

Tobin Sprout

"Close But No Guitar"

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I'd sing the harmonies and Dixie sang the melody
And we sing a little off key sometimes
But we had some fun, son of a gun
I wonder if I ever even cross her mind

Then she ran away with Billy Bovine
He was a flat top guitar pickin' friend o' mine
And now I'm just sittin' home just countin' the stars
I got close but no guitar

I got close but no guitar
She was a shooting star
Who ran off with a guitar pickin' friend o' mine
She's really on her way
I hear her records every day
I got close but no guitar

I still play piano bars, still drive that same ol' car
I live in that little shack in Tupelo
Dixie is the queen of Billboard Magazine
Playin' 'cross the country doin' one night shows

A man walks up with a dollar in his hand
Says let me hear the song by Dixie and the guitar man
And as the dollar falls to the bottom of my jar
I get close but no guitar

I got close but no guitar
She was a shooting star
Who ran off with a guitar pickin' friend o' mine
She's really on her way
I hear her records every day
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Who ran off with a guitar pickin' friend o' mine
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