

## **Matt Duke**

# **"Needle And Thread"**

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I packed up and spent a week traveling east on the  
Interstate  
On a pittance for a fast food diet and some toothpaste  
I can remedy along gettin' drunk, gettin' stoned  
Then I'm back to my good old ways  
Open arms at the bar for the prodigal son who often  
goes astray

For now the waking world can wait  
To sing your blues away  
And hope for better days  
Pick an old song  
Then we'll dance in the dark  
It's that needle and thread  
Stitch up my broken heart!

I cave in, I black out, I bottle up until I pick a fight  
Then I raise a bloody fist in a salute to every passerby  
For the law man's sake I might bend but I won't break  
That part I leave for lovers in life  
This is my right to keep quiet, I'll reserve it for some  
other time

For now the waking world can wait  
To sing your blues away  
And hope for better days

And pick an old song  
Then we'll dance in the dark  
It's that needle and thread  
Stitch up my broken heart!

Cuff me up and take me in  
So I can sleep an hour or two  
Just me and the gross criminals  
Singing loud with nothing to lose  
Oh Lord, the music save their soul  
When nothing's right  
We'll rock and roll

For now the waking world can wait  
To sing your blues away

Hope for better days  
Pick an old song  
Then we'll dance in the dark  
It's that needle and thread...

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