

DADDY FRANK

CHORUS:

[D]Daddy Frank played the guitar and the French harp,
Sister played the ringing tambour[A]ine.
Mama couldn't hear the pretty music,
She read our lips and helped the family [D]sing.
That little band was all a part of living,
And our only means of living at the [A]time.
And it wasn't like no normal family combo,
'Cause Daddy Frank, the guitar man, was [D]blind.

[Bm]Frank and Mama counted on each [D]other,
Their [Bm]one and only weakness made them [D]strong.
[G]Mama did the driving for the [D]family,
And [E]Frank, he made a living with a [A]song.
[Bm]Home was just a camp along the [D]highway,
[Bm]Pick-up bed was where we bedded [D]down.
[G]Don't ever once remember going [D]hungry,
But I [D]remember [G]Mama [D]cooking [A]on the [D]ground.

CHORUS:

[Bm]Don't remember how they got [D]acquainted.
[Bm]Can't recall just how it came to [D]be.
There [G]had to be some special help from [D]someone,
[E]And blessed be the one that let it [A]be.
[Bm]Fever caused my mama's loss of [D]hearing,
[Bm]Daddy Frank was born without his [D]sight.
And [G]Mama needed someone she could [D]lean on,
And [D*]I be[G*]lieve the [D*]guitar [A*]man was [D]right. [B7]

[E]Daddy Frank played the guitar and the French harp,
Sister played the ringing tambour[B7]ine.
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She read our lips and helped the family [E]sing.
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And our only means of living at the [B7]time.

[REPEAT]

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'Cause Daddy Frank, the guitar man, was [E]blind.