

## Bad Loving

Chaparelle

Born with a truth that proved self-evident  
A corner office too, next to the president  
Keys to his high horse, a candy El Camino  
Burning on freedom while she waits at the casino  
Pictures are fine, but not polite to stare  
The whispers on the wind beg the world to be fair  
The promises of a man who can barely understand  
The weight of a love that he holds in his hands

It's bad lovin'  
To a good woman  
Yes, it's bad lovin' (Ooh)  
To a good, good woman

Another spritz of Chanel, mon oh mon  
The curve of her hips as she walks through the door  
The archway behind her, so lonely without her  
The thunder inside him only grows louder  
And even through tears, she sparkles like diamonds  
And all through the years, she keeps on riding it out  
And looking for something, never finding  
And he is no different, but she can't admit that

It's bad lovin'  
To a good woman  
Yeah, it's bad lovin'  
To a good, good woman

S'il te plaît reste mon amour  
S'il te plaît reste mon amour  
S'il te plaît reste, s'il te plaît reste mon amour  
Mon amour

She can't admit that it's bad lovin'  
To a good woman  
Yeah, it's bad lovin'  
To a good, good woman  
To a good, good woman  
To a good, good woman