

Lock of His Hair

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about a fan obsessing over an awesome guitar god that had killer looks. Now the singer's aging and seemingly forgotten...

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I was at the concert
with the other screaming fans
The music was loud and harsh to my ears
He raised his hand
Then we all screamed

The Face is what we called him
He had a beautiful look
Forever young, with his
blue eyes and long cascading hair
It was so blond and to the back of his knees

He was my size
Small, thin, and wore tight pants
Everyone made fun of him
but I didn't care

I met him in a bar
unexpected encounter
I asked for a lock of his hair
He said sure, and cut it for me

I asked will he ever cut his hair
and he said no.
I kept it all these years

now he's old, and forgotten the words
he cut his hair to show the earrings in his ear
He is still The Face
And I will always go back to
the loud concert
and scream his name
when he raises his hand.

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