

Bad Books

Whipping Boy

You don't believe me when I say nothin's wrong
Feb up explaining now it's time to move on
I'm tired and I'm weary and our love is weary
We're together for what? For the sake of a song...
Two years have passed and already I'm a goner
Sufferin' from flatulence my guts have done a runner
Livin' out our fantasies for the best part of summer
We stay not in love but in the bosom of each other

I'm in your bad books
Those hard black bag books
I'm in the back books
Doing everything wrong

Started almost (amongst) lost in daydreams their dreams
(daydreams?) (dead dreams?)
Roll into town on a Friday not fever
Livin' on the dancefloor like two horny outlaws
Jumped in a taxi and sped off at one
There was no need for puddin', no cheap words o'
bloodin'
It was like we were both on a radio wave
I never expected to be so connected
Never expect nothin' at all

I'm in your bad books
Those hard black bag books
I'm in the back books
Lookin' for loose change

Promises, promises a penny for your promises, promises
Promises, promises a penny for your promises, promises

Now I'm half way there it's somewhere in between (Bad
books, I'm in your bad books)
(licking) ashes O'Leary and the scream of being (Behan)
(Bad books, I'm in your bad books)
So go ahead honey put some sugar in my bowl (Bad books,
I'm in your bad books)
I've got the severed torn muse sippin' at my soul
Sippin' at my soul, slippin' in and out of my soul