

# The Guitar

Guy Clark

Well, I was passing by a pawn shop  
In an older part of town  
Something caught my eye  
And I stopped and turned around

I stepped inside and there I spied  
In the middle of it all  
Was a beat up old guitar  
Hanging on the wall.

What do you want for that piece of junk  
I asked the old man  
He just smiled and took it down  
and he put it in my hand

He said you tell me what it's worth  
You're the one who wants it  
Turn it up, play a song  
And let's just see what haunts it

So I hit a couple of cords  
In my old country way of strumming  
And then my fingers turned to lightning  
Man.. I never heard it coming

It was like I always knew it  
I just don't know where I learned it  
It wasn't nothin' but the truth  
So I just reared back and burned it

Well I lost all track of time  
There was nothing I couldn't pick  
Up and down the neck  
I never missed a lick

The guitar almost played itself  
There was nothing I could do  
It was getting hard to tell  
Just who was playing who

When I finally put it down  
I couldn't catch my breath  
My hands were shaking  
And I was scared to death

The old man finally got up  
Said where in the Hell you been  
I've been waiting all these years  
For you to stumble in

Then he took down an old dusty case  
Said go on and pack it up  
You don't owe me nothing  
And then he said good luck

There was something spooky in his voice  
And something strange on his face

When he shut the lid