

Bad Idea

Thea Gilmore

Perfectly ugly I'm standing up here in front of you
Like a living work of art
And I can do cute with a bite or angry with a personable side
But they're my only parts
And this town crossed its legs a long time ago baby
When it got sick of trying
And the violent soprano of an ambulance siren screams round the block
Like the whole world is dying Oh, oh I have to give everything a name
Oh no I can smell gas in here again
And you say what an explosive little sugar I am
And I say well you know sweetheart you live on bad ideas She managed them both like some dizzy soap opera
queen on the TV
And I manoeuvred my way round the rocks smuggling scorn into my words
And she didn't even see me
I love it when you float off like some great feather in the breeze
But the only trouble is I'm left sitting here panting for more
Like a bitch on heat, now And oo, oh I have to give everything a name
And oh no I can smell gas in here again
And you say what an explosive little sugar I am
And I say well you know asshole you live on bad ideas Skin tight and forthright
I can pick this fight alone
Hold on we can take it on 'cause only
Words can cut to bone Skin tight and forthright
I can pick this fight alone
Hold on we can take it on 'cause even
Words Oh, oh I have to give everything a name
Oh no I can smell gas in here again
And you say what an explosive little sugar I am
And I say well you know asshole you live on bad ideas

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>