

Gregory And The Hawk

"Bad Habit"

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I think my bones are breaking,
Under black eyes and bookcases
Into 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 sore skin
Your biting into my mess
And I bask in the pain that comes to pass

And 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

And the heart wants us to fall in love
To fall in love
To fall in love
There was no real fight, it tore me up

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