

Bad Habit

Cross Canadian Ragweed

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

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

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