

King Missile, He Needed

He needed more time
He needed more space
He needed more money
He needed more friends
He needed more music
He needed more food
He needed more drugs
He needed more color
He needed more sex
He needed more mass
He needed more height
He needed more pull
He needed more slack
He needed to stop jerking around
And get his stuff together
He needed a job
He needed a new direction
He needed religion
He needed a television set
He needed some good advice
He needed discipline
He needed discipline
He needed discipline
He needed a ticket
On the next train out of town
He needed to try harder
He needed less pressure on him
He needed a T-shirt
He needed to go to the bathroom
He needed to chatter incessantly
He needed to conquer universal themes
He needed to wax poetic
He needed an audience
He needed a dancing partner
He needed new clothing
He needed a pet to run to
He needed to feel
Like he was getting in the way of progress
He needed a dog
He needed to get his apartment cleaned
He needed to write a grocery list
He needed to paint
He needed a way out