

Bad English

"New Guitar"

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She paints her room in polkadots
How does she get to sleep?
And if I never see for myself
Me and my new guitar are alright
Me and my new guitar are alright
That guy on the TV news
Will never talk about me
But then everyone he shows is unhappy
And me and my new guitar are alright
Me and my new guitar are alright
Would Sartre have been more happy in an existential
rock and roll band?
Just show him the knob for the fuzz-tone and turn on
the amp
Me, Im no philosopher, just trying to figure this thing
out
How to make this girl Im in love with jump and shout
Me and my new guitar are alright
Me and my new guitar are alright
And if I fly to the moon
Living in a lunar colony
I might just paint my room in polka-dots
Me and my new guitar are alright
Me and my new guitar
Me and my new guitar are alright tonight
Me and my new guitar are alright

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