

Pura Fé "If I Was Your Guitar"

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If I was your guitar, I'd be the happiest woman alive
Lay me down across your lap dear papa
Slide steel upon me and fly
Travel up and down my frets caressing the magic note
The way you get up all inside you work my heart strings
to no control!

You hurt me wound me mess my strings up and tune
me
My acoustics' wired up to your electric touch
My heart beats for you that I want you too much... I want
you too much!

Imagine being your woman... home without you all the
time,
But if I was your guitar, I'd be the loving of your
traveling life.
The first man you tell me secrets and feelings to be
faithful and treat me right,
Round the world, sing me God's praise in the morning
And your blue lullaby drinking nights.

Bury me when you die, wants to be played on the other
side,
You can pluck my harp, my strumming angel above
Cause you're heaven on earth, and you're out of this
world... out of this world!

Dance your fingers weaving guitar twine
Pulling honey from the sweetest vine
Bent over singing soft whiskey breath
Intoxicating melodies that sigh upon my neck
You know that I would drink you up
But I don't know if I can get enough of your stuff.

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