

Wasted Youth

Meat Loaf

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 Stratocaster,
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 Stratocaster,
but I do remember that it wasn't at all easy.
It required the perfect combination of the correct power chords
,
and the precise angle from which to strike.
The guitar bled for a week afterward and the blood was - ooh -
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,
I smashed it against the hood of a car,
I 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 centre of the bed,
my father woke up screaming:
"Stop! Wait a minute! Stop it boy! What do you think you're doing?
That's no way to treat an expensive musical instrument!"
And I said "God dammit Daddy! You know I love you,
but you've got a hell of a lot to learn about rock and roll!"