

# DOWN BAD

Red Leather

I woke up late with a bad headache and empty cans  
I told myself I wouldn't drink again, but here I am (Goddamn)  
Put some whiskey in my coffee and I light a cigarette  
Oh, I'm the walkin' dead

'Cause I'm down bad, only got one more dime bag  
Hooked on the powder  
(You're bad, you're bad, you're bad for me)  
(Too bad, too bad)  
Yellin' "Fuck that," gotta find a way out  
Run fast, I could never lay down  
(You're bad, you're bad, you're bad for me)  
(Too bad, too bad)

Tryin' to save my soul, tryin' to right my wrongs  
But the same old wrongs helped me write these songs  
They say life's a bitch and then you die  
So I'ma hit some licks and enjoy the ride  
On a bender, I pawned my fender  
And I put it all on red  
But I lost that bet

'Cause I'm down bad, only got one more dime bag  
Hooked on the powder  
(You're bad, you're bad, you're bad for me)  
(Too bad, too bad)  
Yellin' "Fuck that," gotta find a way out  
Run fast, I could never lay down  
(You're bad, you're bad, you're bad for me)  
(Too bad, too bad)

I got a dollar to my name  
And I'm shit outta luck  
I'm pissin' in the wind  
'Cause I don't give a fuck

'Cause I'm down bad, only got one more dime bag  
Hooked on the powder  
(You're bad, you're bad, you're bad for me) So bad  
(Too bad, too bad)  
Yellin' "Fuck that," (Fuck that) gotta find a way out  
Run fast (Run fast), I could never lay down  
(You're bad, you're bad, you're bad for me)  
(Too bad, too bad)

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
(You're bad, you're bad, you're bad for me)  
(Too bad, too bad)