

# How I Need You

Strawbs

My ashtray's flowing over,  
And the 'phone's left off the hook.  
I've been staring for three hours  
At the first page of a book.  
Day and night I keep the curtains drawn,  
And curse the very day that I was born,  
And get to thinking,  
How I need you,  
Now.

I keep staring at my wristwatch,  
Until it's ticking fills the room,  
And the hollow sound reminds me  
Of the silence of a tomb,  
And as the ceiling and the walls close in,  
And the furniture begins to spin,  
I get to thinking,  
How I need you,  
Now.

And as the days go passing by,  
And I never get a letter,  
How I need you.  
Days turn into weeks,  
And it doesn't get much better,  
How I need you.

The gaslit streets lean slowly  
As I reel against the wall,  
And my musty head is aching  
As I stagger down the hall;  
Then I fill the broken glass once more,  
And fling the empty bottle to the floor,  
And get to thinking,  
How I need you ...