

Barrett Dave, Broken Lamps

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Kitty Bone

Broken Lamps

Twenty-one, and single now

She decorates my side

Suffers from the oxygen,

Sits at home and cries

Knowing that she's gone leave

It's just a question when.

Broken lamps and turned up amps

Here we go again.

Twenty-five, she's married now

Two kids by her side

Another year I limp on stage

Chicago the umpteenth time

Birthday cards that never come

And Christmas at a friends.

Broken lamps and turned up amps.

Here we go again.

Forty-five, she's single now

The kids are on their own

I come in bloody from the road

The records sell no more.

Come to you with fret cut hands

That reach out for amends

Broken lamps and turned up amps

Here we go again

Broken lamps and turned up amps

Here we go again

Broken lamps and turned up amps

Here I go again.