

Willard Grant Conspiracy, Wicked

I'm wicked in the eyes of the world
I'm everything nobody wants
As low as low can get
Everything I cannot stop
A glutton for everything misery can buy
A heart that matches the soul
There's all kinds of things money can buy
Redemption is worth more than gold

I once had a habit that ran wild and free
It wrapped its arms around me
I once had a woman or she once had me
Until I drove her away

I'm wicked in the eyes of the world
I'm everything nobody wants
As low as low can get
Everything I cannot stop

Lord won't you let me rest here awhile
I'm tired and I can't recall
The cause of all these bitter tears
I'm left with no faith at all

I'm wicked in the eyes of the world
I'm everything nobody wants
As low as low can get
Everything I cannot stop