

# I Don't Want to Play Guitar Anymore

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Don't know if I'm dyin', but I can't catch my breath.

I'm givin' up on livin', terrified of death.

Black wall of smoke rollin' right through my town.

I used to run, but now I take it layin'down. And I wonder why I don't even want to play guitar anymore.  
If there's no stories left to sing, that's the end of everything. When I was a young man, I made a lot of noise.

Messed up every which way, it was alter and destroy.

I'm proud of it all though, but then I'm not ashamed.

And lately I can't stand the sound of my own voice. And I don't know why I don't even want to play guitar  
anymore.

When there's no stories left to sing, that's the end of everything. Sha-la-la-la-la

Sha-la-la-la

Sha-la-la-la-la

Sha-la-la-la There's a will.

There's a dead man close beyond.

That's no way to ease this crippled mind. And I wonder why I don't even want to play guitar anymore.

When there's no stories left to sing, that's the end of everything.

When there's no stories left to sing, say goodbye to everything. Sha-la-la-la-la-la

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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