

Song For Richard Collopy

Sun Kil Moon

He worked from morning to ten at night sometimes three am,
fixing guitars for a living honing and polishing frets,
Setting the intonation and action good,
Carving saddles from ox bone, bridges from Brazilian wood.

He fixed my old Gibson L double O,
He reset the neck, used a patch of bondo,
Near the sound-hole where the wood wore away,
From many years of age and hard play.

Sometime he'd leave without warning and just close up shop.
No sign, no message, no call, no nothing, he just stopped,
Coming to work and picking up the telephone
I left more than a few messages for him after the tone

All summer he wouldn't return my calls
'Hey Richard I'd like my guitar back by fall,
Got a record to make and a promise to bring,
A tour in England a smile to feign'.

September, October he called and said it was done.
I got in the taxi and got my guitar and man that thing sung,
Like a choir of angels and the neck it felt great,
And that was the last time i saw him, late 2008.

Why Richard Collopy? Why Richard? Why,
Did you have to off with the birds in the sky?
You were the best guitar guy out west.
I cherish your work and wish you good rest.

Why Richard Collopy? Why Richard? Why,
Did you have to lie down and close your eyes?
Close down your shop and not say goodbye.
I'll own this guitar for the rest of my life.
I'll play this guitar for the rest of my life.

Why Richard Collopy? Why Richard? Why...