

## This Guitar Is For Sale

**Bobby Bare**

This guitar is for sale, I'll let her go cheap  
She's pretty to look at but she don't earn her keep  
She can roar like the west wind, she can weep, she can wail  
But the tunes that she plays just ain't sellin' today  
This guitar is for sale.

She lay close beside me on cold winter nights  
She's got me in trouble and she won me some fights  
We both come out all right  
She knows all the sad songs that Hank ever wrote  
Just touch her once gently and she'll take you on home  
She'll tell you some stories 'bout junk yards and jails  
And a fool with a song and a dream that went wrong  
This guitar is for sale.

She's rode cross this country on freight trains and trucks  
On 'round pawnshop windows when we're down on our luck  
We been down on our luck  
So please treat her kind, keep her out of the rain  
It's funny you're askin', I never gave her a name  
But if you say she looks weary, you been readin' our mail  
So if you got the dough buddy take her and go  
This guitar is for sale.

She's won me some ladies with her sweet lovin' songs  
And she's stuck right here with me when the ladies were gone  
And the ladies are gone  
But hard times and trouble been doggin' our tail  
So if you got the dough buddy take her and go  
This guitar is for sale...