

# The Jesus And Mary Chain, Guitar Man

Well I quit my job down at the carwash  
Left my mother a goodbye note  
By sundown I left Kingston with my guitar under my coat  
Hitchiked all the way down to Memphis  
Got a room at the YMCA  
For the next three weeks went hunting at nights  
Just looking for a place to play  
Well I thought my picking would set them on fire  
But nobody wanted to hire a guitarman

Well I nearly starved to death down in Memphis  
I run out of money and luck  
So I bummed me a ride down to Mecon, Georgia  
On an overloaded poultry truck  
Thumbed on down to Panama City  
Started picking at some of them all night bars  
Hoping I could make myself a dollar making music on my guitar  
Got the same old story the moment I'd appear  
There ain't room around here for a guitarman  
Don't need a guitarman son

So I slept in the hobo jungles  
I roamed thousand miles of track  
Till I find myself in Mobile, Alabama  
At a club they call Big Jacks  
A little four piece band was jamming  
So I took my guitar and I sat in  
I showed em what a band would sound like  
With a swinging little guitarman

Show em son

If you ever take a trip down to the ocean  
Find yourself down around Mobile  
Make it on out to a club called Jacks  
If you got a little time to kill  
Just follow that crowd of people  
You'll wind up out on his dance floor  
Digging the finest little five piece group  
Up and down the Gulf of Mexico  
Guess who's leading that five piece band  
Wouldn't you know it's that swinging little guitarman

&quot;he was a degenerates degenerate&quot;