

# Golden Guitar

Bill Anderson

I happened to walk into a honky tonk  
One night down in New Orleans  
Up above the bar hung a big guitar  
Like none I'd ever seen.  
The neck was set with diamonds  
And though the strings were old  
Like Kings of sound they wound around  
Six keys of solid gold.  
A man stepped up beside me  
His breath was strong with wine  
He said you know that guitar once belonged  
To a mighty close pal of mine.  
He used to play it right here  
I forget the year around '45, I think  
Ha, I could tell you quite a story friend  
If you'd care to buy me a drink.

Well, I possessed by every weakness  
That takes a man a fool  
I bought a round, he drank it down  
And then he rocked back on his stool.  
He said, ''Yeah, I remember now  
It was '45 alright.  
He just returned from the Great War  
That's where he lost his sight.'  
His buddies gave him that guitar  
At the time it was simple and plain  
He added the gold and the diamonds  
As he played his way to fame.  
He was doing a show in Shreveport  
The night he received a call  
To come appear on the Grand Ole Opry  
The greatest show at all.

I was driving him to Nashville  
It was cold and misting rain  
The signals flashed and the whistle screamed  
I swear Mister I never saw that train.  
I heard the doctor tell him  
Just after he used his knife  
You're lucky son it was just your arm  
It could have been your life.  
But he died that night, life just demanded  
More than he could give  
I think he couldn've made it  
He just lost his will to live.  
But this world's loss is heaven's gain  
And tonight he's still a star  
He plays with a band of angels  
That's my son's golden guitar...