

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!