

Joe Dassin, The guitar don't lie

He sits all alone playing his guitar
Out in the back of a little cafe.
And no one seems to hear so he closes his eyes
And just lets the music take him away.
Singing songs of love, songs of broken hearts.
And hes worn out his luck and his last pair of jeans,
But you keep going on when youre living on dreams,
And you feel it inside, and the guitar dont lie.
Theres a lady he knows who often comes by,
Shes a nice little girl and shes into the blues.
The request is the same song every night,
She says it reminds her of someone she knew.
A trace of her perfume floats across the room.
Once they were close and they shared all their dreams,
But now all he feels is a physical thing.
They grew slowly apart, and the guitar dont lie.
Some nights it gets cold and it makes him aware
That times moving on and its slipping away.
And if you look close at his dark curly hair,
Under the lights there are traces of gray.
He knows what its all about feeling down and out.
Cause hes been there before and hes seen it all,
And you learn to survive with your back to the wall.
Its a crazy old life, and the guitar dont lie.