

DADDY FRANK (THE GUITAR MAN)

Daddy Frank played the guitar and the french harp,
Sister played the ringing tambourine.
Mama couldn't hear our pretty music,
She read our lips and helped the family sing.

That little band was all a part of living,
And our only means of living at the time;
And it wasn't like no normal family combo,
Cause Daddy Frank the guitar man was blind.

Frank and mama counted on each other;
Their one and only weakness made them strong.
Mama did the driving for the family,
And Frank made a living with a song.

Home was just a camp along the highway;
A pick-up bed was where we bedded down.
Don't ever once remember going hungry,
But I remember mama cooking on the ground.

Don't remember how they got acquainted;
I can't recall just how it came to be.
There had to be some special help from someone,
And blessed be the one that let it be.

Fever caused my mama's loss of hearing.
Daddy Frank was born without his sight.
And mama needed someone she could lean on,
And I believe the guitar man was right.

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