

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...