

Bad Days

[Coretta Scott](#)

What would I do if you asked me to choose
The lesser of these two evils
(Don't put this on me)
A blade "stuck" as fitting to a word as I could figure
In my side or the haggard hole it left behind Even bad days will soon be over
Take the time I'll show you how
Just gave up on all my regrets
Even bad days will soon be over
Scream until my lungs give out
Maybe it's your turn Don't be a bully, a monster
Playing games that no one's winning
Cold and distant or hot and bothered
How can all these words seem fitting
I'm not sure about anything about you anymore
I'm not sure, but maybe we'll find out Even bad days will soon be over
Take the time I'll show you how
Just gave up on all my regrets
Even bad days will soon be over
Scream until my lungs give out
Maybe it's your turn

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