

Bluetones

"Head On A Spike"

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Hmmm there's a light spilling under the door
mmm there's a phone comin up through the floor
I know you've explained all the rules to the game
mmm but I don't wanna play any more

(chorus)

I'm losing my days I'm losing my nights
it's part of the ageing process
I'm losing my left I'm losing my right
my memory's strange to hopeless
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 beating better people than me

there's a fire rising up in my throat
mmm there's a man with a hand in his coat
I know what you'd like is my head on a spike
mmm I don't wanna be in on the joke

(chorus)

I'm losing my days I'm losing my nights
it's part of the ageing process
I'm losing my left I'm losing my right
My memory's strange to hopeless
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 beating better people than me
(repeat)

There's a car standing into a wall

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