

# John Hiatt, Old Habits

When the snake of love  
Starts pullin' you under  
And it wont let go  
'Til it starts to thunder  
And there's not a cloud in the sky  
Gonna make him shake  
I guess old habits are hard to break

Cause even the good ones  
Just seem to go bad  
Might be the sweetest love  
That you ever had  
You just cant let em go  
For goodness sake  
I guess old habits are hard to break

The trouble with sainthood, darlin'  
You know its tough comin down  
But you've been doin it, doin it, doin it, doin it, doin it  
Since you left your hometown  
A regular Joan of Arc  
Burnin at the stake  
I guess old habits are hard to break

Maybe the first time he kissed you  
The fireworks flew in the back of your mind  
And you been lookin just to  
Feel this good ever since  
But now every time he makes love to ya  
Hes just a little bit more unkind  
Until it feels like every move you make is in self defense

That aint the facts of life  
Its just bad fiction  
Honey that sure aint love  
You know its just an addiction  
Now how much more abuse are you gonna take  
I guess old habits are hard to break

Could be your father  
Could be your mother  
Might be your sister  
Or maybe even your brother  
Or is it your own self baby  
Youve been tryin to shake

Well I guess old habits are hard to break  
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