

Tars Of India

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You wanna write songs, wanna be a singer
Get on stage, show 'em what you can do
You got some way to go, yeah, yes, and you know it
So you're gonna spend lots of time in your room
Where you're gonna play your guitar
Smoke the tars of India
Someday gonna be a star
Soon as what's in you comes out

Listenin' to records, the way people play
Finger pickin', blues lickin' all of the day
When the night comes you gotta try the loom
Shades drawn and door closed up in your room
Where you're gonna play your guitar
Smoke the tars of India
Someday gonna be a star
Soon as what's in you comes out

Well it's finally hit you, got it on paper
You got it fixed up in your mind
When somebody asks you, "Say hey what's shakin'?"
You won't have to fake it thanks to the time
You spent playing your guitar
Smokin' the tars of India
Someday gonna be a star
Soon as what's in you
Soon as what's in you
Soon as, as soon as, soon as what's in you comes out
Oh yeah, well