

BREAD & BONES

Lyrics from Richard Ruane's recording *Things That Strangers Say*

Well-Meaning Folks with Guitars

Written by Richard Ruane, copyright Okey Dokey Folkie Music (BMI)

We're coming to visit on tour in our cars,
We're well-meaning folks with guitars.
We're playing in cafes and bookstores and bars,
We're well-meaning folks with guitars.
We'll sell you our products to fill up your shelves,
And at each open mike we're as quiet as elves,
'Til we're opening cases, exposing ourselves,
We're well-meaning folks with guitars.

We sing of our childhoods our loves and our scars,
We're well-meaning folks with guitars.
We're mainly unknown, though a few think we're stars,
We're well-meaning folks with guitars.
Our songs show our souls just like an x-ray.
We'll add bass, synth and drums to get more airplay.
We're ten thousand strong, and there's more every day,
We're well-meaning folks with guitars.

We're well-meaning people, here's the church, here's the steeple,
In the basement we'll sing our memoirs.
We're well-meaning people, won't you hire us cheap, still
We're well-meaning folks with guitars.

We're learning more chords, building our repertoires,
We're well-meaning folks with guitars.
We're going to workshops and song seminars,
We're well-meaning folks with guitars.
We'll sing about wars, we'll sing of disease.
We sing of good causes, oh, please heed our pleas,
And we hope you have money for all our CDs,
We're well-meaning folks with guitars.

We're well-meaning people, here's the church, here's the steeple,
In the basement we'll sing our memoirs.
We're well-meaning people, won't you hire a heap full
Of well-meaning folks with guitars.

We're well-meaning people, I wrote this song in my sleep, still
We're well-meaning folks with guitars.