

Smooth, you soaked right into the floor.  
Twisted around side to side.  
You confiscated the night.  
And I wonder if we'd been calm enough to confuse.  
You could have blamed anyone in the world.  
Now, I gotta ask...  
How you gonna hold with a chip on your shoulder?  
It's a bad look for you.  
Slow, you hesitated a cure.  
Held under arrogant crime.  
You contemplated the light.  
No trust.  
It's a bad look for you to right the wrongs.  
Gnawing at the bone to stop the blood.  
Cutting off the air to fill your lungs.  
Hollowing the earth with what I've done.  
Are you gonna hold with a chip on your shoulder?  
It's a bad look for you.