

# Lonnie Donegan And His Skiffle Group, Talking G

&quot;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 &quot;here y'are mate, it's up to you&quot;;  
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 &quot;for love&quot;; 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