

John Hiatt and the Guilty Dogs

"Perfectly Good Guitar"

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He threw one down from the top of the stairs
Beautiful women were standing everywhere
They all got wet when he smashed that thing
But off in the dark you could hear somebody sing
Oh it breaks my heart to see those stars
Smashing a perfectly good guitar
I don't know who they think they are
Smashing a perfectly good guitar
It started back in 1963
His momma wouldn't buy him that new red harmony
He settled for a sunburst with a crack
But he's still trying to break his momma's back
Oh it breaks my heart to see those stars
Smashing a perfectly good guitar
I don't know who they think they are
Smashing a perfectly good guitar
He loved that guitar just like a girlfriend
But every good thing comes to an end
Now he just sits in his room all day
Whistling every note he ever played
There oughta be a law with no bail
Smash a guitar and you go to jail
With no chance for early parole
You don't get out until you get some soul
Oh it breaks my heart to see those stars
Smashing a perfectly good guitar
I don't know who they think they are
Smashing a perfectly good guitar
Late at night the end of the road
He wished he still had the old guitar to hold
He'd rock it like a baby in his arms
Never let it come to any harm
Oh it breaks my heart to see those stars
Smashing a perfectly good guitar
I don't know who they think they are
Smashing a perfectly good
Good Guitar

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