

# Old Dogs, Children, and Watermelon Wine

by Tom T. Hall (1972)

G - D - A - Bm - G - A - D

*spoken*

D D7 G Em  
"How old do you think I am?" he said, I said, well, I didn't know.  
A A7 G(½) A(½) D  
He said; "I turned 65 about 11 months ago."

D D7 G Em  
I was sitting in Miami pouring blended whiskey down,  
G D A D D  
when this old, grey, black gentleman was cleaning up the lounge.  
D D7 G Em  
There wasn't any one around 'cept this old man and me,  
A A7 G(½) A(½) D  
the guy who ran bar was watching Ironsides on t v.  
D D7 G Em  
Uninvited he sat down and opened up his mind,  
G D A D D  
on old dogs and children and watermelon wine.

"Ever had a drink of watermelon wine?" he asked.  
He told me all about it, though I didn't answer back.  
"Ain't but three things in this world that's worth a solitary dime,  
but old dogs and children and watermelon wine."

He said; " women think about themselves when their men-folk aren't around,  
and friends are hard to find when they discover that you're down."  
He said; "I tried it all, when I was young and in my natural prime,  
now it's old dogs and children and watermelon wine."

"Old dogs care about you even when you make mistakes,  
God bless little children while they're still too young to hate."  
When he moved away I found my pen and copied down that line  
'bout old dogs and children and watermelon wine.

I had to catch a plane up to Atlanta the next day,  
as I left for my room I saw him picking up my change.  
That night I dreamed in peaceful sleep of shady summer times,  
of old dogs and children and watermelon wine