

eels, Bad News

guess I'm doing something wrong
never feel right in these shoes
a pocket full of matches and a head full of flames
got to warn you that I'm bad news
she tugs me in and then she screams
one day you will have to choose
either take care of me or take care of you
and don't pretend you're not bad news
come on now I'll take you home
you don't have a thing to lose
but stick around long enough and you'll find out
I am nothing but bad news
you can never change where you're from
no matter who I will accuse
gonna get on with a better life
and one day I won't be bad news
cause it's the same
every day when I wake up
it's the same
in the way that you
gave me up
in the middle of a swan dive
and I was soaring down
perfect and slow