

# Girls With Guitars

Wynonna Judd

She turned fifteen with great expectations  
Her older brother knew somethin' was up  
He caught her going through his record collection  
Lookin' at Hendricks like a love sick pup  
She begged and she pleaded 'till Dad finally listened  
He drove her in the car down to Sears Roebuck  
He bought her that guitar and that was the beginning  
Now she's down in the cellar with the amp turned up

Girls with guitars  
Daddy's little angel  
Girls with guitars  
What's the world coming to?  
Girls with guitars  
Mothers tend to worry about  
Girls with guitars

Well, Saturday nights she followed her brother  
It was socks and stockings on the old gym floor  
While everybody danced to garage band covers  
She was checking out riffs and memorizing chords  
She didn't care at all for the football heroes  
She didn't even notice the basketball stars  
Boys as a species were all a bunch of zeroes  
Except for the ones that played that guitar

Girls with guitars  
She wasn't any debutante  
Girls with guitars  
She didn't go out for cheerleading  
Girls with guitars  
Boys are kinda nervous 'round  
Girls with guitars

She went off to college, she got her degree  
Her parents breathed a sigh of great relief  
Daddy's thinking law school, Mother's thinking medicine  
Daughter's thinking how she's gonna break the news to them

Now there's an old Chevy van just sitting in the driveway  
Filled to the gills with all her stuff  
She cut a deal with her brother to drive up the highway  
Figures New York City is close enough  
She gets the audition through a friend of a friend  
Who's checking out her legs saying, "This will never work!"  
She flips on her boogie and turns to the band  
Gives a little grin and blows away the jerk

Girls with guitars  
Now everybody's rockin'  
Girls with guitars  
There ought to be a song about  
Girls with guitars  
There's just no stopping those  
Girls with guitars