

Bad Things

The Cold Stares

I opened up a door that I couldn't close back
Bad luck and sorrow like a black heart attack
I knew when I met you I couldn't let you go
Don't wanna hurt you, but something you gotta know
I ain't superstitious but I know somethings wrong
Any luck I had it will soon be gone
I'll be singing a sad, sad song...

Take me to a place where my hands ain't so dirty
Hide me in the shadow of loaded gun
Take me to a land where the sun don't hurt me
I beg for mercy cos my time's almost done
Oh, bad things keep happening to me
Bad things
Bad things

Every time I see you, it's another dark day
Everyone we meet they got nothing kind to say
I'm beginning to wonder what kind of deal that you made
That brought this trouble, and left it here to stay
I ain't superstitious but something ain't right
I can't get my rest, and I can't sleep at night
I can feel the rope pulling oh so tight

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