

# Stephen Fretwell, Bad Bas You, Bad Bad Me

You look so dainty darlin'&#039;  
Crossin'&#039; over the road  
To where the taxis wait in line  
You move like violence darlin'&#039;  
you&#039;re stubborn as they get me  
everytime

So come on over darlin'&#039;  
and bring those magazines  
and show me which ones your favourite flaw  
and bad bad you, bad bad me  
is all we&#039;ll be left with, anyway

Your songs don't come so easy  
and lines are gettin, shorter everytime  
and your heart beats so quickly  
I hear it moving in the night, you like

So sneak on over darlin'&#039;  
and bring those magazines  
and show me which ones your favorite flaw  
coz bad bad you, bad bad me  
is all we&#039;ll be left with, anyway

So come on over Darlin'&#039;  
And bring those magazines  
and show me which ones your favorite flaw  
coz bad bad you, bad bad me  
is all we&#039;ll be left with, anyway  
yes bad bad you, bad bad me  
is all we&#039;ll be left with, anyway