

Anne Fraser - Uncles John's Guitar

V1

For as long as I remember sitting by the fire Uncle John was strumming on an Aria guitar

Friday night with high beam lights on those metal roads

I can see the potholes as the moonlight softly glows

V2

Now the winter rain was falling on the old tin roof

Golden were those melodies I heard in my youth

Songs were sang from Jonny Cash and Slim Dusty too

Forever stay inside my heart no matter what I do

Chorus

Down sisters road where the sun hardly showed

An old house made of limestone sat under southern clouds

We sat around the lounge, sang along to country sounds

On a Friday night with Uncle Johns Guitar

V3

I sat and watched his fingers run on the old twelve string

It wasn't Jimi Hendrix but he could make it sing The firelight made that guitar glow a deep mahogany

The tone rang out like warm whisky in a minor key

Chorus

Down sisters road where the sun hardly showed

An old house made of limestone sat under southern clouds

We sat around the lounge, sang along to country sounds

On a Friday night with Uncle Johns Guitar

Chorus

Down sisters road where the sun hardly showed

An old house made of limestone sat under southern clouds

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On a Friday night with Uncle Johns Guitar ..of Uncle Johns guitar..