

Gypsy Kyss, Needle In A Haystack

His head is kinda achin'
Too many cigarettes and too much of this bottle
Too many things on his mind tonight
Too much thinkin' lately
About the things that are missing
and the things he'll never find
'till he can reach and turn on the lights
Watchin' the clock move
Fillin' up the ash tray
Spilling his guts to somebody that's not even there
Time is moving slowly
He feels like he's the only needle in this haystack
He's a needle in a haystack
He's feelin' kinda hazy
All out of luck with no place to go
He's turnin' out all the lights
He thinks he's goin' crazy
Hidin' from things he's already shown
The things he's avoided all his life
He sees faces in the mirror
Showin' him what kind of man he's become
(What kind of man have I become?)
Reachin' out from in him
He sees the side of him that needs to be alone
(What kind of man always needs to be alone?)