

Amanda Palmer

"Bad Habit"

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Biting keeps your words at bay
Tending to the sores that stay
Happiness is just a gash away

When I open a familiar scar
Pain goes shooting like a star
Comfort hasn't failed to follow so far

And you might say it's self-indulgent
You might say it's self-destructive
But, you see, it's more productive
Than if I were to be healthy

And pens and penknives take the blame
Crane my neck and scratch my name
But the ugly marks
Are worth the momentary gain

When I jab a sharpened object in
Choirs of angels seem to sing
Hymns of hate in memorandum

And you might say it's self-indulgent
And you might say it's self-destructive
But, you see, it's more productive
Than if I were to be happy

And sappy songs about sex and cheating
Bland accounts of two lovers meeting
Make me want to give mankind a beating

And you might say it's self-destructive
But, you see, I'd kick the bucket

Sixty times before I'd kick the habit

And as the skin rips off
I cherish the revolting thought
That even if I quit
There's not a chance in hell I'd stop

And anyone can see the signs

Mittens in the summertime
Thank you for your pity, you are too kind

And you might say it's self-inflicted
But you see, that's contradictive
Why on earth would anyone practice self-destruction

And pain opinions are sitcom feeding
They don't know that their minds are teething
Makes me want to give mankind a beating

I've tried bandages and sinking
I've tried gloves and even thinking
I've tried Vaseline
I've tried everything

And no one cares if your back is bleeding
They're concerned with their hair receding
Looking back, it was all maltreating
Every thought that occurred, misleading
Makes me want to give myself a beating

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