

## Stompin' Tom Connors "Old Flat-Top Guitar"

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Well I work all week, the Wife does too  
She get's a perm, I buy a brew  
We stock the fridge and pay the bills  
We don't get too many frills  
But we got a house, a dog and a mouse  
And an Old Flat-top Guitar

Well it's alright to dance and dine,  
By candle light with fancy wine  
But when we can't afford to roam,  
We'll have a shindig here at home  
And dance around to the coutry sounds  
Of Old Flat-top guitar's

On Saturday nights we get some beer  
We sit outside, the old dog near  
Bang the old verandah boards  
Get the Wife to strum the chords  
Shake the moon with a new set of tunes  
On the Old Flat-top guitar

Well the neighbours look when they here the sound  
They jump the fence and they gather 'round  
They dance the heels right off their boots  
Even the owls begin to hoot  
When the higher strings being to ring  
On the Old Flat-top guitar

Well at half past two we hit the roof  
The old hound dog, he give's a woof!  
That's his way of tryin' to speak  
See you all again next week  
Walk right in we'll pick it up again  
The Old Flat-top guitar

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