

Bad Habit

Gregory and the Hawk

Think my bones are breaking
Under black eyes and bookcases up to the sky
The promises I made myself -
That I wouldn't land it cause it's a bad habit -
They don't help

The nights are crazy
And when I try to sleep
All I see is grinding teeth and soft skin
You're biting into my mess
And I bask in the pain that comes to pass

The heart wants us to fall in love
Everyone I know wants to fall in love
But love once got me in the gut
There was no real fight, it tore me up