

Charlie Owen's Slide Guitar

Paul Kelly

I was crawling, in need of inspiration
So disgusted, aching for a cure
Right there in my neighbourhood
A spell from the old, dark wood
Charlie Owen's slide guitar

The usual murmurs, the clinking of the glasses
The usual rumours drifting round the bar
He made the same mistake twice
My tears took me by surprise
Charlie Owen's slide guitar

Charlie, I can't see your face
Your good friends are in disgrace
And at the crossroads I am told
The devil's waiting for your soul

If I ever find my way to heaven
I promise I'll throw a party there
The band will be from Brazil
I know he'll be sitting in as well
Charlie Owen with his slide guitar