

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