

Bobby Bare

"Rock Star's Lament"

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ROCK'S STAR LAMENT

I have pawned my golden records I have sold my
sequent suits
For a bottle of bad whiskey I gave up my fancy boots
Now I stand here on the corner with a sad sad tail to tell
Once a rock star now a drunker with no song left to sell

Hide a face you might remember hide a voice you may
recall
It was that cold night in December when we played
Carnegie Hall
Now we're smokin' marijuana singin' flat but doin' well
Till I took my first drink of whiskey we started down the
road to hell
Solo

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