Would you mind if I split my time
Between you and my electric guitar?
I'm not gonna lie, you're quite easy on the eyes.
But so is my electric guitar.

Suppose I could change.
But I don't want to spend half a day
Without you or my electric guitar.

Would it be rude if I went to bed with you And woke up wrapped around my guitar?
Would you be jealous when my fingers get calloused From all the excess caressin' down my guitar?

And if I had my way, You'd be one and the same. Oh you and my electric guitar.

Suppose there's a few things You can give me without any strings That I enjoy a little bit more than my guitar.

But if you made me choose,
Like you'd never make me do,
I'd be playin' nothing but blues on my guitar.
On my guitar.
'Cause I would choose my guitar.