

## **Bad Books**

### **"You Wouldn't Have To Ask"**

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Your crooked days come bundled up in bunches  
They break your brain like a branch  
And push you out here asking after something  
You should know I don't have  
If I had it, you wouldn't have to ask  
If I had it, you wouldn't have to ask

Later on when you bargain with your mirror  
And you ask 'Is it really that bad?'  
Well if it wasn't, you wouldn't have to ask  
If it wasn't, you wouldn't have to ask  
How could you know if you didn't?  
And what's left to say when your tongue's turned to  
ash?  
I tell you you're fine and forgiven  
So you wouldn't have to ask

Shoot what's left  
Slip inside your sinner's smile  
Another man in a mask  
If you fixed it you wouldn't need a mask  
If you managed you wouldn't need a mask  
If I could fix you, you wouldn't have to ask  
If I could help you, you wouldn't have to ask

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