

Bad Sign

Brad Sucks

I was laying on the floor when you were gone,
Like it was something I could die from,
Now my head aches, and your friends all think I'm dumb,
You said it's just a bit of bad blood.
Now I don't feel great, but it doesn't bother me,
Because I don't have the energy, and the X-
ray doesn't tell me anything,
Or show me what the hell you see in me.

All my time has turned to days, that I will waste till my dying
day.
And all my bones have realigned, and now I guess it was a bad s
ign.

I was praying to the lord for some fun, but I guess he didn't h
ave some,
And betraying everything that I'd become, just to prove it wasn
't true love.
If I'm too late, will you come and hurry me? Like a kid among t
he dying leaves,
If my heart breaks, will you drug and carry me, where we can ta
ke about our chemistry?

All my time has turned to days, that I will waste till my dying
day.
And all my bones have realigned, and now I guess it was a bad s
ign.
And now I guess it was a bad sign.

All my time has turned to days, that I will waste till my dying
day.
And when I tried I was ashamed, and said "I don't believe in sa
ving face."
And all my clothes are still inside, and broken up into little
piles.
And all my bones have realigned, and now I guess it was a bad s
ign.
Now I guess it was a bad sign, and now I guess it was a bad sig
n.