

Bad Boy

Conway Twitty

Everyday your husband goes to work from nine to five
Wakes up in the morning and puts on his coat and tie
Sits down at the table with some coffee and the news
"Two eggs over easy," girl, that's all he says to you
The kids are all in school now and you sit home alone
Spendin' all your time down in the basement a-washin' clothes
Somehow this just ain't the way you dreamed love would be
I can look into your eyes and tell just what you need.

You need a bad boy
To love you up and down
A bad boy
To take you on the town
It's plain to see what you need's
A little bit of mystery
You need a bad boy
A bad boy like me.

Every night at six o'clock he walks on through the door
Lays down on the couch and throws his shoes off on the floor
Tonight was gonna be the night he took you to a show
Now he's much too tired and he doesn't wanna go
Once again you spend the night in front of the TV
In bed you turn to touch him but he's already asleep.

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