

Tori Amos

"Bad Company"

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Company always on the run.
Destiny to-na the rising sun, oh, eh.
I was born six-gun in my hand.
Behind a gun i'll make my final stand.
It's why they call me bad company, i can't deny, ye he-
ye,
Bad company till the day i die... he.

Rebel souls, deserters we are called,
Chose a gun and threw away the sun, yes, and,
And now these towns, we all know your names.
Six-gun sound is my claim to fame, yes, yea.
It's why they call me bad company, i can't deny, he-
heh, yea, you will,
Bad company till the day I... die...

Just like you said to me, you know, the snow, it melts,
Just like you said to me, to you, who hee, yea,
Only could, said, if I only could...

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