

ON MY GUITAR • BEHRINGER/ARTHUR

LYING HERE BESIDE ME
UP AGAINST MY BED
FEELINÍ KIND OF LONELY
I REACH FOR HER INSTEAD
SHE MOVES ACROSS MY BODY
AND I STROKE HER AS I PLEASE
I PLAY HER WITH MY FINGERS
SHE SINGS ME MELODIES

CHORUS

AHHH AHHH
PLAYING IT ON MY GUITAR

EVERYBODY TELLS ME
DO SOMETHING WITH YOUR LIFE
GET YOURSELF A REAL JOB
QUIT STAYINÍ OUT ALL NIGHT
THEY DONÍT UNDERSTAND ME
WHAT MORE COULD I SAY
SHE JUST KEEPS ON CALLING ME
BEGGING ME TO PLAY

CHORUS

AHH-AHH PLAYING IT ON MY GUITAR
AHH-AHH PLAYING IT ON MY GUITAR

TELLING THE STORY OF SPLENDER AND GLORY
PLAYING IT ON MY GUITAR
MENDING WHATÍS BROKEN HEARTS RIP WIDE OPEN
PLAYING IT ON MY GUITAR