

Guitar Man

Kip Moore

Well, I woke to the rise, sun going down
Stale taste of whiskey, still fresh on my mouth
Hot cup of coffee, smoke in my hand
Another day in the life of the guitar man
La de da

Well last night was a good night as I reached 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
Breathing my freedom, windows rolled down
Forty-six miles till 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
Where many souls before me were put on display
I take one last breath, time to pay some more dues
That won't add up to nothing but tips and cheap booze

Yeah, the fruits of my labor is 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

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 it can't feel their happy and it can't feel their pain

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, this love on the run
Said she felt second, told me I had to choose
She's back in Georgia and I'm here with you

The end of the night, we'll all be best friends

Then strangers till I 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, I'll getcha low, I'm the guitar man yeah
I'll play em fast, I'll play em slow, I'm the guitar man
Yeah