

Guitar in the Corner

Willie Nelson

There's a guitar in the corner,
That used to have a song,
I would hold it while it played me,
And I would sing along.

There was a happy song about her,
Loving me like I loved her,
But the strings no longer ring,
And things are not the way they were.

Now when I need a song,
My mind goes back where I belong,
When I'm not there,
And the future is not clear,
And the past is just a smoke ring in the air.

And that guitar in the corner,
Just waits there by the wall,
Standing guard and thinking,
A new song might come to call,
And free us from this minor key,
That we both been living in,
And will pick up where we left off,
And play some songs again.

Now when I need a song,
My mind goes back where I belong,
I'm not there and the future is not clear,
And the past is just a smoke ring in the air.

That guitar in the corner,
Just waits there by the wall,
Standing guard and thinking,
A new song might come to call,
And free us from this minor key,
That we've both been living in,
And we look it up where we left off,
And play some songs again.

There's a guitar in the corner,
That used to have our songs,
I would hold it when I played it,
And I would sing along.