

John Hiatt, Perfectly Good Guitar

Well he threw one down from the top of the stairs

Beautiful women were staning everywhere

They all got wet when he smahed that thing

But off in the dark you could hear somebody sing

CHORUS:

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 fgor a sunburt with a crack

But he's st'll trying to break his momma's back

REPEAT CHORUS

He loved that guitar just like a girlfriend

But ever good thing comes to an end

Now he just sits in his room all day

Whistling every note he used to play

There out to 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 t'll you get some soul

REPEAT CHORUS

Late at night the end of the road

He wished he st'll had the old guitar to hold

He'd rock it like a baby in his arms

Never let it come ot any harm

REPEAT CHORUS