Homeless Guitar

38 Special

Well, I know how it feels to be ripped from my roots
And tossed into a world unbending
Not long ago I was bitten by the truth
Some folks spend their whole life pretending
Now I start each mornin' with the sunlight by my side
Find another highway, hitch another ride
And I use this six-string like an archer wields his bow
I believe when the arrow finds its mark, it pierces the soul
Three songs for a quarter each time I open my case
Four chords and a voice of a good man fallen from grace
No pity for me, mister, I'm proud to be a drifter
A long shot from bein' a star
You know the times ain't been easy
For me and my Homeless Guitar
Now I know how it feels to be judged in a glance
Stripped of your pride and your passion
I only know that the rivers of the soul
Run deeper than birthright or fashion
I see you look me over, feel the weight of your stare
I'm sendin' you a message but you act like you don't care
I see a ripple, a crack in your facade
You know it really don't matter who you think you are
We're the same under God
Three songs for a quarter each time I open my case
Four chords and a voice of a good man fallen from grace
No pity for me, mister, I'm proud to be a drifter
A long shot from bein' a star
Oh, you know the times ain't been easy
For me and my Homeless Guitar
I thank the Lord above for the gift He's given me
I'm richer than most men, got a friend in my six-string
In a world where trust ain't got no guarantee
If you ain't got a penny, gonna sing you this song for free, yeah
No, no, no, no
Oh, I use these six-strings like an archer wields his bow
I believe when the arrow finds its mark, it pierces the soul
Three songs for a quarter each time I open my case
Four chords and a voice of a good man fallen from grace
No pity for me, mister, I'm proud to be a drifter

A long shot from bein' a star
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