

Guitar Picker

Whiskey Myers

I remember back when I was sixteen
I was sittin' there just my pops and me
when his friend walked up in a cowboy hat
said I like what your doin but it ain't worth sap
I see this road will leave you cold and alone
old and broke and a bag of bones
so you better take heed to the words i say

stay right clear of that lost highway

Chorus: I'm singin' o southern wind wont you take me high
I got seven ladies dancin' naked by an old camp fire
guitar pickin' with a bottle of wine

Ill be an old broke guitar picker, lord, when i die
Ill be an old broke guitar picker, lord, when i die

Holes in my clothes and holes in my shoes
and a hole in the heart, thats why I'm singin' the blues
put my change in my pocket but it's all gone
and everything that i do it seems to be wrong
so now I'm broke I'm back on the street
with a guitar case infront of Drake and me
so you better listen up cause it ain't no lie

please throw a nickel in when you walk by

Chorus: I'm singin' o southern wind wont you take me high
I got seven ladies dancin' naked by an old camp fire
guitar pickin' with a bottle of wine

Ill be an old broke guitar picker, lord, when i die
Ill be an old broke guitar picker, lord, when i die

I came in this world with nothin on my back
I'll leave the same and thats a fact
I ain't in it for the money i ain't in it for the fame
and i don't really care if you remember my name
so now i gotta to go i gotta hit the road
i gotta do the only thing that i know

I got this feel it deep down and i got to be true

and i sure as hell ain't guna change for you

Chorus: Singin O southern wind wont you take me high
when i hear the sounds comin from an amplifier
guitar pickin with a bottle of wine

Ill be an old broke guitar picker when i die
Ill be an old broke guitar picker when i die

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