

Magic Hour

The Tontons

we sit at the Magic Hour
i take gin and he takes whiskey
what he needs, i can't give
that seems to be our history i'm the worst, i'm cursed, i'm done we make regrets in the morning
we stay up questioning at night
he provokes, i respond
we fight, i die, i die i'm the worst, i'm cursed, i'm done ohhh baby
you know that i
get a little tired of you
of every little thing
when you say that i
i do nothing
nothing nothing at all
nothing at all you fight, i fight, we die, i die i'm the worst, i'm cursed, i'm done

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>