

# James Taylor, Me And My Guitar

Me and my guitar. always in the same mood.  
I am mostly flesh and bones and he is mostly wood.  
Never does grow impatient for the changes I don't know, no.  
If he can't go to heaven, maybe, I don't want to go, Lord.

Picture me in the key of E, call me Uncle John.  
Any fool can easily see that we go back a long time.  
Feel something like fine to me, there's no such thing as the wrong time.  
He hops up on my knee, singing, get down, Pops, it's song time.

Every now and then I'm a lonely man, it's nice to know that I've got a friend.  
Puts his power right in my hand, all I've got to do is the best I can, if I can.  
Got a dog named David, got a bird named Dinah,  
got a birthmark on my thigh in the shape of Mainland China.  
Got a somewhat southern accent cause I come from Carolina,  
and if you want to find us, we'll be walking right behind you.

I hear horns, I hear voices, I hear strings, seems I was born with too many choices.  
Now what am I going to do with all these extra things,  
as they serve to confuse me, really.

It's me and my guitar, essentially me and my guitar.  
Oh, maybe a few friends fall by for tea, a little bit of 'who do you love?'  
But pay no attention to the man behind the curtain, it's me and my guitar.  
Having fun, boogie-woogie, uh-huh, me and my guitar.