Abra Moore

Hey, I hear you're back Well, here don't you want your guitar back Why, I really don't know for sure And what it is I'm asking for

See the wood it's slowly fading
But the bridge I fixed it new
I took it downtown to the guitar man
He said he'd do the best, the best that he can
And you know how it was then

I thought it could last I thought it was stronger

It's a mighty, mighty fine day to play
The three chords is all I have to say
I slip down the road
And the melody's got such a terrible hold on me
It's taking me back, it's taking me back
Taking me back

I keep it in glass In case of a fire

Hey, why is it taking you so long So, why is it taking you so long