

Need

Xysma

You've got time, time on your hands
Bury your head in the sand
Take your time, hurry it up
Cause it sits there and just drift away
You've got worries more than enough
Course it's rough you soon know that it's tough
All that time, time on your hands
Cause it sits there and just drift away
I need to know
I've been sitting into a prayer pew
I need to know
There's a little hope inside of you
But that might
Might not be
Oh my baby please look me up

When you feel that you've had enough
You were mine I was yours
Sit to see and now drift away
I need to know
I've been sitting into a prayer pew
I need to know
There's a little hope inside of you and
I need to know
I've been sitting into a prayer pew
I need to know
There's a little hope inside of you
But there might, might not be
Might not be (x4)

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