

## Death of a Salesman

Low

So I took my guitar  
And I threw down some chords  
And some words I could sing without shame

And I soon had a song  
I played it around  
For some friends but they all said the same

They said music's for fools  
You should go back to school  
The future is prisms and math

So I did what they said  
Now my children are fed  
'Cause they pay me to do what I'm asked

I forgot all my songs  
The words now are wrong  
And I burned my guitar in a rage

But the fire came to rest  
In your white velvet breast  
So somehow I just know that it's safe