

# This Old Guitar And Me

Vince Gill

This old guitar and me  
And the things that we've been through  
C.F. Martin built him  
Back in nineteen forty-two  
I remember when we met  
I was only seventeen  
I spent all my college money  
On a half a dozen strings  
I thought my folks would kill me  
I found out I was wrong  
They said your future's written on your face  
When you sing those travelin' songs  
So we headed for Kentucky  
With a suitcase full of dreams  
My rough-out books, a few T-shirts  
A worn out pair of jeans, ooh  
This old guitar and me  
We spent a lot of nights alone  
Well, sometimes we'd get lucky  
And take bar maid home  
One night stands for breakfast  
Two strangers with the blues  
We'd wake up in the morning  
And both feel a little used  
Well, home was just a highway  
We'd roam from town to town  
Just me and that old flattop  
Not caring where we're bound  
From Maine to California  
With a five piece travelin' band  
Singin' songs about the hard times  
That face the common man, ooh  
This old guitar and me  
Lord, we did the best we could  
One was born a sinner  
And one a piece of wood  
God sent a wooden angel  
To guide me on my way  
We were meant to be together

Until my dyin' day  
Well, now my dearest old companion  
Lies underneath my bed  
Well, our travelin' days are over  
Man, but the memories fill my head  
Well, I've settled with my family  
Here in the hills of Tennessee  
To teach my children's children  
'Bout this old guitar and me, ooh

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