You Wouldn't Have To Ask

Bad Books

Crooked days come bundled up in bunches
They break your brain like a branch
And push you out here asking after for something
you should know I don't have

If I had it you wouldn't have to ask
If I had it you wouldn't have to ask

Later on when you bargain with your mirror
and you ask is it really that bad

If it wasn't you wouldn't have to ask
If it wasn't you wouldn't have to ask

How could you know if you didn't?
What's left to say when your tongue's turned to ash?
Well I tell you you're finally forgiven
So you wouldn't have to ask

Shoot what's left, slip inside your sinner smile
Another man in a mask

If you faced it you wouldn't need a mask
If you meant it you wouldn't need a mask
If I could fix you you wouldn't have to ask
If I could help you you wouldn't have to ask

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