

Pink Guitar

Reba McEntire

She saw it in the window
Just a callin' out her name
She mowed the grass, took out the trash
And saved, saved, saved Bought it on a Monday
Had a gig on Friday night
In the garage, in front of her mom
She came alive She likes to play, she loves to rock
Yeah, she's closer to the bottom
But she's headed for the top
She's got a dream to be a star
Dressed in black like Johnny Cash
With a pink guitar She didn't go to college
She just up and hit the road
Where ever they were jammin'
She would go, go, go Every single hole in the wall
From here to Shreveport
She'd have them in the palm of her hands
Screamin' for more She likes to play, she loves to rock
Yeah, she's closer to the bottom
But she's headed for the top
She's got a dream to be a star
Dressed in black like Johnny Cash
With a pink guitar Someday she's gonna play it up there on Opry stage
Soon you'll see her hangin' next to Minnie Pearl's hat
In the country music hall of fame, yeah She likes to play, she loves to rock
She's got a dream to be a star
Dressed in black like Johnny Cash She likes to play, she loves to rock
Yeah, she's closer to the bottom
But she's headed for the top
She's got a dream to be a star
Dressed in black like Johnny Cash
With her pink guitar I said, "A pink guitar"
She plays a pink guitar
I said, "A pink guitar"

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