

I Let My Guitar Do The Talking

Buddy Guy

I left Louisiana
Some 60 years ago
Bought me a one way ticket
To sweet home Chicago
When I lost my way
My fingers did the walking
I don't say too much
I let my guitar do the talking

Got a sixth grade education
I never finished school
I'm straight out of Louisiana, Lettsworth, there is
I made my own rules
Nobody let me in
Nobody gave me nothing
I don't say too much
I let my guitar do the talking

From the East Coast to the West Coast
New York to San Fran
Interstate 80 all the way
The band slept in the van
Sometimes nobody listened
But I just kept on rocking
I learned a long time ago
I let my guitar do the talking