

# Neil Young, This Old Guitar

This old guitar ain't mine to keep  
Just taking care of it now  
It's been around for years and years  
Just waiting in its old case  
It's been up and down the country roads  
It's brought a tear and a smile  
It's seen its share of dreams and hopes  
And never went out of style  
The more I play it, the better it sounds  
It cries when I leave it alone  
Silently it waits for me  
Or someone else I suppose

This old guitar  
This old guitar  
This old guitar

This old guitar has caught some breaks  
But it never searched for gold  
It can't be blamed for my mistakes  
It only does what it's told  
It's been a messenger in times of trouble  
In times of hope and fear  
When I get drunk and seeing double  
It jumps behind the wheel and steers

This old guitar ain't mine to keep  
It's mine to play for a while  
This old guitar ain't mine to keep  
It's only mine for a while

This old guitar  
This old guitar  
This old guitar  
This old guitar  
This old guitar  
This old guitar  
This old guitar