

Cousteau, Nothing So Bad

There ain't nothing so very good
As this love in its morning
When it comes with its promises
And leaves without warning

There ain't nothing I can do about
This fever in my head
Oh, things I can't say out loud
Things that I dread

There ain't nothing so bad, now
As a good man done wrong
There's blood on my hands
Honey now-
What have I done
Honey, what have I done...

One day I woke up
Forgot all my dreams
And it's driving me to distraction, honey
Would you listen to me please

Every man is a prisoner
Of his own desire
Oh, a good man got done some wrong
Gets caught in its fire

There ain't nothing so bad, now
As a good man done wrong
There's blood on my hands
Honey now, what have we done
Honey what have we done

(...It was a slip of the tongue
Now the plague has begun...)