

This Guitar Is For Sale

Bobby Bare

This guitar is for sale, I'll let her go cheap

She's pretty to look at but she don't earn her keep

She can roar like the west wind, she can weep, she can wail

But the tunes that she plays just ain't sellin' today

This guitar is for sale.

She lay close beside me on cold winter nights

She's got me in trouble and she won me some fights

We both come out all right

She knows all the sad songs that Hank ever wrote

Just touch her once gently and she'll take you on home

She'll tell you some stories 'bout junk yards and jails

And a fool with a song and a dream that went wrong

This guitar is for sale.

She's rode cross this country on freight trains and trucks

On 'round pawnshop windows when we're down on our luck

We been down on our luck

So please treat her kind, keep her out of the rain

It's funny you're askin', I never gave her a name

But if you say she looks weary, you been readin' our mail

So if you got the dough buddy take her and go

This guitar is for sale.

She's won me some ladies with her sweet lovin' songs

And she's stuck right here with me when the ladies were gone

And the ladies are gone

But hard times and trouble been doggin' our tail

So if you got the dough buddy take her and go

This guitar is for sale...

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written by KOLLER, FRED / SILVERSTEIN, SHEL

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