

Grand Ole Party, Nasty Habits

People look for love in the strangest of places
It's a physical love that contorts their faces
It's a spiritual love that lust displaces
Sometimes, sometimes

Love, lust
Nasty habits
Make us who we are
Love, lust
Nasty habits
Take us very far underground

What's the matter with you that makes you settle
For another's point of view
When yours would do better?
Did you really think deceit would make a honest lover
Of the one that you seek but always push farther

When did you decide to please forever
And always brush aside your secret pleasures
Do you think your dreams were best as buried treasure
Waiting so deep with lies to uncover

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If you want to be with me, honey just say the word
'cause all this name callin' and game playin'
is so goddamn absurd
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