

Cut His Finger Playing Air Guitar

by Chad Smith

As he cleared out the drawers
He knew he couldn't live without her

How long to make something pretty?
Shocked when we hear something we hadn't heard
How can we make it work?

Catch a hint of a slight glimpse of
Cleared away the bushes and sticks
A space in the beauty to make some sort of love
Sunshine breaks a clearing in the clouds

Cold and naked lay in the grass
She looked in there and saw
A tear ran down her cheek
A smile ran down the make believe
A view of his soul

Away from this

A friend had the thought
He's going to be the death of her
Maybe somebody should have told

You get up on that stage
And you do your job
Son

Every

Night

