

DADDY FRANK

CHORUS:

Daddy [D] Frank played the guitar and the French harp,
Sister played the ringing tambou[A]rine.
Mama couldn't hear our pretty music,
She read our lips and helped the family[G\D]sing.

That [D] 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.

[G]Frank and mama counted on each [D]other;
Their [G]one and only weakness made them [Bm] strong.
[G]Mama did the driving for the [D] family,
And [Bm] Frank made a living with a [A] song.

[G]Home was just a camp along the [D]highway;
A [G] pick-up bed was where we bedded [Bm] down.
Don't [G] ever once remember going [D]hungry,
[1 strum per chord]
But I re[D]member [G] mama [D]cooking [A] on the [D]ground.

CHORUS:

[G]Don't remember how they got ac[D]quainted;
I [G] can't recall just how it came to [Bm]be.
There [G]had to be some special help from [D]someone,
And [Bm] blessed be the one that let it [A]be.

[G]Fever caused my mama's loss of [D]hearing.
[G]Daddy Frank was born without his [Bm] sight.
[G]And mama needed someone she could [D]lean on,
And [D] I be[G] lieve the [D] guitar [A] man was [D] right.

KEY CHANGE CHORUS: