

John Williamson, You And My Guitar

This guitar only sings the way I play it,
It's part of me, just like another arm
It started out as a little ukulele,
When I was just a boy on the farm
My fingers were too lazy for piano
But I could hold a tune pretty good
And I couldn't sing a song with a trombone
So I taught myself to play this piece of wood

But I know you are staying beside me
True lovers we both feel the pain
And I'd throw this old box on the fire
Before I'd ever lose you again.

Well you never did like this old guitar, did you darling?
'Cause the guitar takes your man away from you
One day I'll write a song for you darling,
That'll be the very best that I can do

Will it be a song about a wild wind,
With thunderclap and flashes of blue
Or will it be a song about an angel?
It'll never be as beautiful as you

This guitar only sings the way I play it,
It's part of me, just like another arm
It started out as a little ukulele,
When I was just a boy on the farm

But now I am a man with a woman
The words I wanna say won't come through
No matter where this guitar's gonna take us
It'll never be as beautiful as you