

# Guitar and Pen

The Who

You're alone above the street somewhere  
Wondering how you'll ever count out there

You can walk, you can talk, you can fight  
But inside you've got something to write  
In your hand you hold your only friend  
Never spend your guitar or your pen  
Your guitar or your pen  
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Your guitar or your pen  
Your guitar or your pen

When you take up a pencil and sharpen it up  
When you're kicking the fence and still nothing will budge  
When the words are immobile until you sit down  
Never feel they're worth keeping, they're not easily found  
Then you know in some strange, unexplainable way  
You must really have something  
Jumping, thumping, fighting, hiding away  
Important to say

When you sing through the verse and you end in a scream  
And you swear and you curse 'cause the rhyming ain't clean  
But it suddenly comes after years of delay  
You pick up your guitar, you can suddenly play  
When your fingers are bleeding and the knuckles are white  
Then you can be sure, you can open the door  
Get off of the floor tonight  
You have something to write

When you want to complain, there's no one can stop you  
But when your music proclaims, there's no one can top you  
You are wearing your heart on your jumping feet  
You've got a head start away from the street

But is that what you want, to be rich and be gone?  
Could be there's just one thing left in the end  
Your guitar and your pen

When you sing to your mum, and you hum and you croon  
And she says that she'd like it "with more of a tune"  
And you smash your guitar at the end of the bed  
Then you stick it together and start writing again  
And you know that it won't be too long 'til your back  
To bring her some money, she's calling you "honey"  
Stashed in a bloody great sack  
In your Cadillac

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