Bad As Me

Claas

You're the head on the spear
You're the nail on the cross
You're the fly in my beer
You're the key that got lost
You're the letter from Jesus on the bathroom wall
You're mother superior in only a bra
You're the same kind of bad as me
I'm the hat on the bed
I'm the coffee instead
The fish or cut bait i'm the fish that cut bait
I'm the detective up late
I'm the blood on the floor
The thunder and the roar
The boat that won't sink
I just won't sleep a wink
You're the same kind of bad as me
No good you say
Well that's good enough for me

You're the wreath that caught fire
You're the preach to the choir
You bite down on the sheet
But your teeth have been wired
You skid in the rain
You're trying to shift
You're grinding the gears
You're trying to shift
And you're the same kind of bad as me
They told me you were no good
I know you'll take care of all my needs
You're the same kind of bad as me
I'm the mattress in the back
I'm the old gunnysack
I'm the one with the gun
Most likely to run
I'm the car in the weeds
If you cut me I'll bleed
You're the same kind of bad as me
You're the same kind of bad as me

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