Good Friends, Bad Habits

Owen

I've good friends with bad habits
what am I to do?
literary romantics
they fuck like Wilde
and indulge like HemingwayI've good friends with bad habits
and a tenancy towards negligence
just petty thieves and addicts
that don't hurt anyone
but they'll burn anywayWell sometimes, like every time a train passes,
I get jealous of the long nights
and blurred lights
the red eyes
the bar fights
where in the hell am I, and how did I get here?
with one shoe, and which way to the nearest train?Sometimes, like every time she breathes,
I embrace my routineI have good friends with bad habits
what's a boy without a voice to do?
literary romantics
they fuck like Wilde
and they'll die like Hemingway

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/