

Needle

The Screaming Jets

I feel the pain in my head,
I want that sleep that I'm missing,
I'm falling all apart,
Oh, the nightmare that I'm living

And all the life that it's givin',
Oh, I need that start
Held an old friend as he died,
Oh what a wasted life,

So don't you start,
Don't you start your pushin'
The needle to the red.
Well I feel the life that I'm leadin',

Is bringing me down and I'm bleedin',
Been pushed aside to die.
Skull and cross bones in my mind,
I start to believe in my own lies.

Oh, why did I start?
Held an old friend as he died,
Oh what a wasted life.
So don't you start,

Don't you start your pushin'
The needle to the red.
I sit and wonder all the time, what it'd be like if I could change my mind?
Blood drips slowly from the sky, falling down and cleansing my naked eye.

Break down and cry.
Blood shot eyes in the mirror, look at my hand it's a-quiver.
I'm a crumbled heap in the dark.
Lovin' spoonful on the table, I take it quicker than I am able,
able to make that start.

Held an old friend as he died, oh what a wasted life.
Don't you start, don't you start, said don't you start your pushin' the needle to the red.
The needle to the red, oh no don't push, don't push, don't, don't, don't, don't push it.
Don't push.