

Stephen Fretwell

"Bad Bad You"

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You look so dainty darlin'
crossin' over the road
to where the taxis wait in line
You move like violence darlin'
your stubborn eyes they get me everytime

So come on over darlin'
and bring those magazines
and show me which one's your favourite floor
and bad bad you, and bad bad me
is all we'll be left with, anyway

Your songs don't come so easy
and lines are gettin, shorter everytime
and your heart beats so quickly
I hear it moving in the night, you like
So sneak on over darlin'
and bring those magazines
and show me which one's your favorite floor
coz bad bad you, and bad bad me
is all we'll be left with, anyway

So come on over darlin'
and bring those magazines
and show me which one's your favorite floor
and bad bad you, and bad bad me
is all we'll be left with, anyway
yes bad bad you, and bad bad me
is all we'll be left with, anyway

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