

# Tom T. Hall, Old Habits Die Hard

Old habits die hard old habits like loving you  
Like spending my days and nights in missing you  
Hours that were yours echoe like empty rooms  
Strange faces and your place can't keep away the gloom  
Old habits die hard now that you're gone

Old habits die hard old habits like being true  
Like counting the hours till I could be with you  
Things we used to share I now keep alone I waste my nights here by the telephone  
Old habits die hard now that you're gone  
( piano )  
Hours that were yours...