

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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