

# 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 warning  
There ain't nothing I can do about  
This fever in my head  
Oh, things I can't say out loud  
Things that I dread  
There 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 please  
Every man is a prisoner  
Of his own desire  
Oh, a good man got done some wrong  
Gets caught in its fire  
There 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 tongue  
Now the plague has begun...)

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