

## Rehab "That Bad"

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A history of stillness, a blood-line of mental illness  
I'd rather be a fraud and be happy than be known as  
the realest  
till the same dark day for my mother and my mother's  
mother  
and Brooks; I can't get out of bed but I can write hooks  
wife's a maniac but she's the only one that's still  
around  
three in the afternoon on the sunny day layin' on the  
ground  
I want to feel the way I felt when I was layin' with my  
dad  
but I don't know if I want it that bad  
I think about what I don't have  
five days a week sad, other two just mad  
six in the mornin' in the back of a cab  
and I don't know if I want it that bad  
It ain't non-stop to heaven there's a lay-over in hell  
and I've been sittin' here for ten years talkin' and sayin'  
on the cell  
you gotta be kiddin' me, I ain't signed up for this  
and you wonder why Steakknife got scars on his wrist's  
My heart got a black eye  
sometime I get scared that I might cry  
why do I pretend that I'm not shy  
sometime all I can do is just stay high  
I think about what I don't have  
five days a week sad, other two just mad  
six in the mornin' in the back of a cab  
and I don't know if I want it that bad  
what I've lost and what I've seen  
all in order to fulfill my dreams  
thought I had to be like my dad  
but I don't know if I want it that bad  
Water-fountains to the sidewalk, talk  
can't to myself but I can't stop  
the up and down and up and down, smilin' to a frown  
town to town, same scenery, same sound  
don't my know skank when I wake so I sleep late  
everywhere I go I'm still there I can't shake  
me and my mind L.I. Ice Teas and  
three or four lines and now I'm fine

maybe not  
my head in my hands again  
you know where I've been  
my head in my hands again  
my head in my hands again  
you know where I've been  
my head in my hands again  
my head in my hands again  
do you know where I've been  
I think about what I don't have  
five days a week sad, other two just mad  
six in the mornin' in the back of a cab  
and I don't know if I want it that bad  
Sun comin' up and I need some sleep  
Eyes are red and I'm feeling weak  
I can out do you and I can out do me  
But all that I really want is peace  
what I've lost and what I've seen  
all in order to fulfill my dreams  
thought I had to be like my dad  
but I don't know if I want it that bad  
but I don't know if I want it that bad  
my head in my hands again  
my head in my hands again

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