

Bad as Me

Tom Jones

You're the head on the spear
You're the nail on the cross
You're the fly in my beer
You're the key that got lost
You're the letter from Jesus on the bathroom wall
You're the mother superior in only a bra

You're the same
You're the same
You're the same kind of bad as me
You're the same kind of bad as me
The same kind of bad as me
You're the same kind of bad as me
The same kind of bad as me

I'm the hat on the bed
I'm the coffee instead
The fish or cut bait
The detective up late
I'm the blood on the floor
And the thunder and the roar
The boat that won't sink
I just won't slip a wink

You're the same kind of bad as me
The same kind of bad as me
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Same kind of bad as me
Same kind of bad as me

We're good you say
But that's good enough for me
Hahaa

You're the wreath that caught fire
You're the preach to the choir
You bite down on the sheet
But your teeth have been wired
You the skid in the rain
You're trying to shift
You're grinding the gears
You're trying to shift

You're the same kind of bad as me
The same kind of bad as me
The same kind of bad as me
The same kind of bad as me
Same kind of bad
The same kind of bad as me

They told me you were no good
But I know you'll take care of all my needs
Because you're the same kind of bad as me

I'm the mattress in the back
I'm the old gunny sack
I'm the one with the gun

Most likely to run
I'm the car in the weeds
If you cut me I'll bleed

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