

Well I quit my job down at the car wash
Left my mother a goodbye note
By sundown I left Kingston with my guitar under my coat
Hitchhiked all the way down to Memphis
Got a room at the YMCA
For the next three weeks went hunting at nights
Just looking for a place to play
Well I thought my picking would set them on fire
But nobody wanted to hire a guitar man

Well I nearly starved to death down in Memphis
I run out of money and luck
So I bummed me a ride down to Mecon, Georgia
On an overloaded poultry truck
Thumbed on down to Panama City
Started picking at some of them all night bars
Hoping I could make myself a dollar making music on my guitar
Got the same old story the moment I'd appear
There ain't room around here for a guitar man
Don't need a guitar man son

So I slept in the hobo jungles
I roamed thousand miles of track
Till I find myself in Mobile, Alabama
At a club they call Big Jacks
A little four piece band was jamming
So I took my guitar and I sat in
I showed em what a band would sound like
With a swinging little guitar man

Show em son
If you ever take a trip down to the ocean
Find yourself down around Mobile
Make it on out to a club called Jacks
If you got a little time to kill
Just follow that crowd of people
You'll wind up out on his dance floor
Digging the finest little five piece group
Up and down the Gulf of Mexico
Guess who's leading that five piece band
Wouldn't you know it's that swinging little guitar man