

Playing With Bad Luck

Set It Off

It's a kinda day, it's a kinda week, it's a kinda year (No)
When you cut and paste
When you're on your knees
When you're out of tears (Damn...)

Examine every scar
I'm auditing my karma
Something just ain't addin' up
It's close, but no cigar
I'm dancing in the dark cause
Every light keeps shutting off

I'm playing with bad luck
And she doesn't give up
Sinking her teeth into my dreams
Again and again, I get up again
I'm playing with bad luck
But now it's just too much
Sinking her teeth into my dreams
Again and again, I get up again

Goin' back in time
In my past life I must've crossed the line
Because otherwise it would all be fine
Like a glass of wine

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Not so harmless, my darlin'
Alarming how you scar me
Waiting and praying, afraid of feeling safe
Shake me, awake me
And save me from this bad dream
Fear setting in, oh my God, is it my fault?

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