I'm on my way I'm on my way back home The hours have gone cold Tunnel a hole for a man Who wouldn't sorry be seems Like awful baggage For a trade Some will say they Knew the day before Now as then is all the rage But they drove away What about the play No one left to call Buddy was a lover Lover with the bad blood Buddy's life is over And out of time Buddy was a lover Lover with the bad blood Buddy was a lover Lover with bad blood Lover with bad blood