't beat it much  
I guess it all comes down  
To whatever life you choose  
And you know I ain't complaining  
It's just the fiddle player's got the blues