

Marquis De Sade

"Bad Loser"

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He says I need direction
I head for the door
I take apart his hourglass & fill it up with candy
Don't mind suggestions
Don't give me anymore
Don't get twisted you don't like it you don't buy it
Choking on my own lies
The boyfriend takes the ring back
Leave my finger blue & swollen knock me inside out
I'm a little on the dark side
Black beauty in my coffee
I guess I'll keep on fucking up until I get it right
I'm a bad...I'm a bad loser
The day is ripe for monsters
So I take the dog out
The puppy runs away the kind of day I'm getting used
to
Shitty broken gibson
Is all that I've got left now
Gonna beat it up until I'm satisfied
I'm a bad...I'm a bad loser
What've I got what've I got what've I what've I got to
lose?
What would it take to find the shape to cure me?
What do I pay to sell that celluloid rosary?
They're right when they say the lion's got the best of
me
I jump from chair to chair - is anybody satisfied? not
me
I'm a bad...I'm a bad loser
What've I got what've I got what've I what've I got to
lose?

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