

## Head On A Spike

The Bluetones

Mmm, there's a light spilling under the door  
Mmm, there's a phone coming up through the floor  
I know you've explained all the rules to the game  
Mmm, but I don't wanna play anymore

I'm losing my days, I'm losing my nights  
It's part of the aging process  
I'm losing my left, I'm losing my right  
My memory strains to hold this  
I'm losing my will, I'm losing my fight  
I'm pretty punched up but that's alright  
I'm telling myself it's gonna be fine  
It's beaten better people than me

There's a fire rising up in my throat  
There's a man with a hand in his coat  
I know what you'd like is my head on a spike  
But I wanna be in on the joke

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There's a car slamming into a wall