

I'm not an addict, but know I gotta have it
I'm apathetic, I love it when she's avid
It's copacetic, it's gonna be a habit
Never myself, learned not to control it

The static is brand new, this love I'm not used to
Like plane rides and goodbyes, and saying "I love you"
Tattoos from Glory, they tell me a story
Now wear me like denim, and spit truth like venom

See, I'm erratic, I know I'm not the nicest
I'm aromatic, I gotta have my vices
She's all about it and never thinking twice
A nicotine fiend, a quarter-life crisis

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Tattoos from Glory, they tell me a story
Now wear me like denim, and spit truth like venom

Out of mind and left behind is all the love that I could find
Over this and out of it until your skin was close to mine
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Tattoos from Glory, they tell me a story
(Out of mind and left behind is all the love that I could find)
Now wear me like denim, and spit truth like venom
(Over this and out of it until your skin gets close to mine)