

# An Acquaintance Strikes a Chord

## The Good Life

He broke his old guitar if he couldn't make it sing  
The strings had grown so worn, they made his fingers bleed  
Soon after the event he made an acquaintance  
Whose fingers bled as well forming scabs that never heal  
Would you play a song for me? Some wilting melody  
That drifts over the sunflowers to some far away country  
Won't you play a song for me with words like push pins?  
They stick into my heart and bleed out resonance  
These songs are all asleep, they lay dormant inside me  
This vacant recitation I can't resuscitate them  
Won't you play a song for me? Let the words escape your mouth  
Scream out what you've lost in song it will be found  
He broke his old guitar, he smashed it on his bedpost  
Where he used to dream up lovers, kissing his forehead, good morning

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