

Pink Guitar

Jasmine Rae

Songwriters: HILL, EDWARD MONROE / O'NEAL, JAMIE / SMITH, SHAYE

She saw it in the window, just a callin' out her name
She mowed the grass, took out the trash and saved, saved, saved.
She bought it on a Monday, had a gig on Friday night
In the garage in front of her Mum, she came alive!

She likes to play, she loves to rock
Yeah she's closer to the bottom
But she's headin' for the top
She's got a dream to be a star
Dressed in black like Johnny Cash
With a pink guitar

No she didn't go to college, she just up and hit the road
Where ever they were jammin' she would go go go
And every single hole in the wall from here to Shreveport
She'd have them in the palm of her hands, screamin' for more

She likes to play, she loves to rock
Yeah she's closer to the bottom
But she's headin' for the top
She's got a dream to be a star
Dressed in black like Johnny Cash
With a pink guitar

Some day you're gonna see her up there on the Opry stage
And soon you'll see her hanging there, next to Dolly's face
In the Country Music Hall of Fame, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

She likes to play, play ah
She loves to rock, rock
She's got a dream
To be a star

Oh yeah

She likes to play, she loves to rock
Yeah she's closer to the bottom
But she's headin' for the top

She's got a dream to be a star
Dressed in black like Johnny Cash
With a pink guitar, pink guitar

I said a pink guitar, pink guitar
Oh she's playin' a pink guitar!

Lyrics submitted by Birdy Bird.

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