

Skrewdriver, Needle Man

He's the kind of man who sticks his job for the money that he gets
He don't spend his money at the pub or making bets
Goes down town, goes in the bar and makes his contact there
He gets the gear, he takes a shot, and his eyes begin to stare

Chorus:

'Cos he's a junkie, needle-man
Needs the kicks, don't give a damn
Yeah a junkie, needle-man
Needs the kicks, don't give a damn

He's getting weaker everyday but he has to keep his job
He'll get no more money on the day he has to stop
One day at work he feels so bad that he falls down on the floor
The boss he assures he don't abuse but he throws him out the door

(Repeat Chorus)

solo

(Repeat Chorus)

They find him dying on the floor, yeah he's lying on his back
He's covered in newspapers and a dirty ripped-up sack
The dawn it breaks, the rain it falls, but the young man doesn't live
He gave his life to pills and syringes, and had nothing left to give

(Repeat Chorus)