

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