

Fat Lady Sings

"This Guitar"

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This guitar won't kill your fascists

This guitar never killed anyone

This guitar is not as charming as a gun

This guitar is never sure

This guitar is scared of you

This guitar is looking for a son

CHORUS

But you

You think the world's a book to read

And all you see are happy ends

I need my means I need my doubts

I need my friends

I need guitar

This guitar has had its dreams and

This guitar it sometimes bleeds and

This guitar it needs a simple mind

Once this guitar thought it knew everything

Everything a guitar could do but now

This guitar is learning all the time

But you

You would not understand sublime

Not if I carved it on your arm
In letters of quicklime this is not show
This lives this breathes
This guitar is all I use
To drain away those guitar blues
Then this guitar makes its excuse
And leaves
This guitar blows hot and cold
This guitar needs truth to be told
This guitar it wants to change your life
You say this guitar touches you
But you know you touch this guitar too
And you know this guitar will survive
I need you
You must realise that there are stars beneath the skies
above
And that this this is not peace this is not love
This is my heart
This is guitar

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