

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