

Chely Wright "Emma Jean's Guitar"

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I found it in a pawn shop in a ragged cardboard case
With the guns and dusty watches it looked so out of
place
With a railways baggage sticker, yellow frayed and
torn
Destination Nashville, September '64

And you could tell by the fingerboard her painted nails
were long
She only needed three chords to play those good ole
country songs
And her name's etched in the finish like a fading battle
scar
And this 1950 Gibson was Emma Jean's guitar

I wonder if she played it in a small town talent show
With her hair teased to perfection in a dress her
mamma sewed
And for a little inspiration she pasted on a star
Here up on the head stock of Emma Jean's guitar

And you could tell by the fingerboard her painted nails
were long
She only needed three chords to play those good ole
country songs
And her name's etched in the finish like a fading battle
scar
And this 1950 Gibson was Emma Jean's guitar

I wouldn't even know her if I saw her face to face
But there's a little bit of Emma Jean in every song I play
She passed along these hopes and dreams cradled in
my arms
And I am just a guardian of Emma Jean's guitar

You could tell by the fingerboard her painted nails were
long
She only needed three chords to play those good ole
country songs
And her name's etched in the finish like a fading battle
scar
And this 1950 Gibson was Emma Jean's guitar

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