

# Stab In The Back

Steve Lukather

Vodka, on the rocks  
One more for my best friend  
Long time, how you been  
What lie should I tell him

'cause the scar inside is still there

Six piece little band  
A hand shake was the contract  
Ink pen in his hand  
Getting ready for the last act  
As i drink the last poisonous drop

The innocence of youth I had  
Slithered out and left me with the  
Tab in the end it's like a stab...a stab in the back

All that's left to do is just to stagger out

All the shoulda coulda beens don't matter now  
And the cold ventura wind from the breath of his last spin  
In the end its just a stab in the back

Phone call on his cell  
Went straight to his voice mail  
At first glance, who could tell  
He got his Rolex at wholesale

As I speak of behalf of the fools

The only page that's left to turn  
I should tear it out and watch it burn  
And someday laugh at the stab...stab in my back