

In A Bad Place

Ben Weasel

In a bad place. In a sick frame of mind. In a bad way and you're
no friend of mine. Started counting when she first saw the li
ghtning flash. It's a sad thing, like a bitter little laugh. In
a bad place she watched the sun rise again. It's a bad break b
ut we all have our cross to bear. That night she lost count lon
g before the thunder crashed. It's a sad thing, like a bitter l
ittle laugh. Scars never fade