Guitar Maker

© Grit Laskin

Oh, the logs are sliced & split down their middle then sawn into billets & sent to me.

I cut & glue them & listen to them for I bring the music out of the tree. I'm a guitar maker a tone extricator give me wood & I'll make it sing for you one sound-hole &

6 strings later

Oh, the logs are sliced
And split down their middle,
Then sawn into billets and sent to me.
I cut and glue them
And listen to them,
For I bring the music out of the tree.

Chorus:
I'm a guitar maker,
A tone extricator,
Give me wood, and I'll make it sing for you
One soundhole and six strings later.

They're in central Spain,
They're on the coast of Maine,
They're the tools of buskers and rock stars.
Forgive the boast,
But it's clear the most
Predominant instrument is guitar.

Not to prevaricate,
Let me speculate
A world where nobody made guitars:
Bobby Zimmerman would still be Zimmerman
Segovia would have played accordion.

In joining the Society Mr. Laskin from Toronto indicated that he is a singer-songwriter in the "I'm-on-a-dusty-road-to-Vancouver-to-lose-my-pimples" category. We're glad to see the younger set becoming interested in more traditional music....

T.B. Rogers CFMS Newsletter Bulletin 14.1 (Spring 1979,