

Got It Bad

ZZ Ward

We could be on a park bench,
Make it make sense in the middle of a crowded room,
We could be 30K up, up in black skies,
Make the skies shake and watch it go boom,
Boy, you're no good, make my heart ache,
Why's the wrong thing gotta feel so damn great?
Oh no, he's just no good for me,

That boy is trouble,
Yeah, he's trial, charge and wanted,
That boy is trouble,
Yeah, his call girls haunt him,
That boy is trouble,
Lets his lies do the talkin',
That boy is trouble,
Like a dead man walkin',

I've got it bad, so bad,
I've got it bad, so bad,

We could be under street lamps in a rainstorm in the middle of
a dirty fight,
Let it pour now, tearin' me down,
You're so left-field, but you feel so damn right,
Your devilish eyes, you whisper like wine,
Your tongue is like sin, you always get in,
Oh no, he's just no good for me,

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I've got it bad, I got it bad,
I got it bad, I got it bad.