

M**"Wasted Youth"**

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Wasted youth! Wasted youth!
[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 stratacaster
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 sough 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 damn it daddy!
You know I love you, but you got a hell of a lot to learn about rock 'n roll"

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