

Stompin' Tom Connors

"Luke's Guitar"

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Spoken:

This here next story is about a guy I once knew
Uh, I met 'em down in a bar room on Barington St. I
think it was in Halifax
This here guy was crying in his beer one day
And he don't know that I wrote this song about 'em
Because Luke isn't his name, But the guy in this here
song
I'm gonna sing to ya, His name is Luke
Anyway Luke had a big decision to make in his life
He had to choose between gettin' rid of his wife or
gettin' rid of his guitar
I'm gonna leave it up to you wether he made the right
decision, or not

Twang Twang-adiddle dang a diddle danga twanga
twanga
Twang twanga diddle dang
Another dang twang another dang twang another dang
twang...

I've been married now for a year or more
And my old guitar hangs by the door.
That woman of mine says "hock that Luke" cause your
momma dear
Needs a brand new suit.
Well I hocked my watch & I sold my dog & I pawned the
gasoline stove
I hocked my ring and everything to keep that woman in
clothes
I even pawned a cat & I hocked my boots and I sold the
family car
But that woman of mine will be a hundred an' nine
before I hock my old guitar

Twang Twang-adiddle dang a diddle danga twanga
twanga
Twang twanga diddle dang
Another dang twang another dang twang another dang
twang...

She went out one day last week I guess & she won't
come back until
I say yes
In answer to her "hock that Luke" My old guitar for a
swimmin' suit-

That'll be the day when I pawn my heart like I pawned
the gasoline stove
I hocked my ring and everything just to keep that
woman in clothes
I even pawned a cat and I hocked my boots and I sold
the family car-
But that woman of mine will be old and blind before I
hock my old guitar...

Twang twanga diddle rahhhgtwanga twanga twang
twanga diddle dang
Another dang twang and another dang twang

If she don't come back I won't be sore cuz I don't give
A hoot about her no more
A man gets tire of "hock that Luke!" That woman of
mine's too bad to shoot.
Well I hocked my watch and I sold my dog & I pawned
the gasoline stove
I hocked my ring and everything just to keep that
woman in clothes-
I even pawned a cat & I hocked my boots and I sold the
family car-
But that woman of mine'll be in a box of pine before I
hock my old guitar

Twang twanga diddle rahhhgtwanga twanga twang
twanga diddle dang
Another dang twang and another dang twang

This song ain't over yet-
Still another dang twang and another dang twang and
another dang twang

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