

Need Her

Golden Earring

I'm not into false feelings of self-pity
And I don't cry that much
But I feel like a cripple
A little orphan that's lost his little crutch
Isn't it true she's a lyin' suicidal fool
Always testin' her luck
And when I'm with her
I wanna be without her again
As soon as I can before I get stuck

Need her to make my life more complicated
Need her to get myself all constipated
Need her like a knife stickin' in my back
Need her to get me off the right track
I need her chokin' me to the death

Missiles and rockets hidden in her pockets
And I'm tryin' to stay out a range
But she says I'm an amateuristic son of a bitch
And she scores another point again
When she slams the door behind her
And I know I won't see her for at least another month or so
My blood starts boilin' and I feel like screamin'
That I goddamn need her so
But when I'm with her
I wanna be without her again
As soon as I can
That's the way it always goes