

## **Dead And Divine**

### **"Get Down With Your Bad Self"**

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What is left of me sits burning in the bottom of this  
ashtray.  
I'm an ugly mess, I'm full of it, and I'm a lame excuse  
for a poet.  
It really all comes down to my love for misfortune.  
A weak stomach and a mouthful of bad intentions.  
Watch your mouth!  
Cause I'm the son of a gun, tempt not one in love.  
I live my life by a night stand bible from a motel in  
limbo.  
I have a way with failure and I'm the poster child for  
giving up on you.  
And this lack of belief is what leaves me room for  
loving you.  
Relax, come on - relax and give in I was born to make  
you moan.

You let her climb inside your ribs and let her tangle  
herself up in your bones.  
Don't think for a second, that she gives a damn.  
It's a shame you try so hard just for a girl. Who doesn't  
know your name or care to remember.  
And it's a shame I can't remember anything.  
I can't even recall your taste or the monster that I  
became.  
I've tasted death, it's graced my lips, I wanna give it  
back.  
But I want you bad. I want you bad. You better watch  
your mouth, I'm the son of a gun.

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