## History and Old Men

Lyrics by Michael Kent O'Brien

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## Lead Sheet

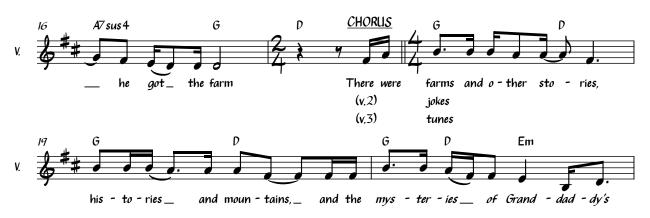












2 Lead Sheet



## Lyrics

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The line stretched out the door,
And old men pawed the floor.
A man with a pen said, "it's a deal, then."
granddad shook his hand and headed home.
(Headed home.)

But the locust logs and the sugar-pine boards Couldn't keep the sheep from harm. The man with a pen said, "Deal's a deal." And in the end he got the farm.

V. 2

By the campfire light
Of a Rocky Mountain night
Some young bucks played at cards.
My Daddy said, "it was just a joke,"
But he licked his pride and he headed home.
(Headed home.)

Then sleeping in the back of a '54 Ford I traveled far and wide. My dady said, "it was just a joke, "but it'll be okay, son, it'll be alright."

**V**.3

Well, my daddy kept his job. He learned to mince his words, But now and then he'd tell a few off, And in the end he heded home. (Headed home,)

And Granddad grinned
On his dyin' day
When he turned to me to say,
"Son, take my fiddle, play me a tune,
And when you're done
I'll be on my way."

-MOB