

# Bad Magic

## Weyes Blood

get out of bed  
put on some clothes  
and find your shoes  
at least theres nothing more  
ou could really lose, now is there?  
drink a cup  
had enough  
the sky don't shine on me anymore  
since i been staring here at this floor for too many days  
lost my way  
god on this train is runnin away  
its carried me this far, but now i can't stay  
now, ohhhh-ohhhh  
pretty bad magic  
pretty tragic  
on a runaway train  
and i'm not going insane  
things just don't stay the same, and i must find a new way  
make the best  
of death  
and love what's left  
you're not just a timebomb  
just cause you went off don't mean you're scattered everywhere  
it's still there, in the palms of your hands  
just give it one more chance  
don't wait to understand  
just find a new way  
pretty bad magic  
pretty tragic  
on a runaway train  
and i'm not going insane  
things just don't stay the same, and i must find a new way  
one more day  
my soul can give  
it'll work out for me  
when i need the man makes the blind see  
through me  
see through me  
see through me

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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