John Williamson, You And My Guitar

This guitar only sings the way I play it, It's part of me, just like another arm It started out as a little ukulele, When I was just a boy on the farm My fingers were too lazy for piano But I could hold a tune pretty good And I couldn't sing a song with a trombone So I taught myself to play this piece of wood

But I know you are staying beside me True lovers we both feel the pain And I'd throw this old box on the fire Before I'd ever lose you again.

Well you never did like this old guitar, did you darling? 'Cause the guitar takes your man away from you One day I'll write a song for you darling, That'll be the very best that I can do

Will it be a song about a wild wind, With thunderclap and flashes of blue Or will it be a song about an angel? It'll never be as beautiful as you

This guitar only sings the way I play it, It's part of me, just like another arm It started out as a little ukulele, When I was just a boy on the farm

But now I am a man with a woman The words I wanna say won't come through No matter where this guitar's gonna take us It'll never be as beautiful as you