She hates my guitar

she loves it when I sing

Every night I am on the road she hopes I break a string

She hates my guitar

I wrote a song when you were born

Id gentle hum the melody rock you in my arms

I know you don’t know where I go or really who I am

I can’t make your mom understand

She hates my guitar

she loves it when I sing

Even when it’s on the radio it doesn’t change a thing

She hates my guitar

I know life’s not fair

I curse the things I can’t change but for you I will always be there

It’s ok if you hate this guitar right now I do too

but we’ve got to face the truth

How can she be so mean

 it's only wood bone and string

she says the problems not me

She hates my guitar

she loves it when I sing

Every night I am on the road she hopes I break a string