

# Bad As Me

Tom Waits

You're the head on the spear  
You're the nail on the cross  
You're the fly in my beer  
You're the key that got lost  
You're the letter from Jesus on the bathroom wall  
You're mother superior in only a bra  
You're the same kind of bad as me  
I'm the hat on the bed  
I'm the coffee instead  
The fish or cut bait i'm the fish that cut bait  
I'm the detective up late  
I'm the blood on the floor  
The thunder and the roar  
The boat that won't sink  
I just won't sleep a wink  
You're the same kind of bad as me  
No good you say  
Well that's good enough for me

You're the wreath that caught fire  
You're the preach to the choir  
You bite down on the sheet  
But your teeth have been wired  
You skid in the rain  
You're trying to shift  
You're grinding the gears  
You're trying to shift  
And you're the same kind of bad as me  
They told me you were no good  
I know you'll take care of all my needs  
You're the same kind of bad as me  
I'm the mattress in the back  
I'm the old gunnysack  
I'm the one with the gun  
Most likely to run  
I'm the car in the weeds  
If you cut me I'll bleed  
You're the same kind of bad as me  
You're the same kind of bad as me

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