

## Once There Was a Time

### Ten Years After

Once there was a time I'd rob my mama  
For a good meal and a smoke  
Once there was a time I'd sell my brother  
For a dollar when I was broke

But I'd never sell my guitar  
And my strings were always sharp  
'Cause if I don't have a guitar  
I'll be strumming on some angels harp

And if I don't get to heaven  
And I go down there below  
Better be a guitar when I get there  
Or, I will refuse to go

Once there was a time I was hungry  
And I'd find my food in some bin  
But I'd never, never sell my guitar  
'Cause that would, darling, that would be a sin