

Therapy "Wicked Man"

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My C.V. reads a long list of mistakes and regrets
Bad decisions, aftermaths and unmade beds
I've plastered over cracks and tried to mend what I can
To you I'm still a wicked man

Well my C.V. reads a long list of unrights and some
wrongs
I could explain but it would take me way too long
My wife is a robot, my baby's cot
Is a heavy-metal parking lot

I've tried to read a poetry to hold up his plan
I've tried like a sane but I buried the damned
I even sold my soul for a millions, not gold
I'll only drive when I am told

I'm a wicked man I get what I deserve
'Coz I'm a wicked man
A wicked man
A wicked man
Nurse, it's getting worse
You've got to, you got to, got to, got to, help me

Well, I've lied to myself so much I believe it's true
But all the hidden secrets you already knew
And all the unexplained that tore us apart
To them I'm just a tart with the heart

- Guitar solo -

I'm a wicked man I get what I deserve
'Coz I'm a wicked man
Wicked man
A wicked man
Nurse, it's getting worse
You've got to, you've got to, got to, got to, help me

My C.V. is a long list of mistakes and regrets
I bruise to remember, I drink to forget
I've plastered over cracks but you don't understand
To you I'm still a wicked man
To you I'm still a wicked man

To you I'm still a wicked man

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