Guitar Rag

Woody Guthrie

Way down in ol' Kentucky
There's a fella mighty lucky
By the way he makes a guitar moan
Hangin' round singin' round a country store
Pickin' like a chicken pickin' up cornAnd every gal in the county
Gathers all around him
'Cuz he's got rhythm in his bones
Their feet start jumpin', do the shuffle and drag
Every time they hear the rhythm of the guitar ragHe gets a moanin' tone, he makes it grumble and groan
When he gets to pickin' and a-pluckin' the strings
He can make a deacon do the buck-and-wing
All the fat and skinny does a little shimmy
And their heads start to wiggle and wag
Their feet start jumpin', do the shuffle and drag
Every time they hear the rhythm of the guitar rag
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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