

This Old Guitar and Me

Vince Gill

This old guitar and me
And the things that we've been through
C.F. Martin built him
Back in nineteen forty-two

I remember when we met
I was only seventeen
I spent all my college money
On a half a dozen strings

I thought my folks would kill me
I found out I was wrong
They said your future's written on your face
When you sing those travelin' songs

So we headed for Kentucky
With a suitcase full of dreams
My rough-out books, a few T-shirts
A worn out pair of jeans, ooh

This old guitar and me
We spent a lot of nights alone
Well, sometimes we'd get lucky
And take bar maid home

One night stands for breakfast
Two strangers with the blues
We'd wake up in the morning
And both feel a little used

Well, home was just a highway
We'd roam from town to town
Just me and that old flattop
Not caring where we're bound

From Maine to California
With a five piece travelin' band
Singin' songs about the hard times
That face the common man, ooh

This old guitar and me
Lord, we did the best we could
One was born a sinner
And one a piece of wood

God sent a wooden angel
To guide me on my way
We were meant to be together
Until my dyin' day

Well, now my dearest old companion
Lies underneath my bed
Well, our travelin' days are over
Man, but the memories fill my head

Well, I've settled with my family
Here in the hills of Tennessee

To teach my children's children
'Bout this old guitar and me, ooh