

# Bad Man

## Ezra Furman

Beauty is a drug and it's coursing through my veins  
I sit at home staring at your picture while my colleagues discuss capital gains  
This love's just a cloud of cigarette smoke  
Blows away on the wind but it stays in your throat  
And the coughing is worse than ever these days You walk into the room and I can't look up at you  
All my concentrated efforts added up to one big thing I never meant to do  
My heart's been misfiled by the U.S. Postal Service  
All these people with their expectations make me so nervous  
And people like them could never be like people like you You're too bright for me, I'm too dumb for you  
In the night I see your face in the moon  
You're the one who stands rock-solid in the shifting sands  
And I'm a bad, bad man with a place in my heart for you  
I got to the place where secret things are sold  
Thunder in the distance and it sounds like it's a million years old  
I see your hair like a waterfall falling  
Feel like a long drunk in the parking lot bawling  
And I don't know how this house got so incredibly cold I can't explain it and nobody cares to know  
Long-dead women call my name from deep inside my radio  
I set surrounded by my money and my glory  
Numbly re-telling my little pointless life story  
And the chandeliers winked as if to say, "We know" And I've confessed all my sins  
I'm just the type who never ever wins  
And I pray to God every weekend  
I fit it in  
And I've kept you waiting so long  
But everything's gonna be different when I finish this song  
And I know myself better than anyone  
Who's to say I'm wrong?

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

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