Nothing so Bad

Cousteau

There ain't nothing so very good
As this love in its morning
When it comes with its promises
And leaves without warningThere ain't nothing I can do about
This fever in my head
Oh, things I can't say out loud
Things that I dreadThere ain't nothing so bad, now
As a good man done wrong
There's blood on my hands
Honey now-
What have I done
Honey, what have I done...One day I woke up
Forgot all my dreams
And it's driving me to distraction, honey
Would you listen to me pleaseEvery man is a prisoner
Of his own desire
Oh, a good man got done some wrong
Gets caught in its fireThere ain't nothing so bad, now
As a good man done wrong
There's blood on my hands
Honey now, what have we done
Honey what have we done(...It was a slip of the tonue
Now the plague has begun...)

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