

Bad Sun

Vundabar

Fire on the mountain played
It seems we drove all day
How quick can I turn the curve
Before my vision clears

At last, satisfied
What I'm made of straps
Told me what I cannot see
What [?]

Am I the bad one? Ooh
Am I the good son? Ooh
There is no lesson, ooh
Just take your medicine

When I caught up to myself
I was angry as all hell
Wag my finger, shake my head
Do you remember what I said?

Honey, ready
To better, would she make
Like a rope, tied around your toe
But never have her near

Am I the bad one, ooh
Or am I the good son, ooh
You learned your lesson, ooh
But it's no medicine, ooh