

38 Special, Homeless Guitar

Well, I know how it feels to be ripped from my roots
And tossed into a world unbending.
Not long ago I was bitten by the truth
Some folks spend their whole life pretending.
Now I start each mornin' with the sunlight by my side
Find another highway, hitch another ride
And I use this six-string like an archer wields his bow
I believe when the arrow finds its mark
It pierces the soul.

(Chorus)

Three songs for a quarter each time I open my case
Four chords and the voice of a good man fallen from grace
No pity for me mister, I'm proud to be a drifter
A long shot from bein' a star
You know, the times ain't been easy
For me and my Homeless Guitar.
Now I know how it feels to be judged in a glance
Stripped of your pride and your passion.
I only know that the rivers of the soul
Run deeper than birthright or fashion.
I see you look me over, feel the weight of your stare
I'm sendin' you a message but you act like you don't care.
I see a ripple, a crack in your facade
You know, it really don't matter who you think you are
We're the same under God.

(2nd Chorus)

(Bridge)

I thank the Lord above for the gift He's given me
I'm richer than most men
Got a friend in my six-string
In a world where trust ain't got no guarantee
If you ain't got a penny
Gonna sing you this song for free, yeah.

(refrain)

Oh, I use these six-strings like an archer wields his bow
I believe when the arrow finds its mark
It pierces the soul.

(3rd Chorus)