

Guitar Man

Well, I quit my job down at the car wash
I left my mama a goodbye note
By sundown I'd lift Kingston with my guitar under my coat
I hitchhiked all the way down to Memphis
Got a room at the YMCA
And for the next three weeks I went huntin' them nightclubs lookin' for a place to play
I thought my pickin' would set 'em on fire
But nobody wanted to hire a guitar man
No sir

Well, I nearly 'bout starved to death down in Memphis
I run outta money and luck
So I bummed me a ride down to Macon, Georgia on an overloaded poultry truck
Thumbed on down to Panama City
Started pickin' out some of them all night bars
Hopin' I could make myself a dollar playin' music on my guitar
I got the same ol' story at them all night piers
There ain't no room around here for a guitar man
We don't need no guitar man son

(chorus)

So I slept in the hobo jungles
Roamed a thousand miles of track
'Til I found myself in Mobile, Alabama at a club they called Big Jack's
A little four-piece band was jammin'
So I took my guitar and I sat in
I showed 'em what a band would sound like with a swingin' little guitar man
Show 'em son

(repeat chorus)

If you ever take a trip down to the ocean
And find yourself down around Mobile
Make it on out to a club called Jack's if you got a little time to kill
Just follow that crowd of people
You'll wind up out on his dance floor
Diggin' the finest little five-piece group up and down the gulf of Mexico
And guess who's leadin' that five-piece band
Wouldn't ya know, it's a swingin' little guitar man
Ah, son