

## Ben Weasel

### "In A Bad Place"

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In a bad place. In a sick frame of mind. In a bad way  
and you're no friend of mine. Started counting when  
she first saw the lightning flash. It's a sad thing, like a  
bitter little laugh. In a bad place she watched the sun  
rise again. It's a bad break but we all have our cross to  
bear.

That night she lost count long before the thunder  
crashed. It's a sad thing, like a bitter little laugh. Scars  
never fade; there just isn't time enough. Oh I'm so  
lonesome now; so broken I've had enough. I pray for a  
sign of love. I wait for a sign. How can the sun be so  
cold?

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