Guitar Girl

With a German accent She sings American blues With a guitar 'cross her shoulder And some worn out wooden shoes She plays for pennies Thrown into an open case She plays for love And a smile across your face With an angel's voice that smokes Too many cigarettes And if you help her out She's gonna help you to forget Guitar girl, guitar girl Won't you play me a song? (play me a song) Make it sweet, make it sad So we can all sing along Guitar girl, guitar girl Won't you play it again? (play it again) Strum the chords of my life Take away all my pain Guitar girl, hoo, guitar, guitar girl On the streets of Munich Tonight you can hear the ghosts Of delta kings and Harlem queens And cool jazz from the coast A million minor chords Can really take its toll On a young frulein Searching for her soul With an angel's voice that smokes Too many cigarettes And if you help her out She's gonna help you to forget Guitar girl, guitar girl Won't you play me a song? (play me a song) Make it sweet, make it slow So we can all sing along Guitar girl, guitar girl Won't you play it again? (play it again) Strum the chords of my life Take away all my pain Guitar girl, hoo, guitar, guitar girl Hoo, guitar, guitar girl (solo) With an angel's voice that smokes Too many cigarettes Well if you help her out She's gonna help you to forget Guitar girl, guitar girl Won't you play me a song? (play me a song) Make it sweet, make it slow So we can all sing along Guitar girl, guitar girl Won't you play it again? (play it again) Strum the chords of my life Take away all my pain Guitar girl, hoo, guitar, guitar girl

Dada

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Hoo, guitar, guitar girl
Hoo, guitar, guitar girl (guitar, guitar, guitar)
Hoo, guitar, guitar girl
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