

This Guitar Is For Sale

Bobby Bare

This guitar is for sale, I'll let her go cheap
She's pretty to look at but she don't earn her keep
She can roar like the west wind, she can weep, she can wail
But the tunes that she plays just ain't sellin' today
This guitar is for sale.

She lay close beside me on cold winter nights
She's got me in trouble and she won me some fights
We both come out all right
She knows all the sad songs that Hank ever wrote
Just touch her once gently and she'll take you on home
She'll tell you some stories 'bout junk yards and jails
And a fool with a song and a dream that went wrong
This guitar is for sale.

She's rode cross this country on freight trains and trucks
On 'round pawnshop windows when we're down on our luck
We been down on our luck
So please treat her kind, keep her out of the rain
It's funny you're askin', I never gave her a name
But if you say she looks weary, you been readin' our mail
So if you got the dough buddy take her and go
This guitar is for sale.

She's won me some ladies with her sweet lovin' songs
And she's stuck right here with me when the ladies were gone
And the ladies are gone
But hard times and trouble been doggin' our tail
So if you got the dough buddy take her and go
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