

# The Dresden Dolls, Bad Habit

Biting keeps your words at bay  
Tending to the sores that stay  
Happiness is just a gash away  
When I open a familiar scar  
Pain goes shooting like a star  
Comfort hasn't failed to follow so far...

And you might say it's self-indulgent  
You might say its self-destructive  
But, you see, it's more productive  
Than if I were to be healthy

Pens and penknives take the blame  
Crane my neck and scratch my name  
But the ugly marks  
Are worth the momentary gain  
When I jab a sharpened object in  
Choirs of angels seem to sing  
Hymns of hate in memorandum

And you might say it's self-indulgent  
You might say its self-destructive  
But, you see, it's more productive  
Than if i were to be happy

And sappy songs about sex and cheating  
Bland accounts of two lovers meeting  
Make me want to give mankind a beating

And you might say it's self-destructive  
But, you see, I kicked the bucket  
Sixty times before I'd kick the habit

And as the skin rips off I cherish the revolting thought  
That even if I quit  
There's not a chance in hell I'd stop  
And anyone can see the signs  
Mittens in the summertime  
Thank you for your pity, you are too kind

And you might say its self-inflicted  
But you see that's contradictory  
Why on earth would anyone practice self destruction?

And pain opinions are sitcom feeding  
They don't know that their minds are teething  
Makes me want to give mankind a beating

I'm tried bandages and sinking  
I've tried gloves and even thinking  
I've tried vaseline  
I've tried everything  
And no-one cares if your back is bleeding  
They're concerned with their hair receding  
Looking back it was all maltreating  
Every thought that occurred misleading

Makes me want to give myself a beating...