

Merle Haggard

"Daddy Frank"

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(The Guitar Man)

Daddy Frank played the guitar and the French harp
Sister played the ringing tambourine
Mama couldn't hear our pretty music
She read our lips and helped the family sing

That little band was all a part of living
And our only means of living at the time
And it wasn't like no normal family combo
'Cause daddy Frank, the guitar man was blind

Frank and mama counted on each other
Their one and only weakness made them strong
Mama did the driving for the family
And Frank made a living with a song

Home was just a camp along the highway
A pickup bed was where we bedded down
Don't ever once remember going hungry
But I remember mama cooking on the ground

Don't remember how they got acquainted
I can't recall just how it came to be
There had to be some special help from someone
And blessed be the one that let it be

Fever caused my mama's loss of hearing
Daddy Frank was born without his sight
And mama needed someone she could lean on
And I believe the guitar man was right

Daddy Frank played the guitar and the French harp
Sister played the ringing tambourine
Mama couldn't hear our pretty music
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