

Juliane Hatfield**"Bad Day"**

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I ask myself why did I run away?
I guess maybe I was having a bad day
I ask myself why did I run away?
I guess maybe I was having a bad day.

I screwed it up again.
I made another friend
A desperado
Named "trouble"

He showed his gun to me
He took my money
I think I understand
What makes a boy become
A bad man.

I ask myself why did I run away?
I guess maybe I was having a bad day
I ask myself why did I run away?
I guess maybe I was having a bad day.

To suffer greatly
From the indignity
Of working for a living
Why would I want to breed?

And the monotony
Driving me crazy
I shouldn't rock the boat
I think my head's about to explode.

I ask myself why did I run away?
I guess maybe I was having a bad day.
I ask myself why did I run away?
I guess maybe I was having a bad day.

I lost my head.
I made my bed all by myself
Now I don't sleep in it so well.

I'm taking off my dress

But you won't touch me now
This room is such a mess
I really don't know how
To be the perfect girl
But in a perfect world
I'd give you what you need
And you'd be giving me
Another chance.

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I made my bed all by myself
Now I don't sleep in it so well.

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