

The Who, Guitar And Pen

You're alone above the street somewhere
Wondering how you'll ever count out there

You can walk, you can talk, you can fight
But inside you've got something to write
In your hand you hold your only friend
Never spend your guitar or your pen
Your guitar or your pen
Your guitar or your pen
Your guitar or your pen
Your guitar or your pen

When you take up a pencil and sharpen it up
When you're kicking the fence and still nothing will budge
When the words are immobile until you sit down
Never feel they're worth keeping, they're not easily found
Then you know in some strange, unexplainable way
You must really have something
Jumping, thumping, fighting, hiding away
Important to say

When you sing through the verse and you end in a scream
And you swear and you curse 'cause the rhyming ain't clean
But it suddenly comes after years of delay
You pick up your guitar, you can suddenly play
When your fingers are bleeding and the knuckles are white
Then you can be sure, you can open the door
Get off of the floor tonight
You have something to write

When you want to complain, there's no one can stop you
But when your music proclaims, there's no one can top you
You are wearing your heart on your jumping feet
You've got a head start away from the street

But is that what you want, to be rich and be gone?
Could be there's just one thing left in the end
Your guitar and your pen

When you sing to your mum, and you hum and you croon
And she says that she'd like it "with more of a tune"
And you smash your guitar at the end of the bed
Then you stick it together and start writing again
And you know that it won't be too long 'til your back
To bring her some money, she's calling you "honey"
Stashed in a bloody great sack
In your Cadillac

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