

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
I guess old habits are hard to break
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I guess old habits are hard to break