

# 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

