

Bread, The Guitar Man

Who draws the crowd and plays so loud,
Baby it's the guitar man.
Who's gonna steal the show, you know
Baby it's the guitar man,
He can make you love, he can make you cry
He will bring you down, then he'll get you high
Somethin' keeps him goin', miles and miles a day
To find another place to play.
Night after night who treats you right,
Baby it's the guitar man
Who's on the radio, you go listen
To the guitar man
Then he comes to town, and you see his face,
And you think you might like to take his place
Somethin' keeps him driftin' miles and miles away
Searchin' for the songs to play.
Then you listen to the music and you like to sing along,
You want to get the meaning out of each and ev'ry song
Then you find yourself a message and some words to call your own
And take them home.
He can make you love, he can get you high
He will bring you down, then he'll make you cry
Somethin' keeps him movin', but no one seems to know
What it is that makes him go.
Then the lights begin to flicker and the sound is getting dim
The voice begins to falter and the crowds are getting thin
But he never seems to notice he's just got to find
Another place to play,
Anyway got to play, anyway Got to play.