

## Bad Bad Girl

Every day it's the same dance  
Too much freedom and time  
I'd give up duty for one more chance  
To make that freedom mine  
The grace of simpler pleasures  
Washes my worry like rain  
Each day is doing the job  
And seeking out the eye of the hurricane

*There you go again shaking your finger  
And trying to make me face this lingering feeling I've got  
That tells me I'm a bad bad girl  
I'm a bad bad girl  
I'm a bad bad girl*

I find comfort in anything  
But what have I got to escape  
I took the ride and I caught the ring  
You'd say I've got it made  
I know it looks so easy  
Well everything has its price  
Tell me, where do I stand  
If all our goals are measured in sacrifice

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That tells me I'm a bad bad girl  
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Every day it's the same dance  
Too much freedom and time  
I'm hardly a victim of circumstance

But it's a fine line  
For some folks it's so easy  
To take delight in the day  
For others, it's either out of their hands  
Or they just can't stop believing that they've got to pay

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