

Loaf Meat

"Wasted Youth"

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Wasted Youth

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I remember everything

I remember every little thing as if it only happened
yesterday

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

I don't remember if it was Telecaster or Stratocaster

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 Telecaster or Stratocaster

But I do remember that it wasn't at all easy

It required the perfect combination of the right
powerchords

And the precise angle from which to strike!

The guitar bled fo about a week afterwards

And the blood was zoot, dark and rich, like wild berrys

The blood of the guitar was Chuck Berry red

The guitar bled for about a week afterwards

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 upstairs to my parents bedroom
Mummy and Daddy were sleeping quietly in the
moonlight
Slowly I opened the door
Creeping into the shadows right up to 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 you think your
doing?"
"Thats no way to treat an expensive musical
instrument"
And I said "God damn it Daddy"
"You know I love you, But you've got a hell of a lot to
learn about Rock 'n' Roll"

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