

Boy With A Guitar

Jason Blaine

Just an old flat top
From an old pawn shop
Didn't cost me a lot
When I bought it
Barely knew how to play it
But I learned how to play it
For some pretty green eyes looking back into mine
On a July night, just hoping she might be paying
A little attention, to a

Boy with a guitar, boy with a guitar
Doing the best to impress her with a song
Trying to win over her heart, to hell with a fast car
I had a six string, strumming out a melody
After all this time, I can still rewind to a campfire kiss in the dark
She's still my blue jean baby, that I think's crazy for giving away her heart
To a boy with a guitar, to a boy with a guitar

Girl ain't it funny how we've been driving around with the windows down
And end up somewhere in a memory, a beautiful memory
You were sipping that strawberry Boone's Farm wine
I was strumming through the summer of '69
Just to watch you dance, hoping you'd take a chance on a

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To a boy with a guitar, to a boy with a guitar

Somewhere in the night there's a little white house
And a bedroom filled with the sound of a boy with a guitar
And there's a bright marquee on the big city street
And the crowd lined up to see a boy with a guitar

Boy with a guitar, boy with a guitar
Doing the best to impress her with a song
Trying to win over her heart (to hell with a fast car?)
I had a six string, strumming out a melody
After all this time, I can still rewind to a campfire kiss in the dark
She's still my blue jean baby, that I think's crazy for giving away her heart
To a boy with a guitar, a boy with a guitar
To a boy with a guitar