

# Thea Gilmore, Bad Idea

Perfectly ugly, I'm standing up here in front of you  
Like a living work of art  
And I can do cute with a bite or angry with a personable side  
But they're my only parts  
And this town crossed its legs a long time ago baby  
When it got sick of trying  
And the violent soprano of an ambulance siren screams round the block  
Like the whole world is dying

And oh, oh I have to give everything a name  
And oh no I can smell gas in here again  
And you say what an explosive little sugar I am  
And I say well you know, sweetheart, you live on bad ideas

She managed them both like some dizzy soap opera queen on the TV  
And I manoeuvred my way round the rocks smuggling scorn into my words  
And she didn't even see me  
I love it when you float off like some great feather in the breeze  
Now the only trouble is I'm left sitting here panting for more  
Like a bitch on heat, now

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And oh no, I can smell gas in here again  
And you say what an explosive little sugar I am  
And I say well you know, asshole, you live on bad ideas

Skin tight and forthright  
I can pick this fight alone  
Hold on we can take it on 'cause even  
Words can cut to bone

Skin tight and forthright  
I can pick this fight alone  
Hold on we can take it on 'cause even  
Words

Oh, oh I have to give everything a name  
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