

## Tammy Wynette

### "There Goes That Old Steel Guitar"

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There goes that old steel guitar  
And we're here in that same old bar again

And there goes that old saxophone  
I know we won't be goin' home  
'Til Lord knows when

'Cause when he hears that rhythm  
He's got to be out there with 'em  
But if I stick by him long enough  
I know I'll win.

Now here comes that old fiddle  
And he's right there in the middle  
Of that same old crowd  
That piano sure is ringin'

And that singer up there singin'  
Sure is singin' loud

Without me there to take him home  
I guess he'd be there all night long  
Sometimes I'm not proud of him  
But I love him.

'Cause women in these places  
Sure know how to fix their faces  
But somethin' tells me I won't have to look  
For lipstick traces

It's hard for me to live this life  
But after all I'm still his wife  
Sometimes I'm not proud of him

But I love him

There goes that old steel guitar

