

The Everly Brothers - A Nickel For The Fiddler

Tom: C

It's a nickel for the fiddler
 It's a nickel for his tune
 It's a nickel for the tambourine kind of afternoon
 And it's a high holiday on the twenty-first of June
 And it's country music in the park
 And everybody's ruined
 It's fountains full of dogs and kids
 And it's streaky apple pie
 It's the ones who came to play
 And the ones just passin' by

It's coats of many colors
 And it almost makes me cry
 It's ice cream on a stick
 And it's somethin' you can't buy
 It's a fiddler from Kentucky
 Who swears he's eighty three
 And he's fiddled every contest
 From here to Cripple Creek
 It's old ones and it's young ones
 And it's plain they have agreed
 And it's country music in the park
 As far as they can see

Acordes

