

Steel Guitar Rag

Bob Wills

Been runnin' around, seen many a town
So maybe you'll find I'm the kind of guy to brag
But listen to me and see, if you don't agree
No melody rolls like that old steel guitar rag. And when they slide that thing along the strings
It sounds so doggone heavenly, you hear an angel sing
An' when you start your feet, your heart will beat
The rhythm to that old steel guitar rag. You may be kind choosy 'bout the kind of songs you hear
You may like songs that's bluesy, so you cry right in your beer
But if you like a tune that's bound to drive away your care
Make happy your soul with that old steel guitar rag.

Songwriters

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