

# 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  
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