

# The Guitar Don't Lie

Tony Joe White

He sits all alone, playing his guitar  
In the back of a small café  
And nobody hears so he closes his eyes  
And just lets the music take him away

Singing songs of love, songs of broken hearts  
And he's worn out his luck and his last pair of jeans  
But you just keep on going on when you're living on  
dreams  
And you feel it inside, and the guitar don't lie.

There's a lady he knows, who often comes by  
She's heavily into the blues  
She requests the same song every night  
She says it reminds her of someone she knew.

A trace of her perfume, floats across the room  
Once they were close, shared all their dreams  
But now all he feels is a physical thing  
They grow slowly apart, and the guitar don't lie.

Some nights it gets cold, and it makes him aware  
That time is slipping away  
And if you look close at his dark curly hair  
Under the lights there are traces of grey

He knows what it's all about, feeling down and out  
'Cause he's been there before, and he's seen it all  
And you learn to survive with your back to the wall  
It's a crazy old life, and the guitar don't lie