

MY GUITAR

I just need some time to myself so I can do what I want,
My guitar tells me what to play, it sings songs and puts them in my mind,
'Till all my worries all my cries are left behind.

I got all these people come around and sit inside my home,
And I listen to all their worries, tell them a few of my own,
But when it's time to go all I got is my guitar.

(Instrumental bossa break)

Scatting: Doh, pah pah, padoueee....

When the time keeps rushing and it won't wait until I can be still,
And with no one to look to, nothing to give me sense of will,
I listen to the wise strings pluck away my fears,
'Till all my worries all my cries are left behind.

Ohh, ohh, ohh.