

Bad Thing

Benjamin Dakota Rogers

Lock the door leave the light on
Nobody needs to know that you're not home
Jump in the car with a busted headlight
Start it up and head on down the road

Count every stop sign you're passing
Watch them fading to the rearview lights
23 and counting
We're going to make the county line tonight

And I know I should be at home
I know I should be at home

You're a bad thing honey
And I can't say no to you
You've got me spinning around all upside down
Hell, what's a man to do?

Yeah you're a bad thing baby
You've got me turned inside out
And I've been racking my mind a thousand times
For something I'll never figure out

Yeah you're a bad thing baby

Drove 'till we were running on empty
3 AM not a gas station in sight
Little highway motel room
Smells like cigarettes and we got into a fight

Said I think I'm going crazy
Oh I don't even have a dollar to my name
But I like the way she holds me
So I keep doing it and doing it and doing it again

And I know I should be at home
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