

Daughter Don't You Marry No Guitar Picker

Corb Lund

Who should I marry, Daddy who should I marry?
Daughter, don't you marry no soldier sailor
Daughter, don't you marry no young crusader
Daughter, don't you marry no guitar picker
'Cause they ain't no good and they ain't gonna stick around

Daughter, don't you marry no degenerate gambler
Daughter, don't you marry no Hollywood wrangler
Daughter, don't you marry no guitar picker
'Cause they ain't no good and they ain't gonna stick around

Who should I marry, Daddy who should I marry?
Daughter, don't you marry no bible thumper
Daughter, don't you marry no old claim jumper
Daughter, don't you marry no guitar picker
'Cause they ain't no good and they ain't gonna stick around

Daughter, don't you marry no dirt poor farmer
Daughter, don't you marry no slick snake charmer
Daughter, don't you marry no guitar picker
'Cause they ain't no good and they ain't gonna stick around

Who's that leave, Daddy, who's that leave me?
Lean in close and listen real carefully
You find yourself a man in oil and cattle
At the very least there'll be beefsteak to eat
And a couple of buckets of crude oil to heat your castle