

That Black Guitar

The Walkabouts

I was little Vlado then
when the gypsies came a wandering, to our town
they'd come by the house, and they'd start to play.
and father would go, to his room, and pickup his guitar
which he'd bought long ago
with his paltry pay.

Mister, do you still have that guitar?
Mister, do you still have that black guitar?
That one was the best one by far!

and they kept on asking
along after that,
whenever they'd shill, for a spare coin or two
always when they played, at the village saloon
and they'd take their breaks, to drink at the bar
whenever their wives,
stood by the door,
and asked for old clothes
their wives would implore:

Mister, do you still have that guitar?
Mister, do you still have that black guitar?
That one was the best one by far!

now when I come home,
I sit beneath the chestnuts
and I drink
I drink with my friends
who still call this home.
and nearly every night
to the table
they come
and play for us
with childish faces
and tremelous voices, They ask!

Mister, do you still have that guitar?
Mister, do you still have that black guitar?
That one was the best one by far!