***My Blue Guitar***

This guitar don’t sound the same as it once did

When I’d sit and play your favorite songs for you

Since you left, the tempo’s changed, there’s only heartache

That echoes from the hollow of my blue guitar

I pick it up, I pick it down

Nothin’s as lonesome as the sound

Keeping rhythm with the breaking of my heart

I play it fast, I play it slow

There’s just one sound flows from the soul

Misery and sorrow, lonesome blue guitar

Emptiness, despair, and pain – a reflection

Of dreams that never lived to see the light of day

Six strings cryin’ out in vain, I still love you

Memories turn days gone by to dreams of blue

I pick it up, I pick it down

Nothin’s as lonesome as the sound

Keeping rhythm with the breaking of my heart

I play it fast, I play it slow

There’s just one sound flows from the soul

Misery and sorrow, lonesome blue guitar

Your tender kiss, your hazel eyes, lost in the shadows of my mind

Forever laid to rest, forever faded blue

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