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 healWould 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 resonanceThese 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 foundHe broke his old guitar, he smashed it on his bedpost
Where he used to dream up lovers, kissing his forehead, good morning

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/