Flat Top Gibson Guitar-Lloyd Snow
Author:Pat Maher
[3/4 time]

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G                                  D7
The first day I saw him I'll never forget
                                      G
Downtown on the sidewalk where we first met
                                        C
On a small wooden stand by the old timer's bar
                 G              D7
He was singing a song strumming along
                           G
On an old flat top Gibson guitar

                                       D7
His tall weary frame showed long years of neglect
                                      G
And his pride had been buried beside his respect
                                     C
Recalling the day pushed his memory too far
                        G                    D7
But when all's said and done he was second to none
                          G
On that old flat top Gibson guitar

                                     D7
On warm summer's evening when hours were mine
                                      G
I'd be down there with him from seven till nine
                                     C
A boy of twelve years dreaming of being a star
                    G                      D7
So he taught me to play in his own special way
                          G
On that old flat top Gibson guitar

                               D7
We grew as close as father and son
                                          G
Yet we knew that the time for the parting would come
                                   C
Then came the night he was not by the bar
          G                   D7
I felt so alone that I cried going home
                                      G
For him and that old flat top Gibson guitar

                                   D7
My mother was standing by our garden gate
                                    G
Pointing to a car leaving dust in its wake
                                      C
Your friend came by she said in that old car
                    G                      D7
And he left on the lawn what you wanted so long
                           G
An old flat top Gibson guitar

                                       D7
The years have gone by and I'm up with the greats
                                  G
I traveled all over the United States
                                            C
And I've searched every crowd but with no luck so far
                       G                  D7
Wonder where could he be and does he see me
                                       G
Still playing that old flat top Gibson guitar
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