

Emma Jean's Guitar

Chely Wright

I found it in a pawn shop in a ragged cardboard case
With the guns and dusty watches it looked so out of place
With a railways baggage sticker, yellow frayed and torn
Destination Nashville, September '64 And you could tell by the fingerboard her painted nails were long
She only needed three chords to play those good ole country songs
And her name's etched in the finish like a fading battle scar
And this 1950 Gibson was Emma Jean's guitar I wonder if she played it in a small town talent show
With her hair teased to perfection in a dress her mamma sewed
And for a little inspiration she pasted on a star
Here up on the head stock of Emma Jean's guitar And you could tell by the fingerboard her painted nails were
long
She only needed three chords to play those good ole country songs
And her name's etched in the finish like a fading battle scar
And this 1950 Gibson was Emma Jean's guitar I wouldn't even know her if I saw her face to face
But there's a little bit of Emma Jean in every song I play
She passed along these hopes and dreams cradled in my arms
And I am just a guardian of Emma Jean's guitar You could tell by the fingerboard her painted nails were long
She only needed three chords to play those good ole country songs
And her name's etched in the finish like a fading battle scar
And this 1950 Gibson was Emma Jean's guitar

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