

**Bluegrass Songs - Lyrics**  
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**The last song**

For a long time now I've been trying to make a go  
Pickin' and a-singin' on a country show  
I traveled far with a little bit of pay  
I sowed a lot of oats, I didn't make much hay  
I've been down-hearted enough to quit  
Somehow I never have until yet  
I'm gonna quit this picking, don't have a dime  
It's always wait until the next time

And this is the last song I'll sing  
The last one I'm ever gonna write  
The last song I'm ever gonna play  
Oh, this old guitar on this old stage tonight

When I think I'll quit and never play no more  
Some long haired guy kocks on my door  
It don't take long til I'm back on the go  
Cause one of his clowns couldn't make the show  
We live in cheap hotels and ride big fine cars  
Rear way back and smoke a long cigar  
The steaks we eat are the ground up kind  
But they hold me over just one more time

\* Refrain

Our hopes are high for that one break  
For that and magic is all it'll take  
The lonesome sound, the sweet Fraulein  
Take me back just one more time

Makes it hard to quit as the days go round  
I don't want to steal when the sun goes down  
When I hear George sing Out of my mind  
I gotta try again just one more time

\* Refrain