

Lonnie Donegan And His Skiffle Group, Talking G

"Ere, if you wanna get in trouble
Let me tell you how to do it
Get yourself a guitar and then you're right into it
You play all day and you play all night
People say you'll never learn to play the thing right
Always messing about, groaning at you
Moaning, won't let you practise

So I bought meself a guitar about a year ago
The man said I could learn it in a week or so
Gave me a little book, pick or two
Said "here y'are mate, it's up to you"
Dirty rotter, cost me ten nicker, all the loot I had
Good guitar, though, call it a pluckit

Anyway, spent me dough
And I couldn't let it all go to waste, you know
So I took the book, guitar, and all
And I went back home where the trees are tall
Down in Woodford - good place to be if you've got a guitar
Pretty rotten if you ain't

Well, for weeks and weeks I worked hard
And I tried to learn a few main chords
Book says they're easy as abc
Cor, my fingers is killing me
Got sore on the ends.
Couldn't hold the strings down
Wanted to pack up, cor, I felt rough

Anyway, kept on playing with all me might
I could see mum's hair was turning white
And her face was lined with discontent
She said her patience was pretty near spent
She was nervous, ears ringing, wanted to scream
You know, couldn't get no relief

So sister, anyway, she took it worst of all
'Cause she got married the following fall
She said "for love" but I got me doubts
I think the guitar chased her out
She's a game girl, though
Just couldn't take it, you know
Limit to everything

Dad, he took it a different way
He said, you can turn your mum's hair grey
Drive your sister away from home
But you or me boy's gonna start to roam
And I ain't going - never intend to
You figure it out, so I did, fast, you know

Anyway, next day had me clothes all packed
And I slung me guitar across me back
Caught meself a great long train
Searched the world for me share of fame
Ain't found none - just hardships, messing about
Skiffle, Tommy Steele