

Wherefore Art Thou Gene Simmons?

Frank Turner

Her mother said, "Beware of boys in bands
And certainly don't let them write you songs
For they will come to you on bended knee and kiss your pretty hands
When the singing's done, and the suns up they'll be gone."
While her mother has a point, I might resent the implication
That every boy who plays guitar plays women like Gene Simmons.

4600 photographs, stuck into a scrapbook beneath your bed.
4599 broken hearts, and one more you can't get out of your head.
And though you swear you can remember every pair of lips you've kissed
Deep down you're scared there's 1 or 2 you might've missed.

Oh, Chaim Witz, wherefore art thou?
Does your mother know who you are now?

Not that I can point a finger, I've been a sinner just the same
Fallen hard in love in motels and by sunrise lost her name.
And I have crept out into cold air in the smallest hours to leave
And in the pockets of my jacket kept my last fidelities

A navy coin and a broken plastic compass that someone gave me.
That can't find north anymore. Just like me.

Oh, Gene Simmons, wherefore art thou?
I could sure use a hand on my shoulder now.

When fedelity runs low that theres the moment when you choose
In the life of things you love, some you keep
Some you lose

Lyrics submitted by Lucinda G.

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