

Piece Of Wood And Steel

David Allan Coe

I can feel your arms around me
Like it was yesterday
I can feel your hearing next to me
And hear your laughter gay
You tried to tell me what was right
And I told you what was real
All I ever live for now
Is this piece of wood and steel

In a world that's full of trouble
A world that's full of pain
Lord, many fall beside the road
And they never rise again
Many more are bending low
Or broken at the wheel
All I need to carry on
Is this piece of wood and steel

I was born my mother's only son
She loves me all she can
But there isn't much to say to her
Since I became a man
And I often met the devil
But I never made a deal
I just thank the lord for hands to play
The piece of wood and steel

It's face is scarred and beaten
Like the ragged clothes I wear
Like the body that god gave me
I might give it better care
But I play it for the ladies
And I play it for a meal
I play the strings just to hear 'em ring
On this piece of wood and steel

I'm growing tired of searching now
There's nothing much I crave
Give or take a little time
And you can write it on my grave
There's nothing more I care to own
Nothing left to feel
All I ever wanted
Was this piece of wood and steel

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A world that's full of pain
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Since I became a man
And I often met the devil
But I never made a deal
I just thank the lord for hands to play
The piece of wood and steel

I'll be playing this guitar till the day I die