

Girls With Guitars

Wynonna Judd

She turned fifteen with great expectations
Her older brother knew somethin' was up
He caught her going through his record collection
Lookin' at Hendricks like a love sick pup
She begged and she pleaded 'till Dad finally listened
He drove her in the car down to Sears Roebuck
He bought her that guitar and that was the beginning
Now she's down in the cellar with the amp turned up

Girls with guitars
Daddy's little angel
Girls with guitars
What's the world coming to?
Girls with guitars
Mothers tend to worry about
Girls with guitars

Well, Saturday nights she followed her brother
It was socks and stockings on the old gym floor
While everybody danced to garage band covers
She was checking out riffs and memorizing chords
She didn't care at all for the football heroes
She didn't even notice the basketball stars
Boys as a species were all a bunch of zeroes
Except for the ones that played that guitar

Girls with guitars
She wasn't any debutante
Girls with guitars
She didn't go out for cheerleading
Girls with guitars
Boys are kinda nervous 'round
Girls with guitars

She went off to college, she got her degree
Her parents breathed a sigh of great relief
Daddy's thinking law school, Mother's thinking medicine
Daughter's thinking how she's gonna break the news to them

Now there's an old Chevy van just sitting in the driveway
Filled to the gills with all her stuff
She cut a deal with her brother to drive up the highway
Figures New York City is close enough
She gets the audition through a friend of a friend
Who's checking out her legs saying, "This will never work!"
She flips on her boogie and turns to the band
Gives a little grin and blows away the jerk

Girls with guitars
Now everybody's rockin'
Girls with guitars
There ought to be a song about
Girls with guitars
There's just no stopping those
Girls with guitars

Get your money for nothin' and your guys for free