

# Freya Ridings, Bad Guy

White shirt now red, my bloody nose  
Sleepin', you're on your tippy toes  
Creepin' around like no one knows  
Think you're so criminal  
Bruises on both my knees for you  
Don't say thank you or please  
I do what I want when I'm wanting to  
My soul? So cynical

So you're a tough guy  
Like it really rough guy  
Just can't get enough guy  
Chest always so puffed guy  
I'm that bad type  
Make your mama sad type  
Make your girlfriend mad tight  
Might seduce your dad type  
I'm the bad guy  
Duh

I'm the bad guy

I like it when you take control  
Even if you know that you don't  
Own me, I'll let you play the role  
I'll be your animal  
My mommy likes to sing along with me  
But she won't sing this song  
If she reads all the lyrics  
She'll pity the men I know

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I'm the bad guy, duh  
I'm only good at bein' bad, bad

I like when you get mad  
I guess I'm pretty glad that you're alone  
You said she's scared of me?  
I mean, I don't see what she sees  
But maybe it's 'cause I'm wearing your cologne

I'm a bad guy  
I'm a bad guy  
Bad guy, bad guy  
I'm a bad