

Guy Clark, Stuff That Works

I got an ol' blue shirt
And it suits me just fine
I like the way it feels
So I wear it all the time
I got an old guitar
It won't ever stay in tune
I like the way it sounds
In a dark and empty room

I got an ol' pair of boots
And they fit just right
I can work all day
And I can dance all night
I got an ol' used car
And it runs just like a top
I get the feelin' it ain't
Ever gonna stop

Chorus

Stuff that works, stuff that holds up
The kind of stuff you don't hang on the wall
Stuff that's real, stuff you feel
The kind of stuff you reach for when you fall

I got a pretty good friend
Who's seen me at my worst
He can tell if I'm a blessing
Or a curse
But he always shows up
When the chips are down
That's the kind of stuff
I like to be around

Chorus

I got a woman I love
She's crazy and paints like God
She got a playground sense of justice
She won't take odds
I got a tattoo with her name
Right through my soul
I think everything she touches
Turns to gold

Chorus