Needle and Thread

Matt Duke

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

I packed up and spent a week traveling east on the Interstate
On a pittance for a fast food diet and some toothpaste
I can remedy along gettin' drunk, gettin' stoned
Then I'm back to my good old ways
Open arms at the bar for the prodigal son who often goes astrayFor now the waking world can wait
To sing your blues away
And hope for better days
Pick an old song
Then we'll dance in the dark
It's that needle and thread
Stitch up my broken heart!I cave in, I black out, I bottle up until I pick a fight
Then I raise a bloody fist in a salute to every passerby
For the law man's sake I might bend but I won't break
That part I leave for lovers in life
This is my right to keep quiet, I'll reserve it for some other timeFor now the waking world can wait
To sing your blues away
And hope for better days
And pick an old song
Then we'll dance in the dark
It's that needle and thread
Stitch up my broken heart!Cuff me up and take me in
So I can sleep an hour or two
Just me and the gross criminals
Singing loud with nothing to lose
Oh Lord, the music save their soul
When nothing's right
We'll rock and rollFor now the waking world can wait
To sing your blues away
Hope for better days
Pick an old song
Then we'll dance in the dark
It's that needle and thread...

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