Wasted Youth

Dropsaw

Wasted youth, wasted youth
I remember everything
I remember every little thing
As if it happened only yesterday
I was barely seventeen
And I once killed a boy with a Fender guitar
I don't remember if it was a telecaster or a stradacaster
But I do remember that it had a heart of chrome
And a voice like a horny angel
I don't remember if it was a telecaster or a stradacaster
But I do remember that it wasn't at all easy
It required the perfect combination of the right power chords
And the precise angle from which to strike
The guitar bled for about a week afterward
And the blood was so dark and rich, like wild berries
The blood of the guitar was Chuck Berry red
The guitar bled for about a week afterward but it rung out beautifully
And I was able to play notes
That I had never even heard before
So I took my guitar
And I smashed it against the wall

I smashed it against the floor
I smashed it against the body of a varsity cheerleader
Smashed it against the hood of a car
Smashed it against a 1981 Harley Davidson
The Harley howled in pain
The guitar howled in heat
And I ran up the stairs to my parents' bedroom
Mommy and Daddy were sleeping in the moonlight
Slowly I opened the door, creeping in the shadows
Right up to the foot of their bed, I raised the guitar high above my head
And just as I was about to bring the guitar
Crashing down upon the center of the bed
My father woke up, screaming, "Stop
Wait a minute, stop it boy
What do you think you're doin'?
That's no way to treat an expensive musical instrument"
And I said, "God dammit Daddy

You know I love you
But you got a hell of a lot to learn about Rock 'n Roll"

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