The Walkmen "It's A Crime That I Complain"

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I've grown accustomed to you. I've grown accustomed to you. The way you speak. It's a crime that I complain.

Sometimes I get to thinking of Times I've past and some useless crap. It's a crime that I complain.

Baby, I was beat or perhaps I just got bored. Baby, conversation can carry more.

And now and then I get drunk to hell. I wake up sick, and I hate myself. It's a crime that I complain.

I don't mind the quiet. Talking is such a drag Forget it, forget it. Forget it, forget it

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