

## **Bert Jansch**

# **"Needle Of Death"**

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When sadness fills your heart  
And sorrow hides the longing to be free  
When things go wrong each day  
You fix your mind to 'scape your misery

Your troubled young life  
Had made you turn  
To a needle of death

How strange, your happy words  
Have ceased to bring a smile from everyone  
How tears have filled the eyes  
Of friends that you once had walked among

Your troubled young life  
Had made you turn  
To a needle of death

One grain of pure white snow  
Dissolved in blood spread quickly to your brain  
In peace your mind withdraws  
Your death so near your soul can't feel no pain  
Your troubled young life  
Had made you turn  
To a needle of death

Your mother stands a'cryin'  
While to the earth your body's slowly cast  
Your father stands in silence  
Caressing every young dream of the past

Your troubled young life  
Had made you turn  
To a needle of death

Through ages, man's desires  
To free his mind, to release his very soul  
Has proved to all who live  
That death itself is freedom for evermore

And your troubled young life  
Will make you turn

To a needle of death

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