

Bad Advice

Protomartyr

First it was induced

Induced under color of official right
Set me up for a comeback son
You set me up for a comeback
Pass the box fill the money up
Pass the box fill the money up

Induced under color of official right
Sing a sad song
You filled him full of confidence
Over confidence is a parasite

Induced under color of official right
Sing a sad song
You made it in your image there
Set them up for failure here
With bad advice
With bad advice
It was bad advice
Whoa, it was bad advice
What you said was bad advice
What you said was bad advice, sir
It was bad advice
Whoa, it was bad advice
Whoa, it was bad advice
And again it was bad advice, sir
It was bad advice
I have to tell you it was bad advice
Let me tell you it was bad advice
What you hear is bad advice, sir

And there's no one left
To bury the dead
And clean the bones
And clean the bones

And there's no one left
To light the lamps
And guard the tombs
Where we all live