

# Piece Of Wood And Steel

David Allan Coe

I can feel your arms around me  
Like it was yesterday  
I can feel your hearing next to me  
And hear your laughter gay  
You tried to tell me what was right  
And I told you what was real  
All I ever live for now  
Is this piece of wood and steel

In a world that's full of trouble  
A world that's full of pain  
Lord, many fall beside the road  
And they never rise again  
Many more are bending low  
Or broken at the wheel  
All I need to carry on  
Is this piece of wood and steel

I was born my mother's only son  
She loves me all she can  
But there isn't much to say to her  
Since I became a man  
And I often met the devil  
But I never made a deal  
I just thank the lord for hands to play  
The piece of wood and steel

It's face is scarred and beaten  
Like the ragged clothes I wear  
Like the body that god gave me  
I might give it better care  
But I play it for the ladies  
And I play it for a meal  
I play the strings just to hear 'em ring  
On this piece of wood and steel

I'm growing tired of searching now  
There's nothing much I crave  
Give or take a little time  
And you can write it on my grave  
There's nothing more I care to own  
Nothing left to feel  
All I ever wanted  
Was this piece of wood and steel

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I just thank the lord for hands to play  
The piece of wood and steel

I'll be playing this guitar till the day I die