BAD

Leon Else

I woke up this morning
With puke on my chest
This ain't my puke
And this ain't my bed
The women beside me
She look like she dead
And out of her mouth hangs half a cigarette

And I feel that itch I need to get me something
To get my heart pumping
And life is a bitch at least I know she loves me
But she owes me nothing

Is it bad
That I like being fucked up more than being sober
Is it bad
That my best friend is this demon on my shoulder
Is it bad
The shit I find fun could get me sent to prison
Is it bad
That I don't really care if I live or I die I just want get high
Now don't you
Wish that you could live like this
Not having to give two shits
I'll tell the world to suck my dick
And it does
And I can't get enough
Now bring me more drugs
And shut the fuck up

I'm bad
I'm bad

Thought I was hungover
Cos the pain in my head
Then I noticed blood
Was stuck in my hair
I look in the mirror
And I look like I'm dead
I spit on the floor and it's painted red

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To get my heart pumping
And life is a bitch at least I know she loves me
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