

# Perfectly Good Guitar

John Hiatt

he threw one down from the top of the stairs  
beautiful women were standing everywhere  
they all got wet when he smashed that thing  
but off in the dark you could hear somebody sing it breaks my heart to see those stars  
smashing a perfectly good guitar  
i dont know who they think they are  
smashing a perfectly good guitar it started back in 1963  
his mama wouldnt buy him that new red harmony  
he settled for a sunburst with a crack  
but hes still trying to break his mamas back oh it breaks my heart to see those stars  
smashing a perfectly good guitar  
i dont know who they think they are  
smashing a perfectly good guitar  
how he loved that guitar just like a girlfriend  
but every good thing comes to an end  
now he just sits in his room all day  
whistling every note he ever played well there outta be a law with no bail  
smash a guitar and you go to jail  
with no chance for early parole  
you dont get out until you get some soul oh it breaks my heart to see those stars  
smashing a perfectly good guitar  
i dont know who they think they are  
smashing a perfectly good guitar late at night the end of the road  
he wishes he still had that old guitar to hold  
he'd rock it like a baby in his arms  
never let it come to any harm  
oh it breaks my heart to see those stars  
smashing a perfectly good guitar  
i dont know who they think they are  
smashing a perfectly good guitar

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