

Guitar Man

Kip Moore

Well, I woke to the rise, sun going down
Still taste the whiskey, fresh on my mouth
Hot cup of coffee, smoke in my hand
Another day in the life of a guitar man
La de da Well last night was a good night as I reach in my jeans
Crumpled up ones, a few tens in between
And a red head named Annie, she's still fast asleep
Made me make her a promise, she knows I can't keep
La de da Time to fire up that two tone bucket of rust
Throw my amp and my case in the back of my truck
Breathe in my freedom with the windows rolled down
Forty six miles 'til the next nameless town
La de da
Well, the place is still empty when I walk in the door
Stench from the beer, spilling up through the floor
Give a nod to sweet Lisa, she mixes the drinks
Life's been hard on her, but she's been good to me
La de da Off in the shadows
Stands a stool and a stage
Many souls before me were put on display
I take one last breath, time to pay some more dues
Won't add up to nothing but tips and cheap booze Yeah, the fruits of my labor's when the crowd
sings along
Nothing short of a savior, I go home alone
I'm an empty, faceless, spotlight mic stand
I'll getcha high, getcha low
I'm the guitar man, yeah
Well they'll ask for more love songs and I'll play with a smile
To help them hold on or forget for a while
They can fill up that jukebox with a week's worth of pay
But I can't feel their happy and I can't feel their pain, no No drums, no pianos, no sweet
harmonies
It's all in a song and it's all on me
Won't find nothing fancy I'm a tired one man band
I'm the picking and grinning guitar man Yeah the fruits of my labor's when the crowd sings
along
Nothing short of a savior, I go home alone
I'm an empty, faceless, spotlight mic stand
I'll getcha high, I'll getcha low, I'm the guitar man Yeah Well I had me a pretty baby, thought
she was the one
But she soon grew tired of this love on the run
She said she felt second, told me I had to choose

She's back in Georgia and I'm there with you
The end of the night, we'll all be best friends
Then strangers 'til roll through town again
I'll yell out, "hey Lisa, something cold in a can"
One for the road for the guitar man
Yeah the fruits of my labor's when the crowd sings along
Nothing short of a savior, still I go home alone
I'm an empty, faceless, spotlight mic stand
I'll getcha high, getcha low, I'm the guitar man
I'll play 'em fast, I'll play 'em slow, I'm the guitar man
Yeah

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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