

BREAD & BONES

Lyrics from Richard Ruane's recording *Things That Strangers Say*

George

Written by Richard Ruane, copyright Okey Dokey Folkie Music (BMI)

George was no connoisseur,
But he dearly loved his wine,
Not a Cabernet, not a Pinot Noir,
But the wild Irish kind.
George was the man that everybody knew.
You couldn't walk downtown without him coming up to you.
He'd have his hand held out, thinking 'bout his wine,
Smiling to your face and asking for a dime.

Not a wise old man. Not a wise old man.
Not a wise, not a wise old man.

We used to play our music out on the street,
Case open, hoping for a crowd.
As soon as that case would have some coins,
There'd be George shouting out loud,
"God I love country music! Country music never fails!"
And he'd stand there and sway,
His eyes fixed on our coins.
Never really heard what it was we'd play.

Not a wise old man. Not a wise old man.
Not a wise, not a wise old man.

George broke his leg one icy December,
Got stuck in the hospital, out of the freeze.
Surrounded by lights, white walls and the nurses,
Shouting curses, went through his DTs.
When at last he got out, stark raving sober,
Dry, straight, cured, he was sane.
He headed downtown, hand held before him,
To buy his friend back again.

Not a wise old man. Not a wise old man.
Not a wise, not a wise old man.

But George was that man, the fixture, he was there.
Better known than our senators, congressman or mayor.
He never knew his burden of fame.
He never once kissed a baby, never learned a new name.
And I can still see him now on the steps of the courthouse,
Breaking empties late in the night.
Shouting right back at those heckling frat boys,
Everyone drunk and aching to fight.

Not a wise old man. Not a wise old man.
Not a wise, not a wise old man.

When he died his picture was in the newspaper.
They ran him a front page obituary.
No matter how good I may be in this lifetime,
They'll never do the same for me.

Not a wise old man. Not a wise old man.
Not a wise, not a wise old man.