

## **The Flaming Tsunamis "Guitar Song"**

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This is a story bout a band's life  
And how they failed to sacrifice  
Just about how they played their cards  
They lived their lives rather hard  
He bought his guitar at the flea market  
The neck was too short and the strings didn't fit  
It had more holes than it should to be fit  
But he took it home and he polished it  
He won't discuss his guitar's attraction  
He won't give them the satisfaction  
He said one thing will always be true  
I'll keep playing every day and night  
I won't give up without a fight  
And if you can't appreciate my art  
Than I'll pack my bags tonight and dart  
They hate this song and they know it's written about  
them  
Every great band has to come to an end  
He got his drums when he turned 13  
His parents were madder than he'd ever seen  
The police came to his house that night  
They got mad and they started a fight  
He won't discuss his drums attraction  
He won't give them the satisfaction.  
He said one thing will always be true...

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