

Barclay James Harvest, Need You Oh So Bad

Need you oh so bad by me
For the sake of pity be
The one whose open arms I see
Reaching out to me
Need you oh so bad
You don't want me any more
Like a thorn that's in the sore
See you around with three or four
Oh my teardrops pour
Need you oh so bad

See the memories appear
They'll be gone within a year
It's the emptiness I fear
Now that you're not here
Need you oh so bad

Now that you're not here
Need you oh so bad