

Baby Guitar

Melanie

Have you heard the word
Our friend is gonna be a star
She's gonna get the chauffeur
And she's gonna get the car
And she's gonna get the love
Of the people at the bar
And she's gonna give birth
To a Baby Guitar

Well, rumor says our good friend
Has done some carrying on
And rumor says in public
She makes love to all her songs
In front of the frustration
Of the people at the bar
She's got the nerve to mess around
With her guitar

Oh, it was sad
To see the breakdown
Of the princess' fallin' star
One day when she was doin'
All the people at the bar
She did a little don't
And they pulled her head apart
And neatly tucked away inside
Her eyelid was her heart
Then they looked at one another
Said we knew it
There you are
A nameless illegitimate Baby Guitar

Now her lovin' loyal friends
Took the offspring for there own
And according to it's birthright
They built it a thrown
And now just like his mommy
He does the people at the bar
And they look at one another
And say he's gonna be a star
Rememberin' well the mother
Of the Baby Guitar