

# 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)