

Once There Was a Time

Ten Years After

Once there was a time I'd rob my mama
For a good meal and a smoke
Once there was a time I'd sell my brother
For a dollar when I was broke

But I'd never sell my guitar
And my strings were always sharp
'Cause if I don't have a guitar
I'll be strumming on some angels harp

And if I don't get to heaven
And I go down there below
Better be a guitar when I get there
Or, I will refuse to go

Once there was a time I was hungry
And I'd find my food in some bin
But I'd never, never sell my guitar
'Cause that would, darling, that would be a sin