

Needle In the Hay

Elliott Smith

Your hand on his arm
The hay stack charm around your neck
Strung out and thin
Calling some friend, trying to cash some checkHe's acting dumb
That's what you've come to expectNeedle in the hay
Needle in the hay
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Needle in the hayHe's wearing your clothes
Head down to toes, a reaction to you
You say you know what he did
But you idiot kid you don't have a clueSometimes they just get caught in the eye
You're pulling him throughNeedle in the hay
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Needle in the hayNow on the bus, nearly touching this dirty latrine
Falling out sixth and Powell, a dead sweat in my teeth
Gonna walk, walk, walk
Four more blocks plus the one in my brainDown, downstairs to the man
He's gonna make it all okayI can't be myself, I can't be myself
Then I don't want to talk
I'm taking the cure
So I can be quiet wherever I wantSo leave me alone
You ought to be proud that I'm getting good marksNeedle in the hay
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