

Piece of Wood and Steel

David Allan Coe

By Richard Dobson
I CAN FEEL YOUR ARMS AROUND ME
LIKE IT WAS YESTERDAY
I CAN FEEL YOUR BREATHING NEXT TO ME
AND HEAR YOUR LAUGHTER GAY
YOU TRIED TO TELL ME WHAT WAS RIGHT
AND I TOLD YOU WHAT WAS REAL
ALL I EVER LIVE FOR NOW
IS THIS PIECE OF WOOD AND STEEL IN A WORLD THAT'S FULL OF TROUBLE
A WORLD THAT'S FULL OF PAIN
LORD, MANY FALL BESIDE THE ROAD
AND THEY NEVER RISE AGAIN
MANY MORE ARE BENDING LOW
OR BROKEN AT THE WHEEL
ALL I NEED TO CARRY ON
IS THIS PIECE OF WOOD AND STEEL I WAS BORN MY MOTHER'S ONLY SON
SHE LOVES ME ALL SHE CAN
BUT THERE ISN'T MUCH TO SAY TO HER
SINCE I BECAME A MAN
AND I OFTEN MET THE DEVIL
BUT I NEVER MADE A DEAL
I JUST THANK THE LORD FOR HANDS TO PLAY
THE PIECE OF WOOD AND STEEL IT'S FACE IS SCARRED AND BEATEN
LIKE THE RAGGED CLOTHES I WEAR
LIKE THE BODY THAT GOD GAVE ME
I MIGHT GIVE IT BETTER CARE
BUT I PLAY IT FOR THE LADIES
AND I PLAY IT FOR A MEAL
I PLAY THE STRINGS JUST TO HEAR 'EM RING
ON THIS PIECE OF WOOD AND STEEL I'M GROWING TIRED OF SEARCHING NOW
THERE'S NOTHING MUCH I CRAVE
GIVE OR TAKE A LITTLE TIME
AND YOU CAN WRITE IT ON MY GRAVE
THERE'S NOTHING MORE I CARE TO OWN
NOTHING LEFT TO FEEL
ALL I EVER WANTED
WAS THIS PIECE OF WOOD AND STEEL IN A WORLD THAT'S FULL OF TROUBLE
A WORLD THAT'S FULL OF PAIN
LORD, MANY FALL BESIDE THE ROAD
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BUT I NEVER MADE A DEAL
I JUST THANK THE LORD FOR HANDS TO PLAY
THE PIECE OF WOOD AND STEEL I'LL BE PLAYING THIS GUITAR TILL THE DAY I DIE

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