

# One Hurt Wonder

Phillip Mills



To - night, the bar's noi - sy; the boys are all  
The men hear a sto - ry of sex and ad -  
I've worked as a farm - er, a spa - cer, a



drink - in', So are the wo - men and the oth - ers as  
ven - ture. Wo - men be - lieve it's 'bout \_\_\_ lost love, still  
smug - gler; I've sweat - ed in pri - son, mined \_\_\_ gar - nets in



well. The boss tells me, "Bar - keep - er go grab your  
true. In a cor - ner, sits some - thing that un - der - stands  
hell And the songs of those times are un - heard and un -



gui - tar. The more that they suf - fer, the more cheap booze we  
ful - ly; It wails as it gnaws off a ten - ta - cle or  
want - ed While I'm trapped, by my list' - ners, in this sto - ry I



sell." Twice, a young boy met a \_\_\_  
two. So... He searched the known pla - nets, ev - en  
tell. He loved them both deep - ly and \_\_\_



nymph in the wood - land. Her frag - ment of tune, plus her \_\_\_  
more: those kept hid - den He found her; he kissed her, she \_\_\_  
there is the prob - lem: Two end - ings to choose from, though the

G Em Am

kiss and embrace Caused seven years dream - ing, then  
screamed; she ex - pired. 'Twas here on I - - dyl - lia, he  
sto - ry's the same. Who did he care for and

Em D Am

sev - en more search - ing Un - - til his ob - ses - sion drove him  
took a new lov - er But she changed to that crea - ture of his  
who made him cra - zy: The wo - man his love killed or the

Em Am G D

out in - to space. Sing 'em a love song of death and of  
child - hood de - sire. one that it maimed?

G D

hor - ror. Sing 'em a love song of burn - ing and pain. They

G D G D

call me old one hurt won - der As they ask me to sing it a -

Am G G D Am

gain and a - gain. They ask me to sing it a - gain and a -

G

gain.

Notes: (The presence of repeated notes in the spoken section is only because the software requires music for attaching words.)