

# Chely Wright, Emma Jean's Guitar

I found it in a pawn shop in a ragged cardboard case  
With the guns and dusty watches it looked so out of place  
With a Trailways baggage sticker yellow frayed and torn  
Destination Nashville September '64

[Chorus:]

And you could tell by the fingerboard her painted nails were long  
She only needed three chords to play those good ole country songs  
And her name's etched in the finish like a fading battle scar  
And this 1950 Gibson was Emma Jean's guitar

I wonder if she played it in a small town talent show  
With her hair teased to perfection in a dress her mamma sewed  
And for a little inspiration she pasted on a star  
Here up on the head stock of Emma Jean's guitar

[Chorus]

I wouldn't even know her if I saw her face to face  
But there's a little bit of Emma Jean in every song I play  
She passed along these hopes and dreams cradled in my arms  
And I am just a guardian of Emma Jean's guitar

[Chorus]