

Shelby Lynne, Life Is Bad

(written by Shelby Lynne, Bill Bottrell and Roger Fritz)

Waste away to nothin' in a dark dusty tomb
lookin' for the traces of what used to be a room
wipe away the blood from a tormented brow
solve the wicked problem never asking how

Rock the sinking vessel till it rests on the bottom
count the waves of water don't remember forgot them
taste the stench of livin' on thin dimes and a dream
opening an ear to a painful silent scream

Oh life is bad
Oh no, worst I ever had

Ache and writhe in agony like a vise on aging bones
tar and acid drip from an ice cram cone
holding onto a wind that chases the hell
fallin' in the darkness of an inner descending well

Caress transparent night as a demon with a sword
speak with an eloquence never saying a word
look into the clarity then erase it with the muck
lying in a pool of consciousness no such thing as luck

To being a beginner, to inventing the end
to livin' with a strangler never a friend
saddle slobbering beast trouble is abound
ride the devil's bronco never hit the ground