

Unwise

ABRA

Is it a dark wave?
Is it a wipeout?
Is it a heavy current?
Who turned the lights out?
And there will never be enough salt in the sea to clean me
You make me feel like a real bad, a real bad, a real bad, a real bad

I don't mind if it's only right right now
The sands of time make demands of mind
And I'd rather spend it unwise
It's fine, it's fine
I'd rather spend it unwise

I don't wanna make that choice
Hands up on my neck
And you let you take my voice
Let me lay back in the black
In the dank of my room
Smoke screen and the sweat and you, you
You make me feel like a real bad girl
You make me feel like a real bad girl
You make me feel like a real bad, a real bad, a real bad

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Want it so bad making me work
Want it so bad making me hurt
Want it so bad making me work
Want it so bad making me hurt
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You make me feel like filth