

Change My Needs

Scars on 45

I never meant to say you were a thorn in either side,
It was a side effect from the scars on the forty-fives.
And as the vital mistakes, it reminds me of what we have,
Despite the things you do, you know I'm a fool for you.

They say a legal kiss is not as good as a stolen one,
We put our lives on show and yet we sing to a different song.
And from the bassinet to the graveside we never walk,
Of everything I've lost, I miss my mind the most.

I never once understood your dealings,
A group of friends who I'd give what for.
And I could name every crack on our ceiling,
A sight of thorns.
Am I a frame in your bigger picture?
A rope or rein for your stormy seas?
If I could be just a train fare richer
I'd change my needs

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And in the half light a rush of violence is in the place,
And if a look could kill you'd need a licence for your face.
You say that love is blind and I'm the one who restored your sight.
The girl who never knows,
I'm the girl who never knows

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