

Guitar Picker

Whiskey Myers

I remember back when I was sixteen
I was sittin' there just my pops and me
When his friend walked up in a cowboy hat
Said I like what your doin but it ain't worth sap
I see this road will leave you cold and alone
Old and broke and a bag of bones
So you better take heed to the words I say
Stay right clear of that lost highway

I'm singin' o southern wind wont you take me high
I got seven ladies dancin' naked by an old camp fire
Guitar pickin' with a bottle of wine
Ill be an old broke guitar picker, lord, when I die
Ill be an old broke guitar picker, lord, when I die

Holes in my clothes and holes in my shoes
And a hole in the heart, thats why I'm singin' the blues
Put my change in my pocket but it's all gone
And everything that I do it seems to be wrong
So now I'm broke I'm back on the street
With a guitar case infront of Drake and me
So you better listen up cause it ain't no lie
Please throw a nickel in when you walk by

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I came in this world with nothin on my back
I'll leave the same and thats a fact
I ain't in it for the money I ain't in it for the fame
And I don't really care if you remember my name
So now I gotta to go I gotta hit the road
I gotta do the only thing that I know
I got this feel it deep down and I got to be true
And I sure as hell ain't guna change for you

Singin O southern wind wont you take me high
When I hear the sounds comin from an amplifier
Guitar pickin with a bottle of wine
Ill be an old broke guitar picker when I die
Ill be an old broke guitar picker when I die