

# Guitar Man

By : Mistress of Word Play

I picked up his favorite guitar. Played it till my fingers bled.



Published on  
**Booksie**

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# Guitar Man



I picked up his favorite guitar.  
Played it till my fingers bled.  
Heâs the one whoâs a rock star.  
I chose to write the words instead.

Every night heâs on that stage  
and Iâm still his greatest fan.  
You think heâd learn to act his age.  
My love, that rock and roll man.

Another tour bus, another town  
Equipment and endless sessions  
Another failure, another crown  
his indiscretions and confessions.

He never seems to notice me  
when on that stage he plays.  
Heâs lost within that harmony  
and fameâs addicting fiery blaze.

But when the music comes to an end  
and the applause finally dies  
He smiles as the curtains descend  
and Iâm captured in those eyes.

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Generated: 2015-02-01 08:19:36