

## Bad Again

Richard Thompson

I thought you liked me so I got bolder  
You seemed to like the little things I told you  
Then you turned round, I got the old cold shoulder  
Babe, you didn't give me no warning

I thought you cared from the way you kissed  
Must be a signal there that I missed  
When did reality start to twist  
Babe, you didn't give me no warning

Now I'm bad again, I'm bad again  
I must have done something but I don't know when  
I'm bad again, I'm bad again  
Maybe you'll love me in the morning

The table's set and it's time to dine  
A little soft music, a little French wine  
You talk about your mother, dear, all the time  
And I can't stop myself yawning

I put a TV in the doghouse and my favorite chair  
I spend so much of my time in there  
I'm guilty of some dark deed somewhere  
Babe, you didn't give me no warning

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