

Portions for Foxes

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There's blood in my mouth 'cause i've been biting my tongue all week.
I keep on talking trash, but i never say anything.
And the talking leads to touching,
And the touching leads to sex,
And then there is no mystery left.

And it's bad news, baby i'm bad news
I'm just bad news, bad news, bad news

I know i'm alone if i'm with or without you,
But just being around you offers me another form of relief
When the loneliness leads to bad dreams,
And the bad dreams lead me to calling you,
And i call you and say "c'mere!"

And it's bad news, baby i'm bad news
I'm just bad news, bad news, bad news

And it's bad news, baby it's bad news
It's just bad news, bad news, bad news
'Cause you're just damage control
For a walking corpse like me,
Like you,
'Cause we'll all be portions for foxes.
Yeah, we'll all be portions for foxes.

There's a pretty young thing in front of you
And she's real pretty, and she's real into you
And then she's sleepin'inside of you.

And the talking leads to touching, then the touching leads to sex
And then there is no mystery left.

And it's bad news. I don't blame you,
I do the same thing. I get lonely too.
And you're bad news; my friends tell me to leave you,
That you're bad news, bad news, bad news

You're bad news, baby you're bad news
And you're bad news, baby you're bad news
And you're bad news
I don't care i like you
And you're bad news
I don't care i like you
I like you