**Hobo with a Hot Guitar**

He’s a hobo with a hot guitar,

He’s a singer in the honky-tonk bar,

He’s a salt rock slinger he’s a breadboard singer

He’s a hobo with a hot guitar

From the west of the Raccoon River

To the rest of the measured land

Ain’t a clown around, can’t knock his ass down

But when he’s pickin’ he’ll pick up the town

I know a man who drove a luxury car

He was a flipper and a rock and roll star

Found he was spinnin’ his wheels, on a banana peel

When the bum picked up and down his guitar

Was a man in Tennessee called Watson

A man in Georgia called Blake

You get em all three pickin harmony

It’ll make your mama’s cornbread bake

A thermometer’s in the middle of the earth

It measures a million and one

You better open the flu, cuz when this song gets through

His guitar’ll be a million and two