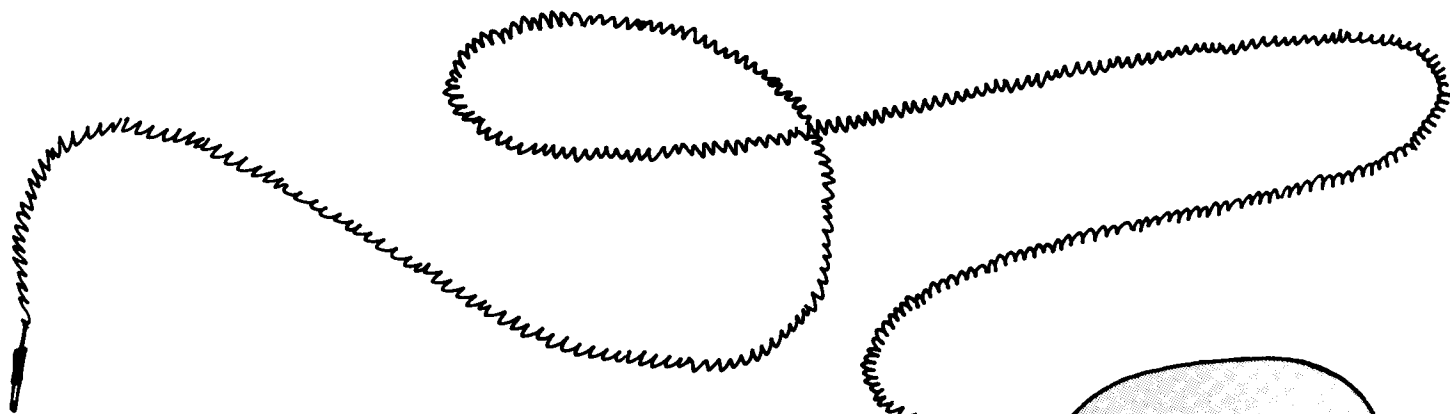


LOVE AND DEATH AND AN AMERICAN GUITAR

By Jim Steinman



I remember everything!

I remember every little thing,
as if it happened only yesterday.

I was barely seventeen,
and I once killed a boy with a Fender guitar.

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 power chords
and the precise angle from which to strike.

The guitar bled for about a week afterward.
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 afterward,
but 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!
Smashed it against the hood of a car!
Smashed it against a 1981 Harley-Davidson!
The Harley howled in pain!
The guitar howled in heat!

And 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 their bed.
I raised the 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, "Goddam it, Daddy! You know I love you.
But you got a helluva lot to learn about rock-and-roll!!!"