

Steel Guitar Rag

Hank Thompson

Been runnin' around, seen many a town, and maybe you'll find I'
m the kind of guy that brags.
But listen to me and see if you don't agree
No melody rolls like that old steel guitar rag
And when they slide that thing, along those strings
It sounds so doggone heavenly, you can hear the Angels sing
And when you stomp your feet, your heart will beat,
A rhythm to the old steel guitar rag
You may be kind choosy, 'bout the kind of songs you hear,
You maybe like them blusey, makes you cry right in your beer,
But if you want a song that's bound to dry away your tears,
Make happy your soul with that old steel guitar rag.