Needle And Thread Matt Duke

E A E 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 E A E Open arms at the bar for the prodigal son who often goes astray Α Е For now the waking world can wait Е To sing your blues away Е And hope for better days F# Pick an old song Then we ll dance in the dark It s that needle and thread Stitch up my broken heart! E A E EAE I cave in, I black out, I bottle up until I pick a fight E A E 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 EAE This is my right to keep quiet, I ll reserve it for some other time Е For now the waking world can wait To sing your blues away Е And hope for better days F# 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 roll Е For now the waking world can wait E To sing your blues away E Hope for better days Pick an old song Then we ll dance in the dark It s that needle and thread... E For now the waking world can wait E To sing your blues away E Hope for better days F# Pick an old song Then we ll dance in the dark F It s that needle and thread Stitch up my broken heart! E A E

E A E