

Bad On Me

[Tim Chaisson](#)

I can't run, I can't hide
I can't help myself tonight
You're no good, that's too bad
Cause what you got, it drives me mad
?You oohhh oohhh'
Look so bad on me

I ain't got no money, I spent it all on you
My time is getting real short, cause I gave that to you too
You keep drawing lines, right across my face
Keep on bringing flowers, cause I'll need 'em for my grave

Detour off the highroad, slippery and steep
Now everybody knows me by the company I keep
Deep down in my heart, I know it ain't right
I'll suffer through tomorrow for a dance with you tonight

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