

# Bad for Me

Brendan Benson

Well here it goes again, another losing streak.  
Guess I'm on a roll.  
And I haven't got a chance, I'm too weak.  
She sucks my soul.  
And this St. Christopher that hangs around my neck  
has got to be a fake.  
Cuz I crash everytime, the same ol' wreck,  
the same mistake.  
Now I make a mental note so I don't forget.  
A little reminder of what hasn't happened yet.  
Well, maybe she's bad for me.  
But I don't care to see.  
Cuz what I want and what I need  
are the same to me  
in the end.  
There's a voice in my head sayin' 'no.'  
But my mouth says 'yes.'  
I should stop I know but I really want to go.  
It's ok I guess.  
And I've played with fire so many times before.  
Guess I'll never learn.  
Just like an addict I keep coming back for more.  
Cut the love that burns.  
I'll make a mental note so I don't forget.  
A reminder of what hasn't happened yet.  
Well, maybe she's bad for me.  
But I don't care to see.  
Cuz what I want and what I need  
are the same to me.  
Well, maybe she's bad for me  
and I don't care to see.  
Cuz what I want and what I need  
are the same to me.  
There's a feeling that I get deep in my gut  
that I can't help.  
My instinct out of sync  
but so what love is blind.  
And I make a mental note so I don't forget.  
A reminder of what hasn't happened yet.

She's gonna be the death of me.  
Here it comes again.  
The only leaf left on a tree  
blowin' in the wind.  
Oh, maybe she's bad for me.  
But I don't care to see.  
Cuz what I want and what I need  
are the same to me  
in the end, in the end.

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