

Frank Turner

"Wherefore Art Thou Gene Simmons"

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A mother said, "Beware of boys in bands
And certainly don't let them write you songs
For they will come to you on bended knee and kiss your
pretty hands
When the singing's done, and the suns up they'll be
gone."

While her mother has a point, I might resent the
implication.
That every boy who plays guitar plays women like Gene
Simmons.

4600 photographs, stuck into a scrapbook beneath
your bed.
4599 broken hearts, and one more you can't get out of
your head.
And though you swear you can remember every pair of
lips you've kissed
Deep down you're scared there's 1 or 2 you might've
missed.

Oh, Chaim Witz, wherefore art though?
Does your mother know who you are now?

Not that I can point a finger, I've been a sinner just the
same
Fallen hard in love in motels and by sunrise lost their
name.
And I have crept out into cold air in the smallest hours
to leave
And in the pockets of my jacket I've kept my last
infidelities

A navy coin and a broken plastic compass that
someone gave me.
That can't find north anymore. Just like me.

Oh, Gene Simmons, wherefore art though?
I could sure use a hand on my shoulder now.

'Cause when fedelity runs low that theres the moment

when you choose
In the life of things you love, some you keep, some you
lose.

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