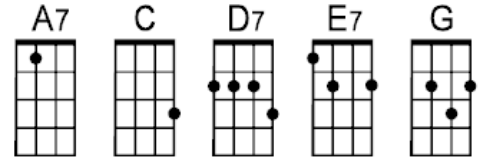


Would You Like to Play the Guitar (tune: Swinging on a Star)

Intro: A7 D7 G

Would you like to play the guitar? Carry money home in a jar
From a coffeehouse or a bar, or would you rather get a job?



A job is the thing that makes you get out of bed and work every day until your dead.

Your back is achin' and your brain is numb

And you just can't wait until the weekend comes

But if you don't want to starve or beg or rob, you're gonna have to get a job.

Or would you like to play the guitar? Drive for miles and miles in your car

And pretend that you're a big star, or would you rather book the gig?

An agent's the guy who takes his twenty percent, what he says ain't always what he meant.

He'll clean you out in ways you never thought

Because he's good at business and he knows you're not

And then he'll sue if you ever make it big, 'cause he's the guy who booked the gig.

Or would you like to play the guitar? For a living – har-dee-har-har

I'll admit it's kind of bizarre, or would you rather be the wife?

The wife is the one who has to rescue their butts. She's either a saint or else she's nuts.

She gets impatient and she gets annoyed

'Cause she's the one who must remain employed

And, by the way, if you want to wreck your life, become a guitar player's wife.

Cause all the monkeys ain't in the zoo. They can be trained to play guitar, too.

Some do a whole lot better than you, but even if you don't go far

You could be worse off than you are. At least you're playing your guitar.