

I flew United Airlines on my to Nebraska
The plane departed, Halifax, in Chicago's "O'Hare"
While on the ground, a said from the seat behind me
"My God, they're throwing guitars out there"
The and I exchanged a look, best described as terror
At the action on the tarmac, and knowing projectiles these would be
So before I left Chicago, I alerted employees
Who showed indifference towards me
United, you broke..... Taylor Guitar
United, some big help you are
You broke it, you should it
You're liable, just admit it
I should've flown with someone else
Or gone by
'Cause United breaks guitars

When we landed in Nebraska, I confirmed I'd suspected
My Taylor'd been the victim of a vicious act of malice at O'Hare
So began a long saga, of "Pass the buck", "Don't ask me"
And "I'm sorry, sir, your claim can go"
So to all the airlines people, from New York to New Delhi
I heard all excuses, and I've chased your wild geese
and this attitude of yours, I, must go
Well, I won't say that I'll fly with you again
But that won't likely happen
And if it did, I wouldn't bring my
'Cause you'd just go and break it
Into a pieces