

# Owen, Good Friends, Bad Habits

good friends with bad habits,  
what am I to do?  
they're literary romantics,  
they fuck like wilde,  
and indulge like hemingway.

i've good friends with bad habits  
and a tendency towards negligence.  
just petty thieves and addicts,  
that don't hurt anyone  
but they'll burn anyway.

well sometimes,  
like every time  
a train passes,  
i get jealous of the long nights,  
and blurred lights,  
the red eyes,  
the bar fights.  
where in the hell am i?  
and how did i get here?  
and which way to the nearest train?

well sometimes,  
like every time she breathes,  
i embrace my routine.

i've good friends with bad habits.  
what am i to do?  
they're literary romantics,  
they'll fuck like wilde,  
and die like hemingway.