

Jim Steinman, Love And Death And American Guitar

I remember everything!

I remember every little thing as if it happened only yesterday. I was barely 17 and I once killed a boy.

I don't remember if it was a Telecaster or a 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 a Telecaster or a 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 for about a week afterwards and the blood was

ooh...

dark and rich like wild berries.

The blood of the guitar was Chuck Berry red!

The guitar bled for about a week afterwards and 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!!

I smashed it against the hood of a car

I smashed it against a 1981-Harley Davidson...

The Harley howled in pain, the guitar howled in heat!

I ran up the stairs to my parents bedroom

Mommy and Daddy were sleeping in the moonlight

slowly I opened the door creeping in the shadows right up to the foot of the bed

I raised my guitar high above my head and just as I was

about to bring the guitar crashing down upon the center of the bed

my father woke up screaming:

"stop...wait a minute..stop it,boy"

"what do you think you're doing???

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 AND ROLL!!!!!!"