

# Wasted Youth

## A Loss for Words

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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