

# 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  
Chorus: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  
Chorus: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  
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  
Chorus: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

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>

