Talking Guitar Blues
Traditional

1. If you wanna get in trouble I'll tell you how to do it,
   Just get a guitar and then you're right in to it,
   So I got me one about a year ago,
   Fella said I'd learn it in a week or so,
   He gave me a book and a finger pick too,
   Said "all right boy now it's up to you,
   It's easy, plumb natural, just like fallin' off a log",
   Charged me four ninety-five, every cent of money I had.

2. For sixteen weeks I laboured hard,
   Just tryin' to learn them three main chords,
   The book says it's easy as A B C,
   But man my fingers is killin' me,
   Couldn't mash the strings down,

3. But never the less I'd spent my dough,
   Couldn't let that go to waste you know,
   I took the guitar and the book and all,
   And I headed back home where the trees grows tall,
   Way down in Tennessee, good place to be if you got a guitar,
   Don't amount to a great deal if you ain't.

4. I practiced hard both night and day,
   'til I could see ma's hair turning gray,
   Her face was lined with discontent,
   I could see her patience was pretty near spent,
   She was nervous, ears ringin', wanted to scream.

5. My sister took it the worst of all,
   'cause she got married that comin' fall,
   She said it was love but I got my doubts,
   I figured that guitar drove her out,
   She's a game gal though, she just couldn't take it,
   Said there's a limit to everything.

6. My pa he took it a differnt way,
   Said "Son you can turn your ma's hair gray,
   And drive your sister away from home,
   But either you or me is going start to roam,
   And I ain't leaving, don't intended to,
   You just figure that one out", well I did, kinda fast like.

7. Very next morning my clothes was packed,
   And I slung that guitar across my back,
   And I caught myself a long freight train,
   To roam the world in search of fame, but I ain't found none,
   Just hard luck, handouts, street corners, folk clubs,
   But don't get me wrong folks I ain't complainin',
   Just having a good time hanging out 'round here.