

Found This Guitar, I Saw You Drivin

Found this guitar on the street.

Someone thought it can't be fixed.

Well, there is always a way.

I stuck a wire in her neck.

Now she's sweet and loves my hand.

Two more months I'm sixty five.

Social scumbags fuck my mind.

Well, they should see my guitar.

Sun and air is all that free.

Come on baby I'm still here.

I could tell you so much more.

But today I'll let you go.

Here is all you need to know.

If you live you'll live again.

If you're dead, you'll stay just that.

I saw you drivin' down the street.

Loaded loud on leather seats.

Boy oh boy you let us all, you let us all, let us all down.

So you better get a golden grip.

Forget this foolish game and leave.

But before you leave this town.

I will teach you what and how.

Boy oh boy you'll learn my ways.

So you next time come and see my face,

All these things won't be the same.