

# Cross Canadian Ragweed, Bad Habit

Smokin' cigarettes got a hold of me  
Long about the summer of 1993  
Rushin' in just like a fool  
Used to be my golden rule  
Long before I graduated school  
But the one that got to me  
Knocked me damn near off my feet  
Came up like a southern breeze  
Knocked me to my knees

(Chorus)

My only bad habit comes with lovin' you  
But I don't think about you as much as you want me to  
And if it gives me cancer, and if it gives me shakes  
It's one of my habits, baby, I ain't gonna break  
No surgeon general's gonna tell me what to do  
My only bad habit, baby, comes with lovin' you

I had bout with Mary Jane  
She damn near drove me insane  
To the point that she had to hit the road  
Wild Turkey slightly chilled  
Cocaine and prescription pills  
Soon enough that starts gettin' old  
The promise that I make to you  
Is you won't ever not feel new  
You're the one that gets to me  
Drop me to my knees

Repeat Chorus

And if it gives me cancer  
If it gives me shakes  
It's one of my habits, baby, that I ain't gonna break  
No surgeon general's gonna tell me what to do  
My only bad habit, baby, comes with lovin' you  
My only bad habit, baby, comes with lovin' you