

## Bad Love

White Lies

I was waiting in the back-seat of the car  
When I knew I'd given up  
Down one of the back-streets by the park  
So sick of the taste of blood

I'm gonna write your girl a letter  
It'll make everything better

Screaming down the phone-line to your mum  
She said 'Honey ain't home right now'  
I bought a tuxedo and I bought a gun  
And wore them all around this town

Nobody dares to lift a finger  
They can see my heart is down and injured

If I'm guilty of anything  
It's loving you too much  
Honey, sometimes love  
Means getting a little rough

This is not bad love  
This is not bad love

I've been going to church but I don't believe  
I'll ever be clear this pain  
Walk like a ghost through the streets  
Soaked from the pouring rain

And I won't ask your God for mercy  
My spirit is low, my soul is dirty

If I'm guilty of anything  
It's loving you too much  
Honey, sometimes love  
Means getting a little rough  
This is not bad love  
This is not bad love (3x)