

Jim Steinman**"Love And Death And An American Guitar"**

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[spoken]:

I remember everything!

I remember every little thing as if it happened only
yesterday

I was barely seventeen, and I once killed a boy with a
Fender guitar

I don't remember if it was a telecaster or a
stradacaster

But I do remember that it had a heart of chrome and a
voice like a horny angel

I don't remember if it was a telecaster or a
stradacaster

But I do remember that it wasn't at all easy
It required the perfect combination of the right power
chords

And the precise angle from which to strike

The guitar bled for about a week afterward

And the blood was ugh dark and rich, like wild berries

The blood of the guitar was Chuck Berry red

The guitar bled for about a week afterward, but it rung
out beautifully

And I was able to play notes that I had never even
heard before

So I took my guitar, and I smashed it against the wall

I smashed it against the floor

I smashed it against the body of a varsity cheerleader

Smashed it against the hood of a car

Smashed it against a 1981 Harley Davidson

The Harley howled in pain, the guitar howled in heat

And I ran up the stairs to my parents' bedroom

Mummy and daddy were sleeping in the moonlight

Slowly I opened the door, creeping in the shadows

Right upto the foot of their bed

I raised the guitar high above my head

And just as I was about to bring the guitar crashing
down

upon the centre of the bed, my father woke up,
screaming "Stop!"

"Wait a minute! Stop it boy! What do ya think you're
doin'?"

That's no way to treat an expensive musical

instrument!"
And I said: "God dammit daddy!
You know I love you, but you got a hell of a lot to learn
about rock an' roll"

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