

The Old Man And His Guitar

Lee Hazlewood

See the candle light burning
in a cabin not so far
from a river wild, that's friendly as a child,
to an old man and his guitar.

Spends each lonely night just wishing
on some long forgotten star
dreamin' dreams until only dreams seem real
to an old man and his guitar.

Rememberin' loves, rememberin' springs
so many loves, so many springs
but there was one he loved the best
she made him soon forget the rest.

His hands that once played only magic
now where the sting of times crewel scars
but all his songs aren't sung the best is yet to come
for an old man and his guitar