

Berneice

Lynyrd Skynyrd

I can still remember, I was eight years old
The first time that I picked her up, little did I know
She's taken me to places that I've never been
Did my first gig in a rock n' roll band

Berneice, sweet Berneice

Get a real job, let the guitar go
There ain't no future in this rock n' roll
So go for your guitars, go for your guns
Better think twice it's three against one
Take your best shot it's a showdown now

Berneice, sweet Berneice
Oh, Berneice won't you play for me?

A guitar woman needs a guitar man
One without the other, neither one of them can stand
Remember where we came from we can do it all again
So thanks to all you people, give yourselves a hand

Berneice, sweet Berneice
Oh, Berneice, won't you play for me?
Berneice, sweet Berneice
Oh, Berneice, won't you play for me?