

Good Coffee and Guitar
Words and Music by Merle Robinson

(G/C)He was a man, with good coffee and guitar
He told many big windy stories, he's not a liar

(D)You look in his eyes there were many hard miles(G/C)
D)As he was telling the story with an infectious smile(G/C).

(G/C)He talked about, the races he'd sail and row, kept you on the edge of your seat.
(D)Endings with both victory (G/C)defeat with (A7)that same copy of java he'd
reheat.(D)

(G/C)When he was younger, he sailed the seas
(D)He was a marine if you (G/C)please.

(G/C)It was Irish whiskey, with good coffee he favored
(D)It was his guitar that gave him peace.(G)
(A7)Those strings gave him a new lease(D).

(D)A storyteller like Russell, Tyson, VanZandt(G/C)
(D)In his stories he'd never recant.(G)
(A7)This race is not lost, but one that he drew(D)
(A7)Always happy to share with each and every one of you(D).

(G/C)He was a man, with good coffee and guitar
He told many big windy stories, he's not a liar

(D)But now it's time, yes it's true(G)
(D)But now it's time, to bid Adieu(G)