

# Wherefore Art Thou Gene Simmons

Frank Turner

Her mother said beware of boys in bands  
And certainly don't let them write you songs  
While they'll come to you on bended knee, and kiss your  
pretty hand  
When the singing's done and the sun's 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

4,600 photographs stuck into a scrapbook beneath your  
bed  
4,599 broken hearts and one more you can't get out of  
your head  
While you swear you can't remember every pair of lips  
you've kissed  
Deep down you're scared there's one or two you might  
have 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  
I've fallen hard in love in motels and by sunrise lost  
her name  
I have crept out in the cold air and the smallest hours  
to lead  
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 fidelity runs low, that there's the moment when  
you choose  
In life the things you love, there's some you keep and  
some you lose