Change My Needs

Scars on 45

I never I never meant to say you were a thorn in either side,
It was a side effect from the scars on the fourty-fives.
And as the vital mistakes, it reminds me of what we have,
Despite the things you do, you know I'm a fool for you.They say a legal kiss is not as good as a stolen one,
We put our lives on show and yet we sing to a different song.
And from the bassinet to the graveside we never walk,
Of everything I've lost, I miss my mind the most.I never once understood your dealings,
A group of friends who I'd give what for.
And I could name every crack on our ceiling,
A sign of thorns.
Am I a frame in your bigger picture?
A rope or rein for your stormy seas?
If I could be just a train fare richer
I'd change my needsI'd change my needs
I'd change my needs
I'd change my needsAnd in the half light a rush of violence is in the place,
And if a look could kill you'd need a license for your face.
You say that love is blind and I'm the one that restored your sight.
The girl who never knows,
The girl who never knowsI never once understood your dealings,
A group of friends who I'd give what for.
And I could name every crack on our ceiling,
A sign of thorns.
Am I a frame in your bigger picture?
A rope or rein for your stormy seas?
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