

# B.A.D.

## Dead Ghosts

You hear the cries of love  
The sad tone  
And feel the softly stinging  
Love's wound  
But, those tears you cry  
Being of love's fame  
They fall to love  
Crying like a sweet rain  
'Cause bad girls they do B.A.D., bad  
Make your mommy and daddy say, "B.A.D.", bad  
It's the bloody fix you do  
Oh, look out  
You'll see what it's in your head  
What you see  
And need  
But you can have B.A.D.  
Call a spade a spade  
Only if you want to  
'Cause by any other name  
It's taboo  
'Cause bad girls, they do B.A.D., bad  
Make your mommy and daddy say, "B.A.D.", bad  
It's the bloody fix you do  
The bloody fix you do  
Yeah, B.A.D., bad  
Make your mommy and daddy say, "B.A.D.", bad  
Don't it drive your women mad?  
B.A.D., bad  
Make your mommy and daddy say, "B.A.D.", bad  
It's the bloody fix you do

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