

Perfectly Good Guitar

John Hiatt

Well he threw one down from the top of the stairs
Beautiful women were standing everywhere
They all got wet when he smashed that thing
But off in the dark you could hear somebody sing

Oh it breaks my heart to see those stars
Smashing a perfectly good guitar
I don't know who they think they are
Smashing a perfectly good guitar

It started back in 1963
His momma wouldn't buy him
That new red harmony
He settled for a sunburn with a crack
But he's still trying to break his momma's back

Oh it breaks my heart to see those stars
Smashing a perfectly good guitar
I don't know who they think they are
Smashing a perfectly good guitar

He loved that guitar just like a girlfriend
But ever good thing comes to an end
Now he just sits in his room all day
Whistling every note he used to play

There out to be a law with no bail
Smash a guitar and you go to jail
With no chance for early parole
You don't get out till you get some soul

Oh it breaks my heart to see those stars
Smashing a perfectly good guitar
I don't know who they think they are
Smashing a perfectly good guitar

Late at night the end of the road
He wished he still had the old guitar to hold
He'd rock it like a baby in his arms
Never let it come to any harm

Oh it breaks my heart to see those stars
Smashing a perfectly good guitar
I don't know who they think they are
Smashing a perfectly good guitar