

Summer of '89 - WIP - Butch Walker

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 A E / / 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