

# Our New Favorite

## Crooked Fingers

In the wake of our new favorite  
the old familiar used up face  
crept up from the crowded bottom of the barrel  
and drew a plan, a scam of scandals  
housed in empty contraband  
such a sad shame we got nothing for their slaughter  
how can we say we've seen the light  
when we're only out at night  
in some overcrowded room  
waiting for our time to lose While on the make  
our new favorite lost his grip and fell from grace  
as some brand new king came creeping toward the alter  
we kept safe, we just gave up  
chalk one up for our good taste  
such a sad thing when you've got nothing to offer  
in the black hole of our eyes  
there's no heat and there's no light  
just an overcrowded room  
waiting for our time to lose

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