# 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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