

I Must Have Done Something Bad

George Jones

I must have done something bad, sometime in my life
And I paid for it time and again
But this time you've hurt me so bad, I could lay down and die
And the pain grows each day, ten times ten times ten
If I thought my hand was against you, why I'd cut off my
arm
And I'd walk off and leave it behind
If I thought that you needed money, why I'd sell my own soul
And I'd even steal from the poor and the blind
I can't understand how ice can glitter like fire
Why you had me fooled all alone?
I gave you all that I had then I searched around for more
And now I've got nothing at all and you're gone
I must have done something bad sometime in my life
And I paid for it time and again and again
But this time you've hurt me so bad, I could lay down and die
And the pain grows each day, ten times ten times ten

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