

# Habits

GRAHAM

Storm's rollin' in, couple hundred miles out (No)  
I see it comin', would've thought that it would be here by now  
(Oh-oh)

When the going gets easy, I get uneasy  
And I start believin' that you don't need me

And back to my defaults  
But tell me, is it really my fault?

Blame it on my habits, habits (Oh-oh-oh-oh-oh)  
This heart's grown callous, callous (Oh-oh-oh-oh-oh)  
Who I was was not who you thought  
What were the odds you knew all of my flaws?  
Blame it on my habits, habits (Oh-oh-oh-oh-oh)

I can see how it seems I'm just makin' excuses (Oh)  
That's the only way I know how to cover the bruises (Oh-oh)

And back to my defaults  
But tell me, is it really my fault?

Blame it on my habits, habits (Oh-oh-oh-oh-oh)  
This heart's grown callous, callous (Oh-oh-oh-oh-oh)  
Who I was was not who you thought  
What were the odds you knew all of my flaws?  
Blame it on my habits, habits (Oh-oh-oh-oh-oh)