

## **Barrett Dave**

### **"Broken Lamps"**

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Twenty-one, and single now  
She decorates my side  
Suffers from the oxygen,  
Sits at home and cries  
Knowing that she's gone leave  
It's just a question when.  
Broken lamps and turned up amps  
Here we go again.  
Twenty-five, she's married now  
Two kids by her side  
Another year I limp on stage  
Chicago the umpteenth time  
Birthday cards that never come  
And Christmas at a friends.  
Broken lamps and turned up amps.  
Here we go again.  
Forty-five, she's single now  
The kids are on their own  
I come in bloody from the road  
The records sell no more.  
Come to you with fret cut hands  
That reach out for amends  
Broken lamps and turned up amps  
Here we go again  
Broken lamps and turned up amps  
Here we go again  
Broken lamps and turned up amps  
Here I go again.

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