

# Voltaire, Born Bad

They say the day  
That I was born  
It rained here  
And yet it was the best  
Day of your life.  
And who would ever dream  
A child sweet as I seem  
Would be the source of  
So much pain and strife

Every time I tried  
To take the high road  
Something deep inside me  
Dragged me down  
Where ever I appear  
Came hate, despair and fear  
Seems trouble always  
Followed me around

Say it's no to late for  
You to hold me  
You were always there  
When times were bad  
And they're so bad  
The love you gave to me  
So unconditionally  
So sad, so sad  
Born bad

Nary have I written you  
A letter  
Hardly have I called  
Lest things were bad  
And all those I called friends  
Are all gone in the end  
In truth you were the best  
I ever had  
Mama, is it too late  
For you to hold?  
You were always there  
When times were bad  
And they're so bad  
The love you gave to me  
So unconditionally  
So sad, so sad  
Born bad

I don't want to go  
I don't want to go  
I'm not nearly yet  
No!no!