

Would You Like to Play the Guitar?
(Pat Donahue)

 E7 A7
Would you like to play the guitar?

 D7 G
Carry money home in a jar

 E7 A7
From a coffeehouse or a bar

 D7 G D7
Or would you rather get a job?

 G Am7 Bm7 C
A job is the thing that makes you get out of bed

 Bm7 Am7 G
And work every day until you're dead.

 A7 D7 D#dim
Your back is achin' and your brain in numb

 Em A7 D7
And you just can't wait until the weekend comes

 G Am7 Bm7 E7
But if you don't want to starve or beg or rob

 A7 D7 G
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 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 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.