

The Man Who Plays All Day

Strum

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In a dark room

He sits in his sorrow

And I can't help but wonder

About the shape of his life tomorrow

Fingers thin as twigs

Struggling to strive

The guitar on his lap

Begging for a clap

Disfigured

Bones waiting to crack

He prays to get the muscles in his neck back

I heard he was big

Everyone knew his name, and for the right reasons

I also heard he blew it

I heard that fame got his head

What if I stopped

Stopped to hear him, to listen, just listen

To listen to the chords he plays

The story he conveys

But I can't stop, can I?

No not today anyway

I can't stop for the man who plays all day

And I', left to wonder: will anyone?