

Bad Books

When you're with another man inside another home
Do you adapt to the walls?
I found the newspaper, thumbing my hands through, doing another dance, doing what I could with the dawn.
You gotta leave me alone.
And I wonder if you still lived at home
Yeah I wonder if you still lived at home
What do you think you'd have done?
Without a colder beer, fresh pack of zigs and zags
Lighting another fag.
And I was hungover and you would come hang over,
And start a biblical fire
You and your dad what a tragic mishap.
When a man loves a drink more than blood
And I pace my room for an hour or two every day since 2001.
And I think that I talk too much.

Lyrics submitted by Matt.

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