

## Summer of '89 - WIP - Butch Walker

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Changing strings, and **banging** on things  
A **couple** of girls from the **school**  
We'd **listen** to KISS with **rockets** of fists  
**Acting** like Saturday's **fools**  
/ A D / A E / :

Learned how to smoke, told dirty jokes  
Talked about loose girls from Rome  
I made out with most of them, so I raised a toast to them  
Especially now that I'm ... old

And **they're** forty five with husbands who **don't** like their **wives**  
**three** or four kids, make e-**nough** to sur-**vive**  
In their **paper** mill jobs while their **teen** heartthrobs  
Are **playing** in bands or they're **dead**  
/ D AE / / D A / E - /

Can I go **back** to when I was the winner  
**Way** before the rain came and **washed** away the sinners  
**Everyone** was something and **nothing** was done right or **wrong**  
/ A D / A E / A D E - /

Smothering the cover of a '69 summer  
Played through a speaker of fuzz  
Nobody knew Bryan Adams wasn't cool  
The TV just told me he was

Always heard the sound get me out of this town  
Resonating clear on my head  
Chuck ran away with our gear and the drugs  
You know, I'm pretty sure that he's dead

Or he's forty **six** and alone, cast the **heaviest stone**  
Su-**bur**-ban cover band playing **bad** to the **bone**  
In a **bath** tub of meth, you can **smell** your own death  
You know when you **can't** look the past in the **eye**

Can I just go back to when I was the winner  
Way before the rain came and washed away the sinners  
Everyone was something ... and I could never do any wrong

Went back to the woods, where I hid all my goods  
In a rusted out cadillac door  
We all get nostalgic and fall for the hat trick  
Of thinking it'll be like before

Like the football jocks, trying to please their pops  
And the stoners aping everything their bad uncles taught  
And the teachers who cared, more than I ever knew  
And knew I played clubs, let me sleep through school  
And my day job boss, who wrote it up as a loss  
But let me leave when I wanted and I never got caught  
Sleeping out on the field in the back of my truck  
Breaking into the bars, steal the beer and getting fucked  
By a girl twice my age, making minimum wage  
But her tan lines were good and she had a good face  
Is this what I've become. . . is this all I've become  
When do I become (*repeat*)

I want to go back to when I was the winner  
Way before the rain came and washed away the sinners  
Everyone was someone and and I could never do any wrong