

# Berneice

## Lynyrd Skynyrd

I can still remember I was eight years old  
The first time that I picked her up little did I know  
She's taken me to places that I've never been  
Did my first gig in a rock-n-roll band  
Berneice, sweet Berneice Get a real job let the guitar go  
There ain't no future in this rock-n-roll  
So go for your guitars, go for your guns  
Better think twice it's three against one  
Take your best shot it's a showdown now  
Berneice, sweet Berneice  
Oh, Berneice won't you play for me A guitar woman needs a guitar man  
One without the other, neither one of them can stand  
Remember where we came from we can do it all again  
So thanks to all you people, give yourselves a hand  
Berneice, sweet Berneice  
Berneice, won't you play for me

Songwriters

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