

Stab In The Back

Steve Lukather

Vodka, on the rocks
One more for my best friend
Long time, how you been
What lie should I tell him

'cause the scar inside is still there

Six piece little band
A hand shake was the contract
Ink pen in his hand
Getting ready for the last act
As i drink the last poisonous drop

The innocence of youth I had
Slithered out and left me with the
Tab in the end it's like a stab...a stab in the back

All that's left to do is just to stagger out

All the shoulda coulda beens don't matter now
And the cold ventura wind from the breath of his last spin
In the end its just a stab in the back

Phone call on his cell
Went straight to his voice mail
At first glance, who could tell
He got his Rolex at wholesale

As I speak of behalf of the fools

The only page that's left to turn
I should tear it out and watch it burn
And someday laugh at the stab...stab in my back