

Judd Wynonna, Girls With Guitars

Words and Music by Mary-Chapin Carpenter

She turn fifteen with great expectations
Her older brother knew somethin' was up
He caught her goin' through his record collection
Lookin' at Hendricks like a love sick pup
She begged and she pleaded 'till dad fin'ly listened
He drove her in the car down to sears roebuck
He bought her that guitar and that was the beginning
Now she's down in the cellar with the amp turned up
Girls with guitars, Daddy's little angel
Girls with guitars, what's the world comin' to
Girls with guitars, mothers tend to worry 'bout girls with guitars
Well, Saturday night she followed her brother
It was socks and stockin's on the old gym floor
While everybody danced to garage band covers
She was checking out riffs and memorizin' chords
She didn't care at all for the football heroes
She didn't even notice the basketball stars
Boys as a species were all a bunch of zero's
except for the ones who played that guitar
Ah, girls with guitars, she wasn't any debutante
Girls with guitars, she didn't go out for cheerleading
Girls with guitars, boys are kinda nervous 'round girls with guitars
She went off to college , she got her degree
Her parents breathed a sigh of great relief
Daddy's thinkin' law school, mother's thinking medicine
Daughters thinking how she's gonna break the news to them
Now there's an old chevy van just sittin' in the driveway
Filled to the gills with all her stuff
She cut a deal with her brother to drive up the highway
Figures New York City is close enough
She gets the audition through a friend of a friend
Who's checkin' out her legs, sayin', This'll never work
She flips on her boogie and turns to the band
Gives a little grin and blows away the jerk
Girls with guitars, now everybody's rockin'
Girls with guitars, there ought to be a song about girls with guitars
There's just no stoppin' those girls with guitars
Get your money for nothin' and your guys for free