# BAD LOVE

## Connected: Booka Shade

I was waiting in the back-seat of the car
When I knew I'd given up
Down one of the back-streets by the park
So sick of the taste of blood
I'm gonna write your girl a letter
It'll make everything better
Screaming down the phone-line to your mum
She said, "Honey, ain't home right now"
I bought a tuxedo and I bought a gun
And wore them all around this town
Nobody dares to lift the finger
They can see my heart is down and injured
If I'm guilty of anything
It's loving you too much
Honey, sometimes love
Means getting a little rough
This is not bad love
This is not bad love
I've been going to church but I don't believe
I'll ever be clear this pain
Walk like a ghost through the streets
Soaked from the pouring rain

And I won't ask your god for mercy
My spirits are low, my soul is dirty
If I'm guilty of anything
It's loving you too much
Honey, sometimes love
Means getting a little rough
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