

Six-String Love

by Michelle Dockrey & Tony Fabris

Riff 1: 	Riff 2:
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Riff 1 C C
 Riff 1 D D
 Riff 2 G A
 A A G G
 D D D A

EEEE EEEE

Am Am D D G G Am Am
 D D E E Am Am Am Am
 Am Am F F
 G G E <stop>

Riff 1 C C
 Riff 1 D D
 Riff 2 G A
 A A G G
 D D D A

EEEE EEEE

Am Am D D G G Am Am
 D D E E Am Am Am Am
 Am Am F F
 G G E <stop>

Riff 1 D G
 C C C/B C/B
 Am Am F G
 C C/B Am G
 F F F F
 G7 G7 E E
 F F F F
 C C/B Am F
 G <pause>

GGGG GGGG

C C G G Am Am F F *(Repeat for Guitar solo)*
 GGGG GGGG

Riff 1 C C
 Riff 1 D D
 Riff 2 G A
 A A G G
 D D D A

EEEE EEEE

Am Am D D G G Am Am
 D D E E Am Am Am Am
 Am Am F F
 G G E <stop>
 Am Am Am Am
 Am Am F F
 G G E <stop>
 Am Am Am Am
 Am Am F F
 G G E <stop>

G⇨Am G⇨Am... G⇨Am G⇨Am...
 G⇨Am G⇨Am G⇨Am... Am <stop>

Some girls like the medical type: "Doctor, I have a pain"
 Some sigh for a lawyer guy, those legal briefs drive them insane
 Some girls love a uniform, they go for the soldiers and sailors
 But what'll start my heart, make me fall apart
 Is a roomful of smart guys with Martins and Taylors

Oh

You can write the words I like, you can write the tune that lingers
 But the way to my heart is through nimble fingers
 Yeah, you might think that we're well-matched
 But I need love with... six strings attached

Take me to all the film cons, baby, take me to the open jam
 Drop your D right in front of me, and I might forget just who I am
 You can play the horn like Satchmo, show Bing a thing or two about crooning
 A single violin nearly does me in
 But there's nothing like a Gibson in an open tuning

Oh

You can write the words I like, you can write the tune that lingers
 But the way to my heart is through nimble fingers
 Yeah, you might think that we're well-matched
 But I need love with... six strings attached

Now I'm too young for a mid-life crisis
 And too old for teen infatuation
 But I should never be left to my own devices
 Around a cute geek with an Ovation
 Let me tell you about my first rock jam
 Oooh, what can I say
 Guys with guitars on every side
 (I don't remember anything else that happened that day...)

Take me to the Cliffs of Dover, stand me at the Crossroads too
 Wish You Were Here with your Black Dog, dear, we'll Come Together, me and you
 Give me a rhythm or lead me on, show me your Marshall stack
 I'm a hot little chick who loves a good hot lick
 Strap on your dreadnought and keep me coming back
 ('scuse me while I kiss this guy...)

Oh

You can write the words I like, you can write the tune that lingers
 But the way to my heart is through nimble fingers
 Yeah, you might think that we're well-matched
 But I need love with... six strings attached

Yeah, you might think that we're well-matched
 But I need love with... twelve strings attached

Yeah, you might think that we're well-matched
 But I need love with... six strings attached