The Guitar

E-Smoove

Well, I was passing by a pawn shop
In an older part of town
Something caught my eye
And I stopped and turned aroundI stepped inside and there I spied
In the middle of it all
Was a beat up old guitar
Hanging on the wall.What do you want for that piece of junk
I asked the old man
He just smiled and took it down
and he put it in my handHe said you tell me what it's worth
You're the one who wants it
Turn it up, play a song
And let's just see what haunts itSo I hit a couple of cords
In my old country way of strumming
And then my fingers turned to lightning
Man.. I never heard it comingIt was like I always knew it
I just don't know where I learned it
It wasn't nothin' but the truth
So I just reared back and burned itWell I lost all track of time
There was nothing I couldn't pick
Up and down the neck
I never missed a lickThe guitar almost played itself
There was nothing I could do
It was getting hard to tell
Just who was playing whoWhen I finally put it down
I couldn't catch my breath
My hands were shaking
And I was scared to deathThe old man finally got up
Said where in the Hell you been
I've been waiting all these years
For you to stumble inThen he took down an old dusty case
Said go on and pack it up
You don't owe me nothing
And then he said good luckThere was something spooky in his voice
And something strange on his face
When he shut the lid
I saw my name was on the caseGuy Clark - The Guitar

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