

GHOST IN THIS GUITAR

By The Ranch

Em

DOWN THE DRAINPIPE CROSS THE YARD AND THROUGH THE FENCE

D

Em

I RISKED A WHOOPIN' EVERY TIME I WENT

C

CAUSE WHITE BOYS WEREN'T ALLOWED

G

ON THE COLORED SIDE OF TOWN

Am

BUT I WAS PROUD TO CALL

B7

THAT OLD BLACK MAN MY FRIEND

HE HAD A PILLOW ON THE BED HE USED TO PRAY ON

AND A BEAT UP OLD GUITAR HE LET ME PLAY ON

I KNEW WHERE MY FINGERS WENT

FROM HIS GREASY FINGERPRINTS

YEAH HE WAS PASSING ON

WHAT WAS HANDED DOWN TO HIM

Chorus:

C

G

AND IT SOAKED UP ALL THE BLOOD AND SWEAT AND TEARDROPS

D

Em

AND THE BEERS HE MISSED IN SMOKY LITTLE BARS

C

G

AND SOMETIMES THAT OLD MAN HE COMES ALIVE IN MY HANDS

Am

B7

I FEEL THE BEATING OF HIS SAD OLD BROKEN HEART

C

D

JUST LIKE THERE'S A GHOST IN THIS GUITAR

A

A GHOST IN THIS GUITAR

WELL THE NIGHT BEFORE HE DIED HE MADE ME TAKE IT

HE SAID "YOU PLAY IT NOW 'CAUSE I GOTTA GO"

AND I CAN FEEL HIM IN MY FINGERS WHEN I PLAY IT

'CAUSE SOMETIMES I'M IN CONTROL

AND SOMETIMES I JUST SIT BACK AND LET HIM GO

SIT BACK AND LET HIM GO

Chorus