

# THE OLD TIMER

words and music by Chris Le Doux

verse

I saw the old tim-er as he stepped in the tau-ern, - his

fad-ed old stet-son had seen bet-ter years. - He

limped to the bar - and he sat down be-side - me, - layed out his

dol-lar and bought him a beer. - (to 2nd verse) And he

dreams of the days that are now gone for - ev-er. The scars on his

bad-y is all he can show for the life-time he lived -

rid-in' wild hors-es, but he's just an old tim-er that

no-bod-y knows. -

3<sup>rd</sup> verse || 4<sup>th</sup> verse || Chorus

2<sup>nd</sup> verse: He sipped from the bottle, and he told me the stories  
How he used to ride in days long ago  
In his eyes I could see he was livin' old memories  
Ridin' the broncs at the old rodeos.

— Chorus —

(recitation) —

3<sup>rd</sup> verse: Then he hung his grey head, and the tears started flowin'  
He said, son, it was great, but it ended too soon

(sung): Now I'm just an old man with nothin' but memories  
Drinkin' my beer in this back street saloon.

4<sup>th</sup> verse: He spoke of a woman, and she was a beauty  
Her love was as true as the stars in the sky  
And oh how he wished he'd a quit all his ramblin'  
Bought her a diamond and made her his wife.

— Chorus —