## Buck Owens, Round Hole Guitar

Well, I always wanted to be a star So I bought me a big round hole guitar All of my friends said you'll go far A pickin' that big round hole guitar.

Well, I learned to pick, I learned to sing I tried to make myself a name I traveled near and I traveled far Just a pickin' that big round hole guitar.

Pickin' that big round hole guitar But I wound up workin' in a local bar Pickin' that big round hole guitar.

The pay wasn't much but the drinks were free A lotta little pretty girls smilin' at me From nine to one I earned my dough I really gave them folks a show.

I make it yet, I'm gonna be a star Just a pickin' that big round hole guitar Pickin' that big round hole guitar.

## --- Instrumental ---

Well, I practiced each and every day I knew every song on the hit parade I learned every lick and trick there are Just a pickin' that big round hole guitar.

And someday soon you wait and see Some talent agent discover me I'll wind around in a big and long car Just a pickin' that big round hole guitar.

Pickin' that big round hole guitar But I'm still here a workin' in the same old bar Pickin' that big round hole guitar.

The pay's still low the drinks're still free Got the same little pretty girls smilin' at me But my break's gonna come and soon I know I might even get a Network TV Show.

I make it yet, I'm gonna be a star Just a pickin' that big round hole guitar Pickin' that big round hole guitar...