# 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 loseWhile 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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