

Bad Advice

Protomartyr

First it was inducedInduced under color of official right

Set me up for a comeback son

You set me up for a comeback

Pass the box fill the money up

Pass the box fill the money upInduced under color of official right

Sing a sad song

You filled him full of confidence

Over confidence is a parasite

Induced under color of official right

Sing a sad song

You made it in your image there

Set them up for failure here

With bad advice

With bad advice

It was bad advice

Whoa, it was bad advice

What you said was bad advice

What you said was bad advice, sir

It was bad advice

Whoa, it was bad advice

Whoa, it was bad advice

And again it was bad advice, sir

It was bad advice

I have to tell you it was bad advice

Let me tell you it was bad advice

What you hear is bad advice, sir

And there's no one left

To bury the dead

And clean the bones

And clean the bonesAnd there's no one left

To light the lamps

And guard the tombs

Where we all live

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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