

Needle Of Death

Bert Jansch

When sadness fills your heart
And sorrow hides the longing to be free
When things go wrong each day
You fix your mind to 'scape your misery

Your troubled young life
Had made you turn
To a needle of death

How strange, your happy words
Have ceased to bring a smile from everyone
How tears have filled the eyes
Of friends that you once had walked among

Your troubled young life
Had made you turn
To a needle of death

One grain of pure white snow
Dissolved in blood spread quickly to your brain
In peace your mind withdraws
Your death so near your soul can't feel no pain

Your troubled young life
Had made you turn
To a needle of death

Your mother stands a'cryin'
While to the earth your body's slowly cast
Your father stands in silence
Caressing every young dream of the past

Your troubled young life
Had made you turn
To a needle of death

Through ages, man's desires
To free his mind, to release his very soul
Has proved to all who live
That death itself is freedom for evermore

And your troubled young life
Will make you turn
To a needle of death