

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