

Walkabouts

"That Black Guitar"

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I was little Vlado then
When the gypsies came a wandering, to our town
They'd come by the house, and they'd start to play.
And father would go, to his room, and pickup his guitar
Which he'd bought long ago
With his paltry pay

Mister, do you still have that guitar
Mister, do you still have that black guitar
That one was the best one by far

And they kept on asking
Along after that
Whenever they'd shill, for a spare coin or two
Always when they played, at the village saloon
And they'd take their breaks, to drink at the bar
Whenever their wives
Stood by the door
And asked for old clothes
Their wives would implore

Mister, do you still have that guitar
Mister, do you still have that black guitar
That one was the best one by far

Now when I come home
I sit beneath the chestnuts
And I drink
I drink with my friends
Who still call this home
And nearly every night
To the table they come
And play for us
With childish faces
And tremelous voices
They ask

Mister, do you still have that guitar
Mister, do you still have that black guitar
That one was the best one by far
That one was the best one by far

That one was the best one by far

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