

## Love And Death And American Guitar

Jim Steinman

I remember everything!  
I remember every little thing as if it happened only yesterday.  
I was barely 17 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 right powerchords and the precise angle  
from which to strike.  
The guitar bled for about a week afterwards 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 afterwards and 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!  
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 the bed  
I raised my guitar high above my head and just as I was about to bring the guitar crashing down upon the center 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 damn it, daddy!!!You know I love you....."  
"BUT YOU GOT A HELL OF A LOT TO LEARN ABOUT ROCK AND ROLL!!!!!"