

The After Party

Bad Books

You born bad, I am the after party
Skeptic threat, you moved to San Francisco
Now, I want it all. You wanted extra money,
I lost it all. I lost it all.

Now I know, it's good to be alone.
It's good to be alone
It's so good to be alone.

My surprise, who thought you had my baseball
I lost sight, and my God came and fixed me,
You know, I had it all, it didn't suit me
I had it all, I had it all

Now I know that I hate to be alone
I hate to be alone
Oh I hate to be alone

It's so good to be alone
Oh I need to be alone
Oh I need to be alone
Oh I need to be alone
Oh I need to be alone
It's so good to be alone
It's so good to be alone