

# Once There Was a Time

## Ten Years After

Once there was a time I'd rob my mama  
For a good meal and a smoke  
Once there was a time I'd sell my brother  
For a dollar when I was broke But I'd never sell my guitar  
And my strings were always sharp  
'Cause if I don't have a guitar  
I'll be strumming on some angels harp And if I don't get to Heaven  
And I go down there below  
Better be a guitar when I get there  
Or I will refuse to go Once there was a time I was hungry  
And I'd find my food in some bin  
But I'd never, never sell my guitar  
'Cause that would, darling, that would be a sin

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