

The Jam, Precious

Your precious love - that means so much
will it ever stop or will I just lose touch
What I want to say - but my words just fail
Is that I need it so I can't help myself
Like a hungry child - I just help myself
And when I'm all full up - I go out to play

But I don't mean to bleed you dry
Or take you over for the rest of your life
It's just that I need something solid in mine

Lonely as the moors on a winter's morning
Quiet as the sea on a good calm night
In your tranquil shadow - I try and follow

I hear your distant show clicks
To the midnight beat -
I feel trapped in sorrow
In this imagery
But that's how I am and why I need you so