

## Joe Dassin

### "The guitar don't lie"

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He sits all alone playing his guitar  
Out in the back of a little cafe.  
And no one seems to hear so he closes his eyes  
And just lets the music take him away.

Singing songs of love, songs of broken hearts.  
And he's worn out his luck and his last pair of jeans,  
But you keep going on when you're living on dreams,  
And you feel it inside, and the guitar don't lie.

There's a lady he knows who often comes by,  
She's a nice little girl and she's into the blues.  
The request is the same song every night,  
She says it reminds her of someone she knew.

A trace of her perfume floats across the room.  
Once they were close and they shared all their dreams,  
But now all he feels is a physical thing.  
They grew slowly apart, and the guitar don't lie.

Some nights it gets cold and it makes him aware  
That time's moving on and it's slipping away.  
And if you look close at his dark curly hair,  
Under the lights there are traces of gray.

He knows what it's all about feeling down and out.  
'Cause he's been there before and he's seen it all,  
And you learn to survive with your back to the wall.  
It's a crazy old life, and the guitar don't lie.

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