

Coma

"Tuning My Guitar"

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I'm thinking what I'm doing
I'm thinking what I've done
I'm thinking 'bout my mother
Who never thought I'd come
Quite this far from nowhere
To hear myself be sung
But I still haven't forgotten
I used to do it just for fun

When all the ones around me
Would wonder if they saw
Or heard me singing somewhere
Tuning my guitar

Knock once, I got ten minutes
And every night's the same
Sometimes I wish I wasn't in it
When I hear them call my name
Same people all around me
And I wonder who they are
I know they're not my family
And they're not my friends by far

They're all the ones around me
I wonder who they are
They hide behind my curtain
And they hope I'll be a star

An' they say, "Get out and sell them"
But selling's not my aim
I'm gonna sing the life I'm living
And try to ease the pain

Of all the ones around me
No matter who you are
Tonight you're gonna hold the curtain
I'm tuning my guitar

And all the ones around me
I wonder who you are
You hide behind my curtain

And they hope I'll be a star
But all the ones around me
Who don't know who you are
You hide and you look uncertain
But you hope I'll be a star

And all the ones, all around me
I don't care who you are
Tonight you're gonna hold the curtain
I'm tuning my guitar

All the ones, all the ones
All the ones around me
And I don't care who you are
Tonight you're gonna hold the curtain
I'm tuning my guitar

Oh all the ones
Who do you think that you are
Tonight you're gonna hold the curtain
I'm tuning my guitar

I'd like you to sing with me on this song because it...
this is
gonna be on an "Alive at Margie's birthday party"
album, and if you
don't sing, nobody will believe that anybody was there.

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