

# Bad Magic

Weyes Blood

Get out of bed  
Put on some clothes  
And find your shoes  
At least there's nothing more  
You could really lose, now is there?

Drink a cup, had enough  
The sky don't shine on me anymore  
Since I been staring here at this floor  
For too many days  
Lost my way  
And got on this train that's running away  
It's carried me this far  
But now I can't stay  
Now, ohhhh-ohhhh

Pretty bad magic  
Pretty tragic  
On a runaway train  
And I'm not going insane  
Things just don't stay the same  
And I must find a new way

Make the best of death  
And love what's left  
You're not just a timebomb  
Just 'cause you went off  
Don't mean you're scattered  
Everywhere  
It's still there, in the palms of your hands  
Just give it one more chance  
Don't wait to understand  
Just find a new way

Pretty bad magic  
Pretty tragic  
On a runaway train  
And I'm not going insane  
Things just don't stay the same  
And I must find a new way

One more day  
My soul can give  
It'll work out for me  
When I need the man  
That makes the blind see  
Through me  
See through me  
See through me