

# Perfectly Good Guitar

[John Hiatt](#)

He threw one down from the top of the stairs  
Beautiful women were standing everywhere  
They all got wet when he smashed that thing  
But off in the dark you could hear somebody sing  
Oh it breaks my heart to see those stars  
Smashing a perfectly good guitar  
I dont know who they think they are  
Smashing a perfectly good guitar  
It started back in 1963  
His momma wouldn't buy him that new red harmony  
He settled for a sunburst with a crack  
Yeah but hes still trying to break his mommas back  
Oh it breaks my heart to see those stars  
Smashing a perfectly good guitar  
I dont know who they think they are  
Smashing a perfectly good guitar  
He loved that guitar just like a girlfriend  
But every good thing, it comes to an end  
Now he just sits in his room all day  
And whistling every note he ever played  
Maybe there out to be a law with no bail  
You smash a guitar and you go to jail  
With no chance for early parole  
You dont get out until you get some soul  
Oh it breaks my heart to see those stars  
Smashing a perfectly good guitar  
I dont know who they think they are  
Smashing a perfectly good guitar  
Late at night, the end of the road  
He wishes, he still had that old guitar to hold  
Hed rock it like a baby in his arms  
Never let it come to any harm  
Oh it breaks my heart to see those stars  
Smashing a perfectly good guitar  
I dont know who they think they are  
Smashing a perfectly good, good guitar

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