

This Old Guitar

Lyrics by Peter Fischman © 1994

This old guitar, it sounds pretty good
It's made out of metal and rain forest wood
Some time ago, it had bark and leaves
You'd find it hanging out with other trees

After the day, the trees gathered near
Tuning their instruments, drinking a beer
One tree began, then joined by a friend
They hung a harmony onto the wind

Tree after tree joined into the song
Soon all the trees they were playing along
Chord after chord, tune after tune
In perfect harmony under the moon

Then one fine day, this guy comes around
He whips out his saw, one tree falls to the ground
He strips off the bark, then his chainsaw brings
Out this guitar, minus tuners and strings

Well, that's not the way, but that's how it seems
This old guitar made of music and dreams
Chord after chord, tune after tune
In perfect harmony under the moon