

Dave Barrett

"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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