

Bad Love

White Lies

I was waiting in the back-seat of the car
When I knew I'd given up
Down one of the back-streets by the park
So sick of the taste of blood

I'm gonna write your girl a letter
It'll make everything better

Screaming down the phone-line to your mum
She said 'Honey ain't home right now'
I bought a tuxedo and I bought a gun
And wore them all around this town

Nobody dares to lift a finger
They can see my heart is down and injured

If I'm guilty of anything
It's loving you too much
Honey, sometimes love
Means getting a little rough

This is not bad love
This is not bad love

I've been going to church but I don't believe
I'll ever be clear this pain
Walk like a ghost through the streets
Soaked from the pouring rain

And I won't ask your God for mercy
My spirit is low, my soul is dirty

If I'm guilty of anything
It's loving you too much
Honey, sometimes love
Means getting a little rough
This is not bad love
This is not bad love (3x)