Nomadicon

Gus Dapperton

A look at best for carelessness is strenuous to sell
Of lacking rest but I can't stop obsessing with myself
When I come back you think that I've been solo for a spell
Oh you don't know me so well

I hate it that I hurt you just for fun
It tasted like the perfect medicine
'Cause I'm elated over burns
Stomach turns, sneaky snickers for her
I didn't mean to take you for a spin
But I just need an angel by my hip
'Cause I'm completed when you bruise up
Abusive, I love the use of you

Your eyes are deep for I can see a snare right where I stood
Privacy is kind to me I care just like a crook
You lie to me and hide in hopes this ride would get me hooked
But I already decided

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Nomad why'd I come back home, back
To a goon a ghost I'm
Gazing through a hole, oh, no more
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