

Empty Trash "Dirty Habits"

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When it comes to late hours like these
I think 'bout all the wrong I do, I do to you
Still you treat me like an, an angel heaven sent
You're a victim of my, my dirty deeds

Even though I know, how nerve-wrecking it must be for
you
Even though I know, how frustrating it must be for you

I don't know what makes me that I can get away
I don't know what makes me that I can get away
'Cause I do almost every time... I do

As their hopes grow higher, higher and higher
My rope round their necks squeezes, tight and tighter
I treat them like they're the cutest thing I've crossed
upon
After all they'd only be, be has-beens

Even though I know, how nerve-wrecking it must be for
you
Even though I know, how frustrating it must be for you

I don't know what makes me that I can get away
I don't know what makes me that I can get away
'Cause I do almost every time... I do

I ignore you and it tares you
Your eyes glare and your blood shoots up to your head
It's dreadfully low of me to have had you so miss lead

I know it ain't no good to do
But I do it anyway

I don't know what makes me that I can get away
I don't know what makes me that I can get away
I don't know what makes me that I can get away
'Cause I do almost every time... I get away with it!

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