

Speechwriters Llc

"Blood on the Frets"

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Just another westside story
A California kid out to drink himself to glorious excess
tonight
I'm dressed to fight, and maybe get my shit together if
it sets just right

'Cause I've been walking like a hawk with too much on
my mind
Staring at the clock and taking what I can find
To let the tension increase I need a tension release
To find some quiet for my head and not to mention
some peace

So it's a no tie, bringing Y.O.B. affair
People getting stupid and forgetting their cares
It's just a Saturday scene, you know what I mean
I find some people in the crowd to stick myself in
between

Soft-spoken, pot-smoking through the broken-down
curls
But I never hit my stride with the southern-fried girls
This one's got a sun dress, the other's got pearls
Nice and easy on the eyes but never rocking my world

And now I'm homebound thinking 'bout a girl that I
shouldn't
Start to write a letter though I told myself I wouldn't
Pine away for her, I'd pray for her, if I thought there
was a God
Who'd let me stay with her

Did she get my last tape, did she think it was great
Did she kick herself again for not remaining my mate
Or did she throw it away, get on with her day
And cuddle up against a lover in the usual way

My eyes are wet, there's blood on the frets
And something's telling me that this is good as it gets
Until the next go-round, I've got to slow down
Or I'll be just another topic for the talk of the town

I got a brand new cell, but it's the same old hell
I'm just a walking sack of sorrow with a story to tell
But in a city of shit, who's got the patience to sit
And watch a broken-hearted emissary throwing a fit

The bile rising up in my throat's straight acidic
My record with the women like Ted's at
Chappaquiddick
It's the wrong track, but you can never go back
And now I'm down and out the mission with a head full
of flak

It's holding me upright, but making me uptight
And bouncing out my speakers so it's keeping me up
nights
I'm broken in two but what the fuck can I do
I try to clear my mind but only find I'm thinking of you

'Cause while the lovers make love in moonlit parks
I'm drinking Heineken and playing with myself in the
dark
I like to think that you're mine, and everything's fine
That I could take you home tonight and not be way out
of line

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