

# Guitar Man

Jerry Reed

Well, I quit my job down at the car wash  
And left my mama a goodbye note  
By sundown, I'd left Kingston  
With my guitar up under my coat

I hitchhiked all the way down to Memphis  
Got a room at the YMCA  
For the next three weeks  
I went a hauntin' them nightclubs  
Lookin' for a place to play

Well, I thought my pickin'  
Would set 'em on fire  
But nobody wanted to hire  
A guitar man

Well, I nearly 'bout starved to death down in Memphis  
I run out of money and luck  
So I bummed me a ride down to Macon, Georgia  
On a overloaded poultry truck

I thumbed on down to Panama City  
Started checkin' out some of them all night bars  
Hopin' I can make myself a dollar  
Makin' music on my guitar

Got the same old story  
At them all night piers  
"There ain't no room around here for a guitar man  
We don't need a guitar man, son"

So I slept in the hobo jungles  
I bummed a thousand miles of track  
Till I found myself in Mobile, Alabama  
In a club they call Big Jack's

A little four piece band was jammin'  
So I took my guitar and I sat in  
I showed 'em what a band would sound like  
With a swingin' little guitar man, show 'em, son

Yeah

So if you ever take a trip down to the ocean  
Find yourself down 'round Mobile  
Well, make it on out to the club called Jack's  
Till you got a little time to kill

Just follow that crowd of people  
You'll wind up out on his dance floor  
Diggin' the finest little five piece group  
Up and down the Gulf of Mexico

And guess who's leadin'  
That five piece band  
Why, wouldn't you know  
It's that swingin' little guitar man, yeah