Jerry Jeff Walker, That Old Beat Up Guitar

Well I found her in a pawnshop
somewhere up in Ohio
where I guess some rounder came up short
and he had to let her go
cost me ninety dollars
but she's worth much more by far
cause I never had a better friend
than that old beat up guitar

She didn't look like too much
just a Roy Smeck Stage Deluxe
but a lady has never faired as well
who'd traveled through so much

She picked up the name of Angel
in an old New Orleans bar
where a drunken poet drew one
on the top of that guitar
old Dave Stovally marked her
scratched the song right out of his heart
seems everyone who used her
scarred that old beat up guitar

She didn't look like too much
just a Roy Smeck Stage Deluxe
but a lady has never faired as well
who'd traveled through so much

She traveled with me always
through the alleys and bars
songs I sang and friends I knew
were part of that guitar
at nights it was my pillow
sleeping underneath the stars
day and night I stayed alive
with that old beat up guitar

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Yeah a ramblin man he has his troubles
hanging on to all that he owns
after many years of travelin'
that guitar fell by the road
then one night in New Mexico
I stumbled into this bar
Angel laid there smilin'
on that old beat up guitar

Well I took her from the wall
ran my hands across the scars
played again the old songs
that were written on that guitar
friends I've loved and lost
many nights inside of a bar
came back so clearly singing with
that old beat up guitatr

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