

# That Old Beat Up Guitar

Jerry Jeff Walker

Well I found her in a pawnshop  
Somewhere up in Ohio  
Where I guess some rounder came up short  
And he had to let her go  
Cost me ninety dollars  
But she's worth much more by far  
Cause I never had a better friend  
Than that old beat up guitar

She didn't look like too much  
Just a Roy Smeck Stage Deluxe  
But a lady has never faired as well  
Who'd traveled through so much

She picked up the name of Angel  
In an old New Orleans bar  
Where a drunken poet drew one  
On the top of that guitar  
Old Dave Stovally marked her  
Scratched the song right out of his heart  
Seems everyone who used her  
Scarred that old beat up guitar

She didn't look like too much  
Just a Roy Smeck Stage Deluxe  
But a lady has never faired as well  
Who'd traveled through so much

She traveled with me always  
Through the alleys and bars  
Songs I sang and friends I knew  
Were part of that guitar  
At nights it was my pillow  
Sleeping underneath the stars  
Day and night I stayed alive  
With that old beat up guitar

She didn't look like too much  
Just a Roy Smeck Stage Deluxe  
But a lady has never faired as well  
Who'd traveled through so much

Yeah a ramblin man he has his troubles  
Hanging on to all that he owns  
After many years of travelin'  
That guitar fell by the road  
Then one night in New Mexico  
I stumbled into this bar  
Angel laid there smilin'  
On that old beat up guitar

Well I took her from the wall  
Ran my hands across the scars  
Played again the old songs  
That were written on that guitar  
Friends I've loved and lost  
Many nights inside of a bar

Came back so clearly singing with  
That old beat up guitar

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But a lady has never faired as well  
Who'd traveled through so much

Now she travels with me always  
Through the alleys and bars  
Songs I sing and friends I know  
They are a part of that guitar  
At nights it is my pillow  
Sleeping underneath the stars  
Day and night I stayed alive  
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