

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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