

In Need

Grand Funk Railroad

Hey, hey, mama; mama, what you tryin' to do?
You keep on talkin' to me, 'till your face turns blue.
Well, do you think I'm a young boy, yet to make up my mind?
Well, I'm just castin' all my toys, I'm gonna' leave what's behind me, behind.
I'm gonna' leave what's behind me, behind.

I saw an old high school friend, just the other day,
He didn't ask me how I'd been, he asked me "how was my pay?"
Now, do you call this a friendship, judging from what he said?
If you do, I've a real tip: ain't nobody gonna' know about my bread.
Ain't nobody gonna' know about my bread.

If you got somebody, that you can trust to the very end,
I said if you do, I want to be like you, 'cause you sure got a real good friend.
You sure got a real good friend.
Friend ...
Friend ...