

Addictions

She was addicted to unhappiness
And craved the orgies of despair
She liked to sip the nectar of melancholy
And tell her tales of woe,
With pride and a touch of glee,
Like an alcoholic bragging about
 Hitting rock bottom

And I was addicted to her
Checking my email every hour or two
Listening for her footsteps in the hallway
 Coming home from a late night out
Changing my whole life around
Just for a taste of her
And she left me nothing
 But wanting more