

Bad

James Marsters

We met, we smiled
I put my arm around you
The camera flashed and it was over

My face was flushed
You turned and walked away
But in my pocket was your number

And I'm thinking

Who's that girl who smiles
And hides at the same time
I really think she's got issues
The way she looks at me
I can tell what a kiss brings
And if I taste her pain is that a crime

That night we're upstairs in my room
I'm trying to ply you
With champagne and caviar

But you just wrinkle up your face
Won't get off second base
I'm trippin' on how strong you are

Oh my toes start dancing
When you kiss me
You pull me down and I like it
Then my head explodes and I know
Something's hit me
You make me want to be bad, yeah

I am a monkey behind glass
Turn on the lights have a laugh
Get up you filthy thing and dance

And you would come across the sea
Give me kisses that would speak
Of your seven lonely oceans, yeah

Who are you to smile
And hide at the same time
I really like your issues
The way you look at me
I can tell what a kiss brings
You make me want to be bad, yeah