

66

# WOULD YOU LIKE TO PLAY THE GUITAR? (to the tune of "Would You Like to Swing on a Star")

A                    F#                    B7                    E7                    A  
 Would you like to play the guitar, carry money home in a jar  
                          F#                    B7                    E7                    A  
 From a coffeehouse or a bar, or would you rather get a job?

                         D                    A                    D                    A                    D                    A  
 A job is a thing that makes you get out of bed, and work every day until your dead  
                          B7                    E7  
 Your back is achin' and your brain is numb,  
                          B7                    E7  
 And you just can't wait until the weekend comes  
                          A                    D                    A                    Bm                    E7                    A  
 But if you don't want to starve or beg or rob you're gonna have to get a job

                         F#                    B7                    E7                    A  
 Or would you like to play the guitar, drive for miles and miles in your car  
                          F#                    B7                    E7                    A  
 And pretend that you're a big star, or would you rather book the gig

                         D                    A                    D  
 An agent's the guy who takes his twenty percent,  
                          A                    D                    A  
 What he says isn't always what he meant  
                          B7                    E7  
 He'll clean you out in ways you never thought  
                          B7                    E7  
 Because he's good at business and he knows you're not  
                          A                    D                    A                    Bm                    E7                    A  
 And then he'll sue if you ever make it big 'cause he's the guy who booked the gig

                         F#                    B7                    E7                    A  
 Or would you like to play the guitar, for a living - har-dee-har-har  
                          F#                    B7                    E7                    A  
 I'll admit it's kind of bizarre, or would you rather be the (wife?)

66 cont'd.

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The wife is the one who has to rescue our 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 monkey's aren'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

Lyrics by Pat Donohue