

THE OLD BUCKDANCER'S GONE *Lyrics and music © Jack Williams*

Seaboard rail line, Charleston-bound
Sashays skyward, one last round.
Heron and bitterns with their heads hung down...
The old buckdancer's gone!

The fiddler squeals in the cotton gin.
He strikes a match and invites us in.
Guitar, banjo, mandolin
Play the old buckdancer's song!

CHORUS Sweet Jocassee, make my bed.
My dreams are loose and the moon is red.
With so much music left unsaid... (worlds of music) (all this music)
The old buckdancer's gone! The old buckdancer's gone!

The Santee's burning at the source.
It veers unfettered from its course
Like some alligator tidal force...
The old buckdancer's gone!

is no star for me to climb
To scan the sky for one last rhyme,
So I'll borrow one from him this time...
The old buckdancer's gone!

CHORUS Sweet Jocassee, make my bed.
My dreams are loose and the moon is red,
With worlds of music left unsaid...
The old buckdancer's gone!

The dancer witnessed blood and fire,
He saw with the seers and lied to the liars,
And bled for every heart's desire...
The old buckdancer's gone!

Give me one last spin around
With every pretty girl in town.
Bury me in a live oak crown...
And dance all over my grave!