

Magnificent Music Machine

Tom T. Hall

He's got nothing but talent and time on his hands
He loves his music, hangs out with his band
He's got big-hit ambitions and number one dreams
He's a high-rollin', a magnificent music machine

He hit town with nothing but his old guitar
With visions of grandeur and being a star
He writes them and sings them like you've never seen
He's a high-rollin', a magnificent music machine

Well sometimes he's dejected and sometimes he's afraid
But he knows what he's in for 'til his dues are paid
Sometimes they're fat girls and sometimes they're lean
He's a high-rollin', a magnificent music machine