

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 an
d 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 bea
utifully ,
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 agianst 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 th
e 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!!!!!"