

Ian Hunter, Silver Needles

(Ian Hunter)

You're just a stranger in the past
Just another mug that could never last
You came up slow but you burned out fast (didn't ya)

It ain't Silver Needles on the run
No it ain't Silver Needles on the run
It ain't Silver Needles on the run
Shh you make me feel so bad

You thought you was the only one that got messed up
Me 'n all the others never had it so rough
Well how come you're dead and I'm still stood up

Well it ain't Silver Needles on the run
Silver Needles on the run
No it ain't Silver Needles on the run
Oh I remember....

All your plans were made on some PR floor
'N all your bags were packed, they never reached the door.
Out ordering (?) your thought exchange
All your brains were acting strange
You never lied in dreams before
There must be more to life than getting sore

(What do you think?)

I seen in some music paper that you was gone
And I went right out and wrote you a farewell song
Boy, they had you dead before you was born
And it's a shame - you were such a great mover

But it ain't Silver Needles on the run
No it ain't Silver Needles on the run
Silver Needles on the run
Silver Needles on the run
Silver Needles on the run
Silver Needles on the run
(Next)