

Bad things

Kim Cesarion

Looking out another night
On the New York City lights
From my hotel room.
But I'm without you
You can tell me little lies
Over telephone lines,
Oh, you saw bright through!
Theres a bird

A bird like me for you,
Is the water cold?
And the darkest side of you
Is the one you've shown!
Don't need to be a bad thing, a bad thing!
Don't make it a bad a thing!
It doesn't have to be
It doesn't have to be a bad thing, a bad thing!
Don't make it a bad thing
It doesn't have to!

California is really not what you imagined
Moving in a night of August,
flying through the city so fast
Like the rides on fire!
I try find a little magic,
We could be when certain happens
You know what I do is right
I'm a bad song about you!
So why you're crying?
Don't make it a bad a thing!
It doesn't really have to be!
It doesn't have to be a bad thing

That I'm gone.
I'm right back to you, babe
In too long.
Anything fading, its too strong
Coming back, coming back to my bad thing
To my bad thing, to my bad thing
To my bad thing, to my bad thing
To my bad thing, to my bad thing...