

Some Habits

Cole Swindell

Yeah, I'm rough around the edges
On the surface I ain't perfect
Still need a little smoothin' out
It's hard to shift gears
After years of goin' one way
And one day turnin' around
But like water tanks, barns and rusted junk cars
Get saved by a coat of paint
It takes somebody like you to make a sinner like me
Wanna try and be a little more saint cause

Good bourbon is hard to put down
That high road is hard to stay on
That good book gets hard to pick up
That old me is hard to turn off
Girl, I've been tryin' like hell
Might be gettin' ahead of myself
But the longer I love you, the more I know
Some habits ain't meant to be broke

Yeah, habits like lyin' next to you
Like makin' you laugh
Like fillin' up a wall full of photographs
Like learning how to listen
Red light quick kissin'
Sunday mornin' amens, third pew forgiven
Like hometown walkin', mean nothin' talkin'
Together every settin' sundown
Like through the house dancin'
And hardwood catchin'
Our clothes fallin' to the ground

Good bourbon is hard to put down
That high road is hard to stay on
That good book gets hard to pick up
That old me is hard to turn off
Girl, I've been tryin' like hell
Might be gettin' ahead of myself
But the longer I love you, the more I know
Some habits ain't meant to be broke

Yeah, a man's gotta know when it's time to let go
What he's gotta outgrow and can't
And as long as it's you
That I don't gotta lose then everything else I can

Yeah, good bourbon is hard to put down
That high road is hard to stay on
That good book gets hard to pick up
That old me is hard to turn off
Girl, I've been tryin' like hell
Might be gettin' ahead of myself
But the longer I love you, the more I know
Some habits ain't meant to be broke

Yeah, some habits ain't meant to be broke
Like loving you, like loving you