

Hans Theessink

"Big Bill's Guitar"

Visit "[Big Bill's Guitar](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

The first time I heard the blues
Some thirty years ago
The first time I heard Big Bill Broonzy
On late-night radio
A total revelation
I was spellbound
Just a white boy lost in the blues
He moved me with his sound

Echoes from another world
Fingers dancing on the strings
One voice and one guitar
How that man could sing
"Just a dream"
"Black, brown and white"
True sounds full of emotion
Sent shivers up and down my spine

Hooked on blues
And Big Bill is to blame
Since that night, his music moved me
My life ain't been the same

I'm flying cross the ocean
To bury a friend of mine
Still can't accept the bitter truth
Memories keep coming to my mind
Once he spoke of bluesmen that he knew
And took me in his car
Showed me an old 000-28 Martin flattop
Used to be Big Bill's guitar

She's in Chicago, old town school of folk music
In a closet, 'hind a door
Since Big Bill's dead and gone
She don't raise her voice no more
I felt a strange sensation
When I first touched those strings
Somehow I still could sense the hands
That used to make this guitar ring

Hooked on blues ...

Visit [Hans Theessink](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.