

I hold my tongue like you've done nothing wrong
When you take a little longer to get home
And it don't even cross your mind to call
I bend the rules when I'm looking at you
It's the typical cliché of attraction
Anybody else, I'd send them packing

I'd have to pack those bags for you
And I'm a sucker for a good excuse

You're a slacker
Don't know one damn thing about what matters
Shame on me for thinking I'd get past it
I gotta kick this habit
But I got a thing for a slacker
Oh whoa oh, oh oh oh
Oh whoa oh, oh oh

I'm always at your defense in front of all of my friends
I tell my mama that you're trying to get a job
Cut back on your drinking, you said you'd stop
Same song, different day, I'm always thinking you'll change
But when you hold me at night, I don't wanna fight
Cause that's when you're on my sweet side

Talk a good game, but you never really follow through
And I'm flat out of luck if I'm fixing you

You're a slacker
Don't know one damn thing about what matters
Shame on me for thinking I'd get past it
I gotta kick this habit
But I got a thing for a slacker
Oh whoa oh, oh oh oh
Oh whoa oh, oh oh

If I let it go, would it come back?
If I let it go, would it come back?
Would you even notice I was gone?
Would you even know I was gone at that?
If I let it go, would it come back?
If I let it go, would it come back?
Would you even notice I was gone?
Will you even know I was gone at that?
Oh, oh oh oh

You're a slacker
Don't know one damn thing about what matters
Shame on me for thinking I'd get past it
I gotta kick this habit
Cause I got it bad for a slacker
Oh whoa oh, oh oh oh
Oh whoa oh, oh oh oh