

History and Old Men

Lyrics by Michael Kent O'Brien

Michael Kent O'Brien, ASCAP, 2020

Lead Sheet

♩ = 76 with slight double-time feel
(Intro and interlude)

VERSE (3)

Voice

(V1) The line stretched out the door. _ and

6

V.

Old men pawed the floor. _ A man with a pen said "it's a deal _ then."

8

V.

_ Grand - dad shook his hand _ and head - ed home, (head - ed home) _

11

V.

_ but the lo - cust logs _ and the su - gar - pine boards could - 'nt

13

V.

keep the sheep from harm. The man with a pen said, "deal's a deal." _ And in the end _

16

V.

_ he got _ the farm

There were farms and o - ther sto - ries,
(v.2) jokes
(v.3) tunes

19

V.

his - to - ries _ and moun - tains, _ and the mys - ter - ies _ of Grand - dad - dy's

21 *Em9*
 V. 
 fid - dle, (like a rid - dle,) make you wan - na

22
 V. 
 dance (do you wan - na dance?) Make you wan - na

23 *Em9/Bb Asus4 Em9*
 V. 
 dance til the broad - day - light. Do you wan - na

24 *Bm A D(omit3)*
 V. 
 dance? (make you wan' - na dance!) Do you wan - na dance with me to - night?

26 *D7(omit3) G A Bm*
 V. 
 It's all the lone - ly ran - gers, it's Paul Re - vere and the

28 *Em Asus4 Dsus4*
 V. 
 pi - o - neers an' cow - boys cha - sin' cow - girls an' cha - sin' wind - mills.

30 *D7sus4 G A Bm*
 V. 
 It's all the lon - ely me - mo - ries, it's old men ha - ving fun

32 *Em Em9 Asus4 D Em /B*
 V. 
 and the Red Rocks chan - ging their colors, the Red Rocks chan - ging their

34 *Asus4 D Em /B A G(add2)*
 V. 
 colors, yes, the Red Rocks chan - ging their co - lors in the set - ting sun.

Lyrics

V.1

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 daddy 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 headed 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