

Black Diamond Strings

Guy Clark

Black Diamond Strings
This Black Diamond Strings
Drinkin' 1 W. Harper
Playin' Black Diamond Strings

Black Diamond Strings
Are like white flour and grits
You play Black Diamond Strings
'Cause it's all you can get

Black Diamond Strings on a catalog guitar
That's pretty high cotton whoever you are
You break one you change one, that's as good as it gets
You can play all year long on two or three sets

J.W. Crowell was a hell of a man
He played two nights a week in a hillbilly band
He played at the Ice House on Telephone Road
And he played in the yard just to lighten his load

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Say hey, J.W, come on play that frogline
Let Old Rodney sit in, hell, he's goin' on nine
His fingers are bleedin', but he's keepin' good time
Playin' Black Diamond Strings, and he'll never quit tryin'

And I causette she told 'em both
She said, "You boys pack it up, it's time to go home
We got church in the mornin', man, it's comin' up dawn
Don't make me say it again or I'm gone
You can stay here forever, but you're gonna walk home"

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