

It's Just A Bad Hair Day

Quiet a lot of sleppless nights
An empty bed and broken lights
Don't come feeding my tired head
Share a bottle of wine instead

If you see me on my knees
I pretend I troped the keys
You'll find me hiding in a waiting room
Behind a tree about to bloom

**When my faith comes crawling
And the rivers run dry inside
No use to pretend there is no light**

Slowly turning on the wheel
Open view but empty seal
Murphy's law at its best
Wouldn't give me time to rest

**When my faith comes crawling
And the rivers run dry inside
No use to pretend there is no light**

May the truth be told
Naive and bold
It's just a bad hair, just a bad hair day
If it tears you down
And you lose your crown
It's just a bad hair, just a bad hair day

**When my faith comes crawling
And the rivers run dry inside
No use to pretend there is no light**