

Badloves "Slave"

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Slave
To an early grave
To that bed you made
Now you've got to lay down in it
Slave
Slave
See now what you've done
See what you've become
You know that I see right through it
Slave
They branded you
Too much of a good thing
Black and blue
You wear it like some ball and chain
Slave
Slave
Dig your lovers tomb
What you trying to do now
Come on, let's get down to it
Slave
Yeah they branded you
Too much of a good thing
Black and blue
You wear it like some ball and chain
Slave
(Whose shoes are you trying to fill?
Who's driving you up that hill?)
When I was young
And I must have been naive
For every word of every lie I would believe
I would still belong
To a love that's strong
And I'd be free
When I was young
And I know I was naive
For every word of every lie I would believe
I could still belong
To a love that's strong
And I'd be free
(Whose shoes are you trying to fill?
Who's driving you up that hill?)

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