

# You Wouldn't Have To Ask

## Bad Books

Crooked days come bundled up in bunches  
They break your brain like a branch  
And push you out here asking after something  
You should know I don't have  
If I had it you wouldn't have to ask  
If I had it you wouldn't have to ask  
Later on when you bargain with your mirror  
And you ask, is it really that bad?  
If it wasn't you wouldn't have to ask  
If it wasn't you wouldn't have to ask  
How could you know if you didn't?  
What's left to say when your tongue's turned to ash?  
Well, I tell you you're finally forgiven  
So you wouldn't have to ask  
Shoot what's left, slip inside your sinner smile  
Another man in a mask  
If you faced it you wouldn't need a mask  
If you meant it you wouldn't need a mask  
If I could fix you you wouldn't have to ask  
If I could help you you wouldn't have to ask

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