

# Badloves, Slave

Badloves  
Holy Roadside  
Slave  
Slave  
To an early grave  
To that bed you made  
Now you've got to lay down in it  
Slave

Slave  
See now what you've done  
See what you've become  
You know that I see right through it  
Slave

They branded you  
Too much of a good thing  
Black and blue  
You wear it like some ball and chain  
Slave

Slave  
Dig your lovers tomb  
What you trying to do now  
Come on, let's get down to it  
Slave

Yeah they branded you  
Too much of a good thing  
Black and blue  
You wear it like some ball and chain  
Slave

(Whose shoes are you trying to fill?  
Who's driving you up that hill?)

When I was young  
And I must have been naive  
For every word of every lie I would believe  
I would still belong  
To a love that's strong  
And I'd be free

When I was young  
And I know I was naive  
For every word of every lie I would believe  
I could still belong  
To a love that's strong  
And I'd be free

(Whose shoes are you trying to fill?  
Who's driving you up that hill?)