

# Bad Love

## Friend ' N Fellow

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 the 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 spirits are 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  
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