

# Low, Death Of A Salesman

So I took my guitar  
And I threw down some chords  
And some words I could sing  
Without shame  
And I soon had a song  
I played it around  
For some friends  
But they all said the same

They said "Music's for fools  
You should go back to school  
The future is prisons and math."  
So I did what they said  
Now my children are fed  
Cause they pay me to do what I'm asked

I forgot all my songs  
The words now are wrong  
And I burned my guitar in a rage  
But the fire came to rest  
In your white velvet breast  
So somehow I just know that it's safe