

# Jerry Reed, Guitar Man

Well, I quit my job down at the car wash,  
Left my mama a goodbye note,  
By sundown I'd left Kingston,  
With my guitar under my coat,  
I hitchhiked all the way down to Memphis,  
Got a room at the YMCA,  
For the next three weeks I went hauntin' them nightclubs,  
Just lookin' for a place to play,  
Well, I thought my pickin' would set 'em on fire,  
But nobody wanted to hire a guitar man.

Well, I nearly 'bout starved to death down in Memphis,  
I run outta money and luck,  
So I bought me a ride down to Macon, Georgia,  
On a overloaded poultry truck,  
I thumbed on down to Panama City,  
Started checkin' out some o' them all night bars,  
Hopin' I could make myself a dollar,  
Makin' music on my guitar,  
I got the same old story at them all night piers,  
There ain't no room around here for a guitar man  
We don't need a guitar man, son

So I slept in the hobo jungles,  
Roamed a thousand miles of track,  
Till I found myself in Mobile Alabama,  
At a club they call Big Jack's,  
A little four-piece band was jammin',  
So I took my guitar and I sat in,  
I showed 'em what a band would sound like,  
With a swingin' little guitar man.  
Show 'em, son

If you ever take a trip down to the ocean,  
Find yourself down around Mobile,  
Make it on out to a club called Jack's,  
If you got a little time to kill,  
Just follow that crowd of people,  
You'll wind up out on his dance floor,  
Diggin' the finest little five-piece group,  
Up and down the Gulf of Mexico,  
Guess who's leadin' that five-piece band,  
Well, wouldn't ya know, it's that swingin' little guitar man.