

Just a habit

Low Roar

Could you point me towards
A quiet gathering
Full of bugs and holes
Where any word said to you
Holds a liquored, puzzled truth

It's just a habit
It's just a habit
It's just a habit

If I slur a bit
It's just because I'm confused
Don't think much of it
My days belong to you
If you're kind, my nights can too

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