

# Shelby Lynne, Life Is Bad

(written by Shelby Lynne, Bill Bottrell and Roger Fritz)

Waste away to nothin' in a dark dusty tomb  
lookin' for the traces of what used to be a room  
wipe away the blood from a tormented brow  
solve the wicked problem never asking how

Rock the sinking vessel till it rests on the bottom  
count the waves of water don't remember forgot them  
taste the stench of livin' on thin dimes and a dream  
opening an ear to a painful silent scream

Oh life is bad  
Oh no, worst I ever had

Ache and writhe in agony like a vise on aging bones  
tar and acid drip from an ice cram cone  
holding onto a wind that chases the hell  
fallin' in the darkness of an inner descending well

Caress transparent night as a demon with a sword  
speak with an eloquence never saying a word  
look into the clarity then erase it with the muck  
lying in a pool of consciousness no such thing as luck

To being a beginner, to inventing the end  
to livin' with a strangler never a friend  
saddle slobbering beast trouble is abound  
ride the devil's bronco never hit the ground