

## Loudon Wainwright "Red Guitar"

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I.Used to have a red guitar  
Â‘Til I smashed it drunk one night  
Smashed it in the classic form  
As Peter Townshend might  
Threw it in the fireplace  
Left it there a while  
Kate she started crying when she saw my sordid smile

II.Red guitar was made of wood  
It could not take the heat  
Red guitar it caught on fire  
And the damage was complete  
It burned until all that was left  
Were six pegs and six strings  
Kate she says, Â“You are a fool.  
You done a foolish thing.Â”

III.I placed the remains in the case and I put the case  
away  
Went to New York City for a new guitar the next day  
I bought my self a blond guitar  
Had it for three days  
Some junkie stole my blond guitar  
God works in wondrous ways

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